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THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MARY LOWTHER RETURNS TO BULLHAMPTON.

A MONTH went by after the scenes described in the last chapter, and summer had come at Bullhampton. It was now the end of May, and with the summer Mary Lowther had arrived. During the month very little progress had been made with the case at Heytesbury. There had been two or three remands, and now there was yet another. The police declared that this was rendered necessary by the absence of Sam Brattle—that the magistrates were anxious to give all reasonable time for the production of the man who was out upon bail—and that, as he was undoubtedly concerned in the murder, they were determined to have him. But they who professed to understand the case—among whom were the lawyer from Devizes and Mr. Jones of Heytesbury—declared that no real search had been made for Brattle, because the evidence in regard to the other men was hitherto insufficient. The remand now stood again till Tuesday, June the 5th, and it was understood that if Brattle did not then appear, the bail would be declared to have been forfeited.

Fenwick had written a very angry letter to Lord Trowbridge, to which he had got no answer, and Lord Trowbridge had written a very silly letter to the bishop, in replying to which the bishop had snubbed him. "I am informed by my friend, Mr. Gilmore," said the vicar to the marquis, "that your lordship has stated openly that I have made visits to a young woman in Salisbury which are disgraceful to me, to my cloth and to the parish of which I am the incumbent. I do not believe that your lordship will deny that you have done so, and I therefore call upon you at once to apologize to me for the calumny, which, in its nature, is as injurious and wicked as calumny can be; and to promise that you will not repeat the offence." The marquis, when he received this, had not as yet written that letter to the bishop on which he had resolved after his interview with Gilmore—feeling, perhaps, some qualms of conscience, thinking that it might be well that he should consult his son, though with a full conviction that, if he did so, his son would not allow him to write to the bishop at all—possibly with some feeling that he had been too hard upon his enemy, the vicar. But when

the letter from Bullhampton reached him all feelings of doubt, caution and mercy were thrown to the winds. The tone of the letter was essentially aggressive and impudent. It was the word *calumny* that offended him most—that and the idea that he, the Marquis of Trowbridge, should be called upon to promise not to commit an offence! The pestilent infidel at Bullhampton, as he called our friend, had not attempted to deny the visits to the young woman at Salisbury. And the marquis had made fresh inquiry, which had completely corroborated his previous information. He had learned Mrs. Stiggs' address and the name of Trotter's Buildings, which details were to his mind circumstantial, corroborative and damnatory. Some dim account of the battle at the Three Honest Men had reached him, and the undoubted fact that Carry Brattle was maintained by the vicar. Then he remembered all Fenwick's old anxiety on behalf of the brother, whom the marquis had taught himself to regard as the very man who had murdered his tenant. He reminded himself, too, of the murderer's present escape from justice by aid of this pestilent clergyman; and thus became convinced that in dealing with Mr. Fenwick, as it was his undoubted duty to do, he had to deal with one of the very worst of the human race. His lordship's mind was one utterly incapable of sifting evidence—unable even to understand evidence when it came to him. He was not a bad man. He desired nothing that was not his own, and remitted much that was. He feared God, honored the queen and loved his country. He was not self-indulgent. He did his duties as he knew them. But he was an arrogant old fool, who could not keep himself from mischief—who could only be kept from mischief by the aid of some such master as his son. As soon as he received the vicar's letter he at once sat down and wrote to the bishop. He was so sure that he was right that he sent Fenwick's letter to the bishop, acknowledging what he himself had

said at Heytesbury, and justifying it altogether by an elaborate account of the vicar's wickedness. "And now, my lord, let me ask you," said he, in conclusion, "whether you deem this a proper man to have the care of souls in the large and important parish of Bullhampton?"

The bishop felt himself to be very much bullied. He had no doubt whatever about his parson. He knew that Fenwick was too strong a man to be acted upon beneficially by such advice as to his private conduct as a bishop might give, and too good a man to need any caution as to his conduct. "My lord marquis," he said, in reply, "in returning the enclosed letter from Mr. Fenwick to your lordship, I can only say that nothing has been brought before me by your lordship which seems to me to require my interference. I should be wrong if I did not add to this the expression of my opinion that Mr. Fenwick is a moral man, doing his duty in his parish well, and an example in my diocese to be followed, rather than a stumbling-block."

When this letter reached the castle Lord St. George was there. The poor old marquis was cut to the quick. He immediately perceived—so he told himself—that the bishop was an old woman, who understood nothing, but he was sure that St. George would not look at the matter in the same light. And yet it was impossible not to tell St. George. Much as he dreaded his son, he did honestly tell everything to his Mentor. He had already told St. George of Fenwick's letter to him and of his letter to the bishop, and George had whistled. Now he showed the bishop's letter to his son. St. George read the letter, re-folded it slowly, shrugged his shoulders, and said, as he returned it to his father, "Well, my lord, I suppose you like a hornet's nest."

This was the uncomfortable position of things at Bullhampton about the beginning of June, at which time Mary Lowther was again staying with her friend, Mrs. Fenwick. Carry Brattle was still at Salisbury, but had not been seen

by the vicar for more than a fortnight. The marquis' letter, backed as it was in part by his wife's counsel, had, much to his own disgust, deterred him from seeing the girl. His wife, however, had herself visited Trotter's Buildings and had seen Carry, taking to her a little present from her mother, who did not dare to go over to Salisbury to see her child, because of words that had passed between her and her husband.

Mrs. Fenwick, on her return home, had reported that Carry was silent, sullen and idle, that her only speech was an expression of a wish that she was dead, and that Mrs. Stiggs had said that she could get no good of her. In the mean time, Sam Brattle had not yet turned up, and the 5th of June was at hand.

Mary Lowther was again at the vicarage, and of course it was necessary that she and Mr. Gilmore should meet each other. A promise had been made to her that no advice should be pressed upon her; the meaning of which, of course, was, that nothing should be said to her urging her to marry Mr. Gilmore. But it was of course understood by all the parties concerned that Mr. Gilmore was to be allowed to come to the house; and, indeed, this was understood by the Fenwicks to mean almost as plainly that she would at least endeavor to bring herself to accept him when he did come. To Mary herself, as she made the journey, the same meaning seemed to be almost inevitable; and as she perceived this she told herself that she had been wrong to leave home. She knew—she thought she knew—that she must refuse him, and in doing so would simply be making fresh trouble. Would it not have been better for her to have remained at Loring—to have put herself at once on a par with her aunt, and have commenced her solitary spinsterhood and dull routine? But then why should she refuse him? She endeavored to argue it out with herself in the railway carriage. She had been told that Walter Marrable would certainly marry Edith Brownlow, and she believed it. No doubt it was much better

that he should do so. At any rate, she and Walter were separated for ever. When he wrote to her, declaring his purpose of remaining in England, he had not said a word of renewing his engagement with her. No doubt she loved him. About that she did not for a moment endeavor to deceive herself. No doubt if that fate in life which she most desired might be hers, she would become the wife of Walter Marrable. But that fate would not be hers; and then there arose the question whether, on that account, she was unfit to be the wife of any other man. Of this she was quite certain, that should it ever seem to her to be her duty to accept the other man, she would first explain to him clearly the position in which she found herself. At last, the whole matter resolved itself into this: was it possible for her to divest her idea of life of all romance, and to look for contentment and satisfaction in the performance of duties to others? The prospect of an old maid's life at Loring was not pleasant to her eyes, but she would bear that, and worse than that, rather than do wrong. It was, however, so hard for her to know what was right and what was wrong! Supposing that she were to consent to marry Mr. Gilmore, would she be forsworn when at the altar she promised to love him? All her care would be henceforth for him—all her heart, as far as she could command her heart, and certainly all her truth. There should not be a secret of her mind hidden from him. She would force herself to love him and to forget that other man. He should be the object of all her idolatry. She would, in that case, do her very utmost to reward him for the constancy of the affection with which he had regarded her; and yet, as she was driven in at the vicarage gate, she told herself that it would have been better, much better, for her to have remained at Loring.

During the first evening, Mr. Gilmore's name was not mentioned. There were subjects enough for conversation, as the period was one of great excitement in Bullhampton.

"What did you think of our chapel?" asked Mrs. Fenwick.

"I had no idea it was so big."

"Why, they are not going to leave us a single soul to go to church. Mr. Puddleham means to make a clean sweep of the parish."

"You don't mean to say that any have left you?"

"Well, none as yet," replied Mrs. Fenwick. "But then the chapel isn't finished, and the marquis has not yet sent his order to his tenants to become dissenters. We expect that he will do so, unless he can persuade the bishop to turn Frank out of the living."

"But the bishop couldn't turn him out."

"Of course he couldn't—and wouldn't if he could. The bishop and Frank are the best friends in the world. But that has nothing to do with it. You mustn't abuse the chapel to Frank: just at this moment the subject is tabooed. My belief is, that the whole edifice will have to come down, and that the confusion of Mr. Puddleham and the marquis will be something more complete than ever was yet seen. In the mean time, I put my finger to my lip and just look at Frank whenever the chapel is mentioned."

And then there was the matter of the murder, and the somewhat sad consideration of Sam's protracted absence.

"And will you have to pay four hundred pounds, Mr. Fenwick?" Mary asked.

"I shall be liable to pay it if he does not appear to-morrow, and no doubt must absolutely pay it if he does not turn up soon."

"But you don't think that he was one of them?"

"I am quite sure he was not. But he has had trouble in his family, and he got into a quarrel, and I fancy he has left the country. The police say that he has been traced to Liverpool."

"And will the other men be convicted?" Mrs. Fenwick asked.

"I believe they will, and most fervently hope so. They have some evidence about the wheels of a small cart

in which Burrows certainly, and, I believe, no doubt Acorn also, were seen to drive across Pycroft Common early on the Sunday morning. A part of the tire had come off, and another bit, somewhat broader, and an inch or so too short, had been substituted. The impress made by this wheel in the mud just round the corner by the farm gate was measured and copied at the time, and they say that this will go far to identify the men. That the man's cart was there is certain; also that he was in the same cart at Pycroft Common an hour or two after the murder."

"That does seem clear," said Mary.

"But somebody suggests that Sam had borrowed the cart. I believe, however, that it will all come out; only, if I have to pay four hundred pounds, I shall think that Farmer Trumbull has cost me very dear."

On the next morning Gilmore came to the vicarage. It had been arranged that he would drive Fenwick over to Heytesbury, and that he would call for him after breakfast. A somewhat late hour—two in the afternoon—had been fixed for going on with the murder case, as it was necessary that a certain constable should come down from London on that morning, and therefore there would be no need for the two men to start very early from Bullhampton. This was explained to Mary by Mrs. Fenwick. "He dines here to-day," she had said when they met in the morning before prayers, "and you may as well get over the first awkwardness at once." Mary had assented to this, and after breakfast Gilmore made his appearance among them in the garden. He was just one moment alone with the girl he loved.

"Miss Lowther," he said, "I cannot be with you for an instant without telling you that I am unchanged."

Mary made no reply, and he said nothing further. Mrs. Fenwick was with them so quickly that there was no need for a reply; and then he was gone. During the whole day the two friends talked of the murder, and of the Brattles, and of the chapel—which was

thoroughly inspected from the roof to the floor—but not a word was said about the loves of Harry Gilmore or Walter Marrable. Gilmore's name was often mentioned as the whole story was told of Lord Trowbridge's new quarrel and of the correspondence with the bishop; of which Fenwick had learned the particulars from the bishop's chaplain. And in the telling of this story Mrs. Fenwick did not scruple to express her opinion that Harry Gilmore had behaved well, with good spirit and like a true friend. "If the marquis had been anywhere near his own age, I believe he would have horse-whipped him," said the vicar's wife, with that partiality for the corporal chastisement of an enemy which is certainly not uncommon to the feminine mind. This was all very well, and called for no special remark from Mary, and possibly might have an effect.

The gentlemen returned late in the evening, and the squire dressed at the vicarage. But the great event of the day had to be told before any one was allowed to dress. Between four and five o'clock, just as the magistrates were going to leave the bench, Sam Brattle had walked into court.

"And your money is safe?" said his wife.

"Yes, my money is safe, but I declare I think more of Sam's truth. He was there, as it seemed, all of a sudden. The police had learned nothing of him. He just walked into the court, and we heard his voice. 'They tell me I'm wanted,' he said; and so he gave himself up."

"And what was done?" asked his wife.

"It was too late to do anything; so they allowed a remand for another week, and Sam was walked off to prison."

At dinner-time the conversation was still about the murder. It had been committed after Mary Lowther had left Bullhampton, but she had heard all the details, and was now as able to be interested about it as were the others. It was Gilmore's opinion that, instead of

proceeding against Sam, they would put him into the witness-box and make him tell what he knew about the presence of the other two men. Fenwick declared that if they did so, such was Sam's obstinacy that he would tell nothing. It was his own idea—as he had explained both to his wife and to Gilmore—that Carry Brattle could give more evidence respecting the murder than her brother. Of this he said nothing at present, but he had informed Constable Toffy that if Caroline Brattle were wanted for the examination, she would be found at the house of Mrs. Stiggs.

Thus for an hour or two the peculiar awkwardness of the meeting between Harry Gilmore and Mary was removed. He was enabled to talk with energy on a matter of interest, and she could join the conversation. But when they were round the tea-table it seemed to be arranged by common consent that Trumbull's murder and the Brattles should, for a while, be laid aside. Then Mary became silent and Gilmore became awkward. When inquiries were made as to Miss Marrable, he did not know whether to seem to claim, or not to claim, that lady's acquaintance. He could not, of course, allude to his visit to Loring, and yet he could hardly save himself from having to acknowledge that he had been there. However, the hour wore itself away, and he was allowed to take his departure.

During the next two days he did not see Mary Lowther. On the Friday he met her with Mrs. Fenwick as the two were returning from the mill. They had gone to visit Mrs. Brattle and Fanny, and to administer such comfort as was possible in the present circumstances. The poor women told them that the father was now as silent about his son as about his daughter, but that he had himself gone over to Heytesbury to secure legal advice for the lad, and to learn from Mr. Jones, the attorney, what might be the true aspect of the case. Of what he had learned he had told nothing to the women at the mill, but the two ladies had expressed their

strong opinion of Sam's innocence. All this was narrated by Mrs. Fenwick to Gilmore, and Mary Lowther was enabled to take her part in the narrative. The squire was walking between the two, and it seemed to him as he walked that Mary at least had no desire to avoid him. He became high in hope, and began to wish that even now, at this moment, he might be left alone with her and might learn his fate. He parted from them when they were near the village, and as he went he held Mary's hand within his own for a few moments. There was no return of his pressure, but it seemed to him that her hand was left with him almost willingly.

"What do you think of him?" her friend said to her as soon as he had parted from them.

"What do I think of him? I have always thought well of him."

"I know you have: to think otherwise of one who is positively so good would be impossible. But do you feel more kindly to him than you used?"

"Janet," said Mary, after pausing a while, "you had better leave me alone. Don't be angry with me, but really it will be better that you should leave me alone."

"I won't be angry with you, and I will leave you alone," said Mrs. Fenwick. And as she considered this request afterward, it seemed to her that the very making of such a request implied a determination on the girl's part to bring herself to accept the man's offer, if it might be possible.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MARY LOWTHER'S DOOM.

THE police were so very tedious in managing their business, and the whole affair of the second magisterial investigation was so protracted, that people in the neighborhood became almost tired of it, in spite of that appetite for excitement which the ordinary quiet life of a rural district produces. On the first Tuesday in June, Sam had surrendered himself at Heytesbury, and on the sec-

ond Tuesday it was understood that the production of the prisoners was only formal. The final examination and the committal, if the evidence should be sufficient, were to take place on the third Tuesday in the month. Against this Mr. Jones had remonstrated very loudly on Sam's behalf, protesting that the magistrates were going beyond their power in locking up a man against whom there was no more evidence now than there had been when before they had found themselves compelled to release him on bail. But this was of no avail. Sam had been released before because the men who were supposed to have been his accomplices were not in custody; and now that they were in custody, the police declared it to be out of the question that he should be left at large. The magistrates of course agreed with the police, in spite of the indignation of Mr. Jones. In the mean time, a subpoena was served upon Carry Brattle to appear on that final Tuesday—Tuesday, the nineteenth of June. The policeman, when he served her with the paper, told her that on the morning in question he would come and fetch her. The poor girl said not a word as she took into her hand the dreadful document. Mrs. Stiggs asked a question or two of the man, but got from him no information. But it was well known in Trotter's Buildings, and round about the Three Honest Men, that Sam Brattle was to be tried for the murder of Mr. Trumbull, and public opinion in that part of Salisbury was adverse to Sam. Public opinion was adverse, also, to poor Carry; and Mrs. Stiggs was becoming almost tired of her lodger, although the payment made for her was not ungenerous and was as punctual as the sun. In truth, the tongue of the landlady of the Three Honest Men was potential in those parts, and was very bitter against Sam and his sister.

In the mean time, there was a matter of interest which, to our friends at Bullhampton, exceeded even that of the Heytesbury examinations. Mr. Gilmore was now daily at the vicarage on some new or old lover's pretence. It might

be that he stood but for a minute or two on the terrace outside the drawing-room windows, or that he would sit with the ladies during half the afternoon, or that he would come down to dinner, some excuse having arisen for an invitation to that effect during the morning. Very little was said on the subject between Mrs. Fenwick and Mary Lowther, and not a word between the vicar and his guest; but between Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick many words were spoken, and before the first week was over they were sure that she would yield.

"I think she will," said Mrs. Fenwick, "but she will do it in agony."

"Then if I were Harry I would leave her alone," said the vicar.

"But you are not Harry; and if you were, you would be wrong. She will not be happy when she accepts him; but by the time the day fixed for the wedding comes round she will have reconciled herself to it, and then she will be as loving a wife as ever a man had." But the vicar shook his head and said that, so far as he was concerned, love of that sort would not have sufficed for him.

"Of course," said his wife, "it is very pleasant for a man to be told that the woman he loves is dying for him, but men can't always have everything that they want."

Mary Lowther at this time became subject to a feeling of shame which almost overwhelmed her. There grew upon her a consciousness that she had allowed herself to come to Bullhampton on purpose that she might receive a renewed offer of marriage from her old lover, and that she had done so because her new and favored lover had left her. Of course she must accept Mr. Gilmore. Of that she had now become quite sure. She had come to Bullhampton—so she now told herself—because she had been taught to believe that it would not be right for her to abandon herself to a mode of life which was not to her taste. All the friends in whose judgment she could confide expressed to her in every possible way their desire that she should marry this man; and now she had made

this journey with the view of following their counsel. So she thought of herself and her doings; but such was not in truth the case. When she first determined to visit Bullhampton she was very far from thinking that she would accept the man. Mrs. Fenwick's argument, that she should not be kept away from Bullhampton by fear of Mr. Gilmore, had prevailed with her, and she had come. And now that she was there, and that this man was daily with her, it was no longer possible that she should refuse him. And, after all, what did it matter? She was becoming sick of the importance which she imputed to herself in thinking of herself. If she could make the man happy, why should she not do so? The romance of her life had become to her a rhodomontade of which she was ashamed. What was her love that she should think so much about it? What did it mean? Could she not do her duty in the position in life in which her friends wished to place her, without hankering after a something which was not to be bestowed on her? After all, what did it all matter? She would tell the man the exact truth as well as she knew how to tell it, and then let him take her or leave her as he listed.

And she did tell him the truth after the following fashion. It came to pass at last that a day and an hour were fixed in which Mr. Gilmore might come to the vicarage and find Mary alone. There were no absolute words arranging this to which she was a party, but it was understood. She did not even pretend an unwillingness to receive him, and had assented by silence when Mrs. Fenwick had said that the man should be put out of his suspense. Mary, when she was silent, knew well that it was no longer within her power to refuse him.

He came and found her alone. He knew too—or fancied that he knew—what would be the result of the interview. She would accept him, without protestations of violent love for himself, acknowledging what had passed between her and her cousin, and proffering to him the offer of future affection.

He had pictured it all to himself, and knew that he intended to accept what would be tendered. There were drawbacks in the happiness which was in store for him, but still he would take what he could get. As each so nearly understood the purpose of the other, it was almost a pity that the arrangement could not be made without any words between them—words which could hardly be pleasant either in the speaking or in the hearing.

He had determined that he would disembarass himself of all preliminary flourishes in addressing her, and had his speech ready as he took her by the hand. "Mary," he said, "you know why I am here?" Of course she made no reply. "I told you when I first saw you again that I was unchanged." Then he paused, as though he expected that she would answer him, but still she said nothing. "Indeed I am unchanged. When you were here before I told you that I could look forward to no happiness unless you would consent to be my wife. That was nearly a year ago, and I have come again now to tell you the same thing. I do not think but what you will believe me to be in earnest."

"I know that you are in earnest," she said.

"No man was ever more so. My constancy has been tried during the time that you have been away. I do not say so as a reproach to you. Of course there can be no reproach. I have nothing to complain of in your conduct to me. But I think I may say that if my regard for you has outlived the pain of those months, there is some evidence that it is sincere."

"I have never doubted your sincerity."

"Nor can you doubt my constancy."

"Except in this, that it is so often that we want that which we have not, and find it so little worthy of having when we get it."

"You do not say that from your heart, Mary. If you mean to refuse me again, it is not because you doubt the reality of my love."

"I do not mean to refuse you again, Mr. Gilmore." Then he attempted to put his arm round her waist, but she recoiled from him, not in anger, but very quietly and with a womanly grace that was perfect. "But you must hear me first, before I can allow you to take me in the only way in which I can bestow myself. I have been steeling myself to this, and I must tell you all that has occurred since we were last together."

"I know it all," said he, anxious that she should be spared—anxious also that he himself should be spared the pain of hearing that which she was about to say to him.

But it was necessary for her that she should say it. She would not go to him as his accepted mistress upon other terms than those she had already proposed to herself. "Though you know it, I must speak of it," she said. "I should not otherwise be dealing honestly either with you or with myself. Since I saw you last I have met my cousin, Captain Marrable. I became attached to him with a quickness which I cannot even myself understand. I loved him dearly, and we were engaged to be married."

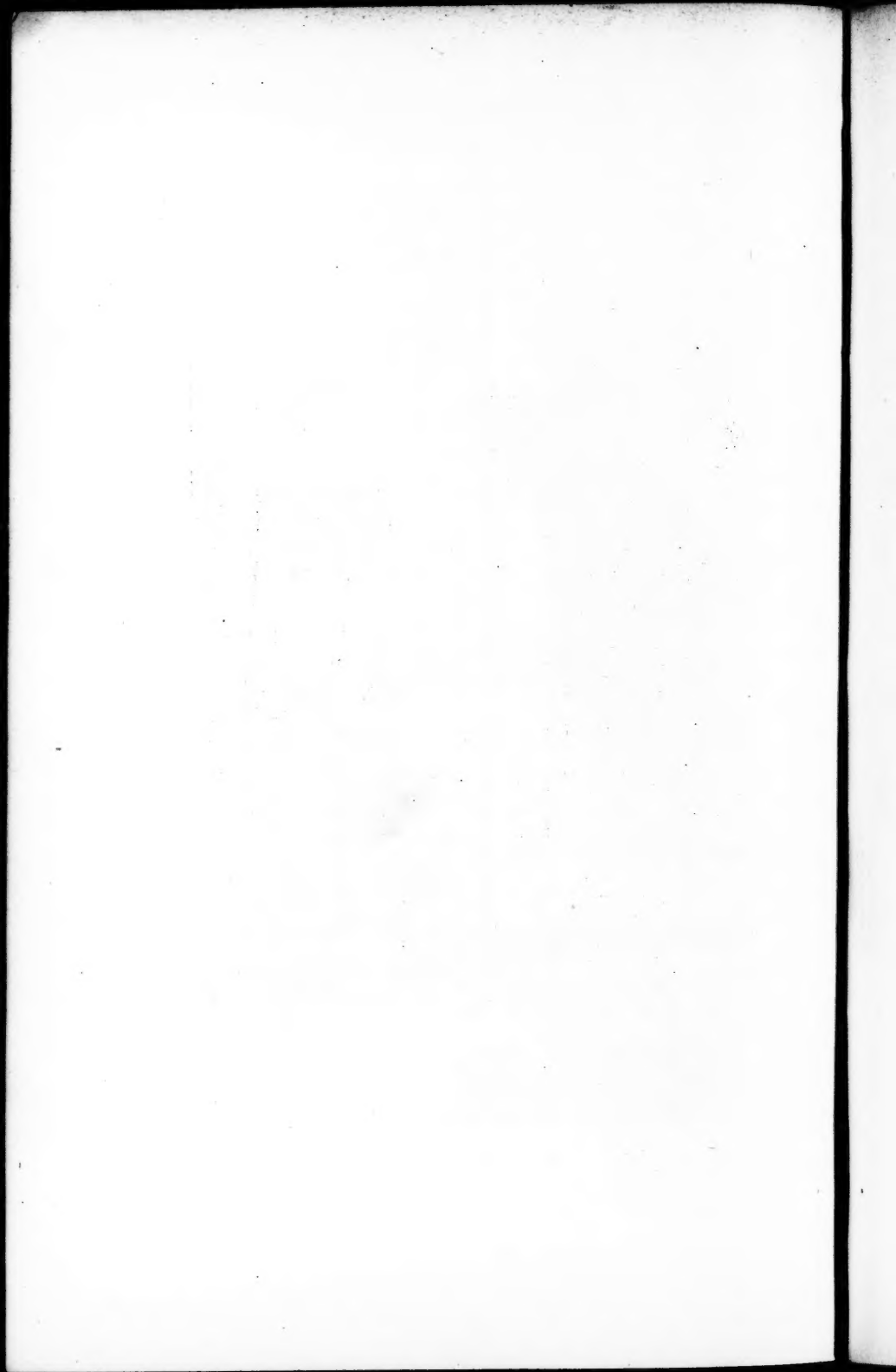
"You wrote to me, Mary, and told me all that." This he said, striving to hide the impatience which he felt, but striving in vain.

"I did so, and now I have to tell you that that engagement is at an end. Circumstances occurred—a sad loss of income that he had expected—which made it imperative on him, and also on me in his behalf, that we should abandon our hopes. He would have been ruined by such a marriage; and it is all over." Then she paused, and he thought that she had done; but there was more to be said—words heavier to be borne than any which she had yet uttered. "And I love him still. I should lie if I said that it was not so. If he were free to marry me this moment, I should go to him." As she said this there came a black cloud across his brow, but he stood silent to hear it all to the last. "My respect and esteem for you are



"Do come in, Harry."

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boundless," she continued, "but he has my heart. It is only because I know that I cannot be his wife that I have allowed myself to think whether it is my duty to become the wife of another man. After what I now say to you I do not expect that you will persevere. Should you do so you must give me time." Then she paused, as though it were now his turn to speak, but there was something further that she felt herself bound to say, and, as he was still silent, she continued: "My friends—those whom I most trust in the world, my aunt and Janet Fenwick—tell me that it will be best for me to accept your offer. I have made no promise to either of them. I would tell my mind to no one till I told it to you. I believe I owe as much to you, almost, as a woman can owe to a man; but still, were my cousin so placed that he could afford to marry a poor wife, I should leave you and go to him at once. I have told you everything now; and if, after this, you can think me worth having, I can only promise that I will endeavor, at some future time, to do my duty to you as your wife." Then she had finished, and she stood before him waiting her doom.

His brow had become black and still blacker as she continued her speech. He had kept his eyes upon her without quailing for a moment, and had hoped for some moment of tenderness, some spark of feeling, at seeing which he might have taken her in his arms and have stopped the sternness of her speech. But she had been at least as strong as he was, and had not allowed herself to show the slightest sign of weakness.

"You do not love me, then?" he said.

"I esteem you as we esteem our dearest friends."

"And you will never love me?"

"How shall I answer you? I do love you, but not as I love him. I shall never again have that feeling."

"Except for him?"

"Except for him. If it is to be conquered, I will conquer it. I know, Mr. Gilmore, that what I have told you will drive you from me. It ought to do so."

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"It is for me to judge of that," he said, turning upon her quickly.

"In judging for myself I have thought it right to tell you the exact truth, and to let you know what it is that you would possess if you should choose to take me." Then again she was silent, and waited for her doom.

There was a pause of perhaps a couple of minutes, during which he made no reply. He walked the length of the room twice, slowly, before he uttered a word, and during that time he did not look at her. Had he chosen to take an hour, she would not have interrupted him again. She had told him everything, and it was for him now to decide. After what she had said he could not but recall his offer. How was it possible that he should desire to make a woman his wife after such a declaration as that which she had made to him?

"And now," he said, "it is for me to decide?"

"Yes, Mr. Gilmore, it is for you to decide."

"Then," said he, coming up to her and putting out his hand, "you are my betrothed. May God in his mercy soften your heart to me, and enable you to give me some return for all the love that I bear you!" She took his hand and raised it to her lips and kissed it, and then had left the room before he was able to stop her.

CHAPTER L.

MARY LOWTHER INSPECTS HER FUTURE HOME.

OF course it was soon known in the vicarage that Mary Lowther had accepted the squire's hand. She had left him standing in the drawing-room—had left him very abruptly, though she had condescended to kiss his hand. Perhaps in no way could she have made a kinder reply to his petition for mercy. In ordinary cases it is probably common for a lady, when she has yielded to a gentleman's entreaties for the gift of herself, to yield also something further for his immediate gratification, and to

submit herself to his embrace. In this instance it was impossible that the lady should do so. After the very definite manner in which she had explained to him her feelings it was out of the question that she should stay and toy with him—that she should bear the pressure of his arm or return his caresses. But there had come upon her a sharp desire to show her gratitude before she left him—to show her gratitude, and to prove, by some personal action toward him, that though she had been forced to tell him that she did not love him—that she did not love him after the fashion in which his love was given to her—yet that he was dear to her as our dearest friends are dear. And therefore, when he had stretched out his hand to her in sign of the offer which he was making her, she had raised it to her lips and kissed it.

Very shortly after she had left the room Mrs. Fenwick came to him. "Well, Harry," she said, coming up close to him and looking into his eyes to see how it had fared with him, "tell me that I may wish you joy."

"She has promised that she will be my wife," he said.

"And is not that what you have so long wished?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why are you not elated?"

"I have no doubt she will tell you all. But do not suppose, Mrs. Fenwick, that I am not thankful. She has behaved very well, and she has accepted me. She has explained to me in what way her acceptance has been given, and I have submitted to it."

"Now, Harry, you are going to make yourself wretched about some romantic trifle?"

"I am not going to make myself miserable at all. I am much less miserable than I could have believed to be possible six months ago. She has told me that she will be my wife, and I do not for a moment think that she will go back from her word."

"Then what is it?"

"I have not won her as other men do. Never mind: I do not mean to com-

plain. Mrs. Fenwick, I shall trust you to let me know when she will be glad to see me here."

"Of course you will come when you like and how you like. You must be quite at home here."

"As far as you and Frank are concerned, that would be a matter of course to me. But it cannot be so—yet—in regard to Mary. At any rate, I will not intrude upon her till I know that my coming will not be a trouble to her." After this it was not necessary that Mrs. Fenwick should be told much more of the manner in which these new betrothals had been made.

Mary was, of course, congratulated both by the vicar and his wife, and she received their congratulations with a dignity of deportment which, even from her, almost surprised them. She said scarcely a word, but smiled as she was kissed by each of them, and did whisper something as to her hope that she might be able to make Mr. Gilmore happy. There was certainly no triumph, and there was no visible sign of regret. When she was asked whether she would not wish that he should come to the vicarage, she declared that she would have him come just as he pleased: if she only knew of his coming beforehand, she would take care that she would be within to receive him. Whatever might be his wishes, she would obey them. Mrs. Fenwick suggested that Gilmore would like her to go up to the Privets and look at the house which was to be her future home. She promised that she would go with him at any hour that he might appoint. Then there was something said as to fixing the day of the wedding. "It is not to be immediately," she replied: "he promised me that he would give me time." "She speaks of it as though she was going to be hung," the vicar said afterward to his wife.

On the day after her engagement she saw Gilmore, and then she wrote to her aunt to tell her the tidings. Her letter was very short, and had not Miss Marable thoroughly understood the character of her niece, and the agony of the struggle to which Mary was now

subjected, it would have seemed to be cold and ungrateful. "My dear aunt," said the letter, "yesterday I accepted Mr. Gilmore's offer. I know you will be glad to hear this, as you have always thought that I ought to do so. No time has been fixed for the wedding, but it will not be very soon. I hope I may do my duty to him and make him happy; but I do not know whether I should not have been more useful in remaining with my affectionate aunt." That was the whole letter, and there was no other friend to whom she herself communicated the tidings. It occurred to her for a moment that she would write to Walter Marrable, but Walter Marrable had told her nothing of Edith Brownlow. Walter Marrable would learn the news fast enough. And then the writing of such a letter would not have been very easy to her.

On the Sunday afternoon, after church, she walked up to the Privets with her lover. The engagement had been made on the previous Thursday, and this was the first occasion on which she had been alone with him for more than a minute or two at a time since she had then parted from him. They started immediately from the churchyard, passing out through the gate which led into Mr. Trumbull's field, and it was understood that they were to return for an early dinner at the vicarage. Mary had made many resolutions as to this walk. She would talk much, so that it might not be tedious and melancholy to him; she would praise everything, and show the interest which she took in the house and grounds; she would ask questions, and display no hesitation as to claiming her own future share of possession in all that belonged to him. She went off at once as soon as she was through the wicket gate, asking questions as to the division of the property of the parish between the two owners, as to this field and that field, and the little wood which they passed, till her sharp intelligence told her that she was overacting her part. He was no actor, but unconsciously he perceived her effort; and he resented it, unconsciously also, by

short answers and an uninterested tone. She was aware of it all, and felt that there had been a mistake. It would be better for her to leave the play in his hands and to adapt herself to his moods.

"We had better go straight up to the house," he said, as soon as the pathway had led them off Lord Trowbridge's land into his own domain.

"I think we had," said she.

"If we go round by the stables, it will make us late for Fenwick's dinner."

"We ought to be back by half-past two," she said. They had left the church exactly at half-past twelve, and were therefore to be together for two hours.

He took her over the house. The showing of a house in such circumstances is very trying both to the man and to the woman. He is weighted by a mixed load of pride in his possession and of assumed humility. She, to whom every detail of the future nest is so vitally important, is almost bound to praise, though every encomium she pronounces will be a difficulty in the way of those changes which she contemplates. But on the present occasion Mary contemplated no change. Marrying this man, as she was about to do, professedly without loving him, she was bound to take everything else as she found it. The dwelling-rooms of the house she had known before—the dining-room, the drawing-room and the library. She was now taken into his private chamber, where he sat as a magistrate, and paid his men, and kept his guns and fishing-rods. Here she sat down for a moment, and when he had told her this and that—how he was always here for so long in the morning, and how he hoped that she would come to him sometimes when he was thus busy—he came and stood over her, putting his hand upon her shoulder. "Mary," he said, "will you not kiss me?"

"Certainly I will," she said, jumping up and offering her face to his salute. A month or two ago he would have given the world for permission to kiss her, and now it seemed as though the thing

itself were a matter of but little joy. A kiss to be joyful should be stolen, with a conviction on the part of the offender that she who has suffered the loss will never prosecute the thief. She had meant to be good to him, but the favor would have gone farther with him had she made more of it.

Then they went up stairs. Who does not know the questions that were asked and that were answered? On this occasion they were asked and answered with matter-of-fact useful earnestness. The papers on the walls were perhaps old and ugly, but she did not mind it if they were so. If he liked to have the rooms new-papered, of course it would be nice. Would she like new furniture? Did she object to the old-fashioned four-post bedsteads? Had she any special taste about hangings and colors? Of course she had, but she could not bring herself to indulge them by giving orders as to this or that. She praised everything, was satisfied with everything, was interested in everything, but would propose no changes. What right had she, seeing that she was to give him so little, to ask him to do this or that for her? She meant on this occasion to do all that she could for his happiness, but had she ordered new furniture for the whole house, begged that every room might be fresh papered, and pointed out that the paneling was old and must be altered, and the entire edifice repainted inside and out, he would have been a happier man. "I hope you will find it comfortable," he said in a tone of voice that was beyond measure lugubrious.

"I am sure that I shall," she replied. "What more can any woman want than there is here? And then there are so many comforts to which I have never been used!"

This passed between them as they stood on the steps of the house, looking down upon green paddocks in front of the house. "I think we will come and see the gardens another day," he said.

"Whenever you like," she answered. "Perhaps if we stay now we shall be keeping them waiting." Then, as they

returned by the road, she remembered an account that Janet Fenwick had given her of a certain visit which Janet had made to the vicarage as Miss Balfour, and of all the joys of that inspection. But what right had she, Mary Lowther, to suppose that she could have any of the same pleasure? Janet Balfour, in her first visit to the vicarage, had been to see the home in which she was to live with the man to whom her whole heart had been given without reserve.

CHAPTER LI.

THE GRINDER AND HIS COMRADE.

As the day drew near for the final examination at Heytesbury of the suspected murderers—the day on which it was expected that either all the three prisoners, or at least two of them, would be committed to take their trial at the summer assizes—the vicar became anxious as to the appearance of Carry Brattle in the court. At first he entertained an idea that he would go over to Salisbury and fetch her, but his wife declared that this was imprudent and quixotic, and that he shouldn't do it. Fenwick's argument in support of his own idea amounted to little more than this—that he would go for the girl because the Marquis of Trowbridge would be sure to condemn him for taking such a step. "It is intolerable to me," he said, "that I should be impeded in my free action by the interference and accusations of such an ass as that." But the question was one on which his wife felt herself to be so strong that she would not yield either to his logic or to his anger: "It can't be fit for you to go about and fetch witnesses; and it won't make it more fit because she is a pretty young woman who has lost her character." "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," said the vicar. But his wife was resolute, and he gave up the plan. He wrote, however, to the constable at Salisbury, begging the man to look to the young woman's comfort, and offering to pay for any special privilege or accommo-

dation that might be accorded to her. This occurred on the Saturday before the day on which Mary Lowther was taken up to look at her new home.

The Sunday passed by with more or less of conversation respecting the murder, and so also the Monday morning. The vicar had himself been summoned to give his evidence as to having found Sam Brattle in his own garden, in company with another man with whom he had wrestled, and whom he was able to substantiate as the Grinder; and indeed the terrible bruise made by the vicar's life-preserver on the Grinder's back would be proved by evidence from Lavington. On the Monday evening he was sitting, after dinner, with Gilmore, who had dined at the vicarage, when he was told that a constable from Salisbury wished to see him. The constable was called into the room, and soon told his story. He had gone up to Trotter's Buildings that day after dinner, and was told that the bird had flown. She had gone out that morning, and Mrs. Stiggs knew nothing of her departure. When they examined the room in which she slept, they found that she had taken what little money she possessed and her best clothes. She had changed her frock and put on a pair of strong boots, and taken her cloak with her. Mrs. Stiggs acknowledged that had she seen the girl going forth thus provided her suspicions would have been aroused, but Carry had managed to leave the house without being observed. Then the constable went on to say that Mrs. Stiggs had told him that she had been sure that Carry would go. "I've been a-waiting for it all along," she had said; "but when there came the law-rumpus atop of the other, I knew as how she'd hop the twig." And now Carry Brattle had hopped the twig, and no one knew whither she had gone. There was much sorrow at the vicarage, for Mrs. Fenwick, though she had been obliged to restrain her husband's impetuosity in the matter, had nevertheless wished well for the poor girl; and who could not believe aught of her now but that she

would return to misery and degradation? When the constable was interrogated as to the need for her attendance on the morrow, he declared that nothing could now be done toward finding her and bringing her to Heytesbury in time for the magistrates' session. He supposed there would be another remand, and that then she too would be—wanted.

But there had been so many remands that on the Tuesday the magistrates were determined to commit the men, and did commit two of them. Against Sam there was no tittle of evidence, except as to that fact that he had been seen with these men in Mr. Fenwick's garden; and it was at once proposed to put him into the witness-box, instead of proceeding against him as one of the murderers. As a witness he was adjudged to have behaved badly, but the assumed independence of his demeanor was probably the worst of his misbehavior. He would tell them nothing of the circumstances of the murder, except that, having previously become acquainted with the two men, Burrows and Acorn, and having, as he thought, a spite against the vicar at the time, he had determined to make free with some of the vicarage fruit. He had, he said, met the men in the village that afternoon, and had no knowledge of their business there. He had known Acorn more intimately than the other man, and confessed at last that his acquaintance with that man had arisen from a belief that Acorn was about to marry his sister. He acknowledged that he knew that Burrows had been a convicted thief, and that Acorn had been punished for horse-stealing. When he was asked how it had come to pass that he was desirous of seeing his sister married to a horse-stealer, he declined to answer, and, looking round the court, said that he hoped there was no man there who would be coward enough to say anything against his sister. They who heard him declared that there was more of a threat than a request expressed in his words and manner.

A question was put to him as to his

knowledge of Farmer Trumbull's money. "There was them as knew, but I knew nothing," he said. He was pressed on this point by the magistrates, but would say not a word further. As to this, however, the police were indifferent, as they believed that they would be able to prove at the trial, from other sources, that the mother of the man called the Grinder had certainly received tidings of the farmer's wealth. There were many small matters of evidence to which the magistrates trusted. One of the men had bought poison, and the dog had been poisoned. The presence of the cart at the farmer's gate was proved, and the subsequent presence of the two men in the same cart at Pycroft Common. The size of the footprints, the characters and subsequent flight of the men, and certain damaging denials and admissions which they themselves had made, all went to make up the case against them, and they were committed to be tried for the murder. Sam, however, was allowed to go free, being served, however, with a subpoena to attend at the trial as a witness. "I will," said he, "if you send me down money enough to bring me up from South Shields and take me back again. I ain't a-coming on my own hook, as I did this time; and wouldn't now, only for Muster Fenwick." Our friends left the police to settle this question with Sam, and then drove home to Bullhampton.

The vicar was triumphant, though his triumph was somewhat quelled by the disappearance of Carry Brattle. There could, however, be no longer any doubt that Sam Brattle's innocence as to the murder was established. Head Constable Toffy had himself acknowledged to him that Sam could have had no hand in it.

"I told you so from the beginning," said the vicar.

"We 'as got the right uns, at any rate," said the constable; "and it wasn't none of our fault that we hadn't 'em before." But though Constable Toffy was thus honest, there were one or two in Heytesbury on that day who still

persisted in declaring that Sam was one of the murderers. Sir Thomas Charleys stuck to that opinion to the last; and Lord Trowbridge, who had again sat upon the bench, was quite convinced justice was being shamefully robbed of her due.

When the vicar reached Bullhampton, instead of turning into his own place at once, he drove himself on to the mill. He dropped Gilmore at the gate, but he could not bear that the father and mother should not know immediately, from a source which they would trust, that Sam had been declared innocent of that great offence. Driving round by the road, Fenwick met the miller about a quarter of a mile from his own house. "Mr. Brattle," he said, "they have committed the two men."

"Have they, sir?" said the miller, not condescending to ask a question about his own son.

"As I have said all along, Sam had no more to do with it than you or I."

"You have been very good, Muster Fenwick."

"Come, Mr. Brattle, do not pretend that this is not a comfort to you."

"A comfort as my son ain't proved a murderer! If they'd ha' hanged 'im, Muster Fenwick, that'd ha' been bad, for certain. It ain't much of comfort we has, but there may be a better and a worser in everything, no doubt. I'm obleeged to you, all as one, Muster Fenwick—very much obleeged; and it will take a heavy load off his mother's heart." Then the vicar turned his gig round and drove himself home.

CHAPTER LII.

CARRY BRATTLE'S JOURNEY.

MRS. STIGGS had been right in her surmise about Carry Brattle. The confinement in Trotter's Buildings and want of interest in her life was more than the girl could bear, and she had been thinking of escape almost from the first day that she had been there. Had it not been for the mingled fear and love with which she regarded Mr.

Fenwick, had she not dreaded that he should think her ungrateful, she would have flown even before the summons came to her which told her that she must appear before the magistrates and lawyers, and among a crowd of people in the neighborhood of her old home. That she could not endure, and therefore she had flown. When it had been suggested to her that she should go and live with her brother's wife as her servant, that idea had been hard to bear. But there had been uncertainty, and an opinion of her own, which proved to be right, that her sister-in-law would not receive her. Now about this paper that the policemen had handed to her and the threatened journey to Heytesbury there was no uncertainty, unless she might possibly escape the evil by running away. Therefore she ran away.

The straight-going people of the world, in dealing with those who go crooked, are almost always unreasonable. "Because you have been bad," say they who are not bad to those who are bad, "because you have hitherto indulged yourself with all pleasures within your reach, because you have never worked steadily or submitted yourself to restraint, because you have been a drunkard and a gambler and have lived in foul company, therefore now—now that I have got a hold of you and can manipulate you in reference to your repentance and future conduct—I will require from you a mode of life that, in its general attractions, shall be about equal to that of a hermit in the desert. If you flinch, you are not only a monster of ingratitude toward me, who am taking all this trouble to save you, but you are also a poor wretch for whom no possible hope of grace can remain." When it is found that a young man is neglecting his duties, doing nothing, spending his nights in billiard-rooms and worse places, and getting up at two o'clock in the day, the usual prescription of his friends is, that he should lock himself up in his own dingy room, drink tea and spend his hours in reading good books. It is hardly recognized that a sudden change from billiards to good

books requires a strength of character which, if possessed, would probably have kept the young man altogether from falling into bad habits. If we left the doors of our prisons open, and then expressed disgust because the prisoners walked out, we should hardly be less rational. The hours at Mrs. Stiggs' house had been frightfully heavy to poor Carry Brattle, and at last she escaped.

It was half-past ten on the Monday morning when she went out. It was her custom to go out at that hour. Mr. Fenwick had desired her to attend the morning services at the cathedral. She had done so for a day or two, and had then neglected them. But she had still left the house always at that time; and once, when Mrs. Stiggs had asked some question on the subject, she had replied almost in anger that she was not a prisoner. On this occasion she made changes in her dress which were not usual, and therefore she was careful to avoid being seen as she went, but had she been interrogated she would have persevered. Who had a right to stop her?

But where should she go? The reader may perhaps remember that once, when Mr. Fenwick first found this poor girl after her flight from home and her great disgrace, she had expressed a desire to go to the mill and just look at it, even if she might do no more than that. The same idea was now in her mind, but as she left the city she had no concerted plan. There were two things between which she must choose at once—either to go to London or not to go to London. She had money enough for her fare, and perhaps a few shillings over. In a dim way she did understand that the choice was between going to the devil at once and not going quite at once; and then, weakly, wistfully, with uncertain step, almost without an operation of her mind, she did not take the turn which, from the end of Trotter's Buildings, would have brought her to the railway station, but did take that which led her by the Three Honest Men out on to the Devizes road—the road which passes

across Salisbury Plain, and leads from the city to many Wiltshire villages, of which Bullhampton is one.

She walked slowly, but she walked nearly the whole day. Nothing could be more truly tragical than the utterly purposeless tenor of her day and of her whole life. She had no plan—nothing before her; no object even for the evening and night of that very day in which she was wasting her strength on the Devizes road. It is the lack of object, of all aim, in the lives of the houseless wanderers that gives to them the most terrible element of their misery. Think of it! To walk forth with, say, ten shillings in your pocket—so that there need be no instant suffering from want of bread or shelter—and have no work to do, no friend to see, no place to expect you, no duty to accomplish, no hope to follow, no bourn to which you can draw nigher, except that bourn which, in such circumstances, the traveler must surely regard as simply the end of his weariness! But there is nothing to which humanity cannot attune itself. Men can live upon poison, can learn to endure absolute solitude, can bear contumely, scorn and shame, and never show it. Carry Brattle had already become accustomed to misery, and as she walked she thought more of the wretchedness of the present hour, of her weary feet, of her hunger, and of the nature of the rest which she might purchase for herself at some poor wayside inn, than she did of her future life.

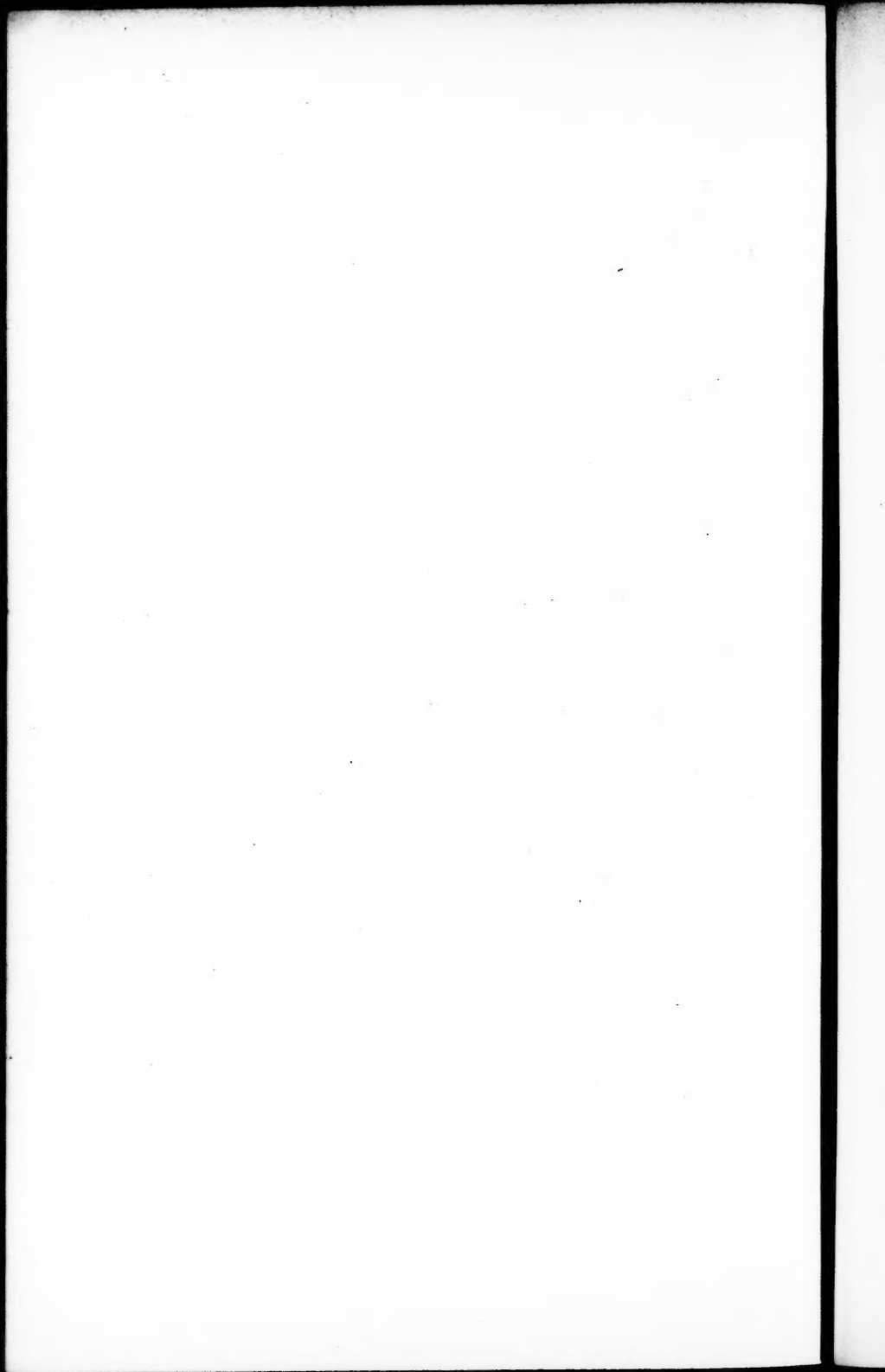
She got a lump of bread and a glass of beer in the middle of the day, and then she walked on and on till the evening came. She went very slowly, stopping often and sitting down when the roadside would afford her some spot of green shade. At eight o'clock she had walked fifteen miles straight along the road, and, as she knew well, had passed the turn which would have taken her by the nearest way from Salisbury to Bullhampton. She had formed no plan, but entertained a hope that if she continued to walk they would not catch her, so as to take her to Heytesbury on the morrow. She knew

that if she went on she might get to Pycroft Common by this road; and though there was no one in the whole world whom she hated worse than Mrs. Burrows, still at Pycroft Common she might probably be taken in and sheltered. At eight she reached a small village which she remembered to have seen before, of which she saw the name written up on a board, and which she knew to be six miles from Bullhampton. She was so tired and weary that she could go no farther, and here she asked for a bed. She told them that she was walking from Salisbury to the house of a friend who lived near Devizes, and that she had thought she could do it in one day and save her railway fare. She was simply asked to pay for her bed and supper beforehand, and then she was taken in and fed and sheltered. On the next morning she got up very late and was unwilling to leave the house. She paid for her breakfast, and, as she was not told to go her way, she sat on the chair in which she had been placed, without speaking, almost without moving, till late in the afternoon. At three o'clock she roused herself, asked for some bread and cheese, which she put in her pocket, and started again upon her journey. She thought that she would be safe, at any rate for that day, from the magistrates and the policemen, from the sight of her brother and from the presence of that other man at Heytesbury. But whither she would go when she left the house—whether on to the hated cottage at Pycroft Common or to her father's house—she had not made up her mind when she tied on her hat. She went on along the road toward Devizes, and about two miles from the village she came to a lane turning to the left, with a finger-post. On this was written a direction—To Bullhampton and Imber; and here she turned short off toward the parish in which she had been born. It was then four o'clock, and when she had traveled a mile farther she found a nook under the wall of a little bridge, and there she seated herself and ate her dinner of bread and



"Grimes," the Vicar said, "I'm not quite sure that I like this."

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chapter XXXV.]



cheese. While she was there a policeman on foot passed along the road. The man did not see her, and had he seen her would have taken no more than a policeman's ordinary notice of her; but she saw him, and in consequence did not leave her hiding-place for hours.

About nine o'clock she crept on again, but even then her mind was not made up. She did not even yet know where she would bestow herself for that night. It seemed to her that there would be an inexpressible pleasure to her, even in her misery, in walking round the precincts of the mill, in gazing at the windows of the house, in standing on the bridge where she had so often loitered, and in looking once more on the scene of her childhood. But as she thought of this she remembered the darkness of the stream, and the softly-gurgling but rapid flow with which it hurried itself on beneath the black abyss of the building. She had often shuddered as she watched it, indulging herself in the luxury of causeless trepidation. But now, were she there, she would surely take that plunge into the blackness which would bring her to the end of all her misery!

And yet, as she went on toward her old home through the twilight, she had no more definite idea than that of looking once more on the place which had been cherished in her memory through all her sufferings. As to her rest for the night, she had no plan, unless, indeed, she might find her rest in the hidden mill-pool of that dark, softly-gurgling stream.

On that same day, between six and seven in the evening, the miller was told by Mr. Fenwick that his son was no longer accused of the murder. He had not received the information in the most gracious manner, but not the less quick was he in making it known at the mill. "Them dunderheads over at He'tsbry has found out at last as our Sam had now't to do with it." This he said, addressing no one in particular, but in the hearing of his wife and Fanny Brattle. Then there came upon him a

torrent of questions and a torrent also of tears. Mrs. Brattle and Fanny had both made up their minds that Sam was innocent, but the mother had still feared that he would be made to suffer in spite of his innocence. Fanny, however, had always persisted that the goodness of the Lord would save him and them from such injustice. To the old man himself they had hardly dared to talk about it, but now they strove to win him to some softness. Might not a struggle be made to bring Sam back to the mill? But it was very hard to soften the miller. "After what's come and gone, the lad is better away," he said at last. "I didn't think as he'd ever raised his hand again an old man," he said shortly afterward, "but he's kep' company with them as did. It's a'most as bad." Beyond this the miller would not go; but when they separated for the night the mother took herself for a while into the daughter's chamber, in order that they might weep and rejoice together. It was now all but midsummer, and the evenings were long and sultry. The window of Fanny's bed-room looked out on to the garden of the mill, and was but a foot or two above the ground. This ground had once been pleasant to them all, and profitable withal. Of late, since the miller had become old, and Sam had grown to be too restive and self-willed to act as desired for the general welfare of the family, but little of pleasure, or profit either, had been forthcoming from the patch of ground. There were a few cabbages there, and rows of untended gooseberry and currant bushes, and down toward the orchard there was a patch of potatoes; but no one took pride now in the garden. As for Fanny, if she could provide that there should always be a sufficient meal on the table for her father and mother, it was as much as she could do. The days were clean gone by in which she had had time and spirits to tend her roses, pinks and pansies. Now she sat at the open window with her mother, and with bated breath they spoke of the daughter and sister that was lost to them.

"He wouldn't take it amiss, mother, if I was to go over to Salisbury?"

"If you was to ask him, Fan, he'd bid you not," said the mother.

"But I wouldn't ask him. I wouldn't tell him till I was back. She was to be before the magistrates to-day. Mr. Fenwick told me so on Sunday."

"It will about be the death of her."

"I don't know, mother. She's bolder now, mother, I fear, than what she was in old days. And she was always sprightly—speaking up to the quality with no fear like. Maybe it was what she said that got them to let Sam go. She was never a coward, such as me."

"Oh, Fan, if she'd only ha' taken after thee!"

"The Lord, mother, makes us different for purposes of his own. Of all the lasses I ever see, to my eyes she was the comeliest." The old woman couldn't speak now, but rubbed her moist cheeks with her raised apron. "I'll ask Mr. Toffy to-morrow, mother," continued Fanny, "and if she be still at that place in Salisbury where Mr. Fenwick put her, I'll just go to her. Father won't turn me out of the house along of it."

"Turn thee out, Fan! He'll never turn thee out. What'd he do, or what'd I do if thee was to go away from us? If thou dost go, Fan, take her a few bits of things that are lying there in the big press, and'll never be used other gait. I warrant the poor child'll be but badly off for under-clothing."

And then they planned how the journey on the morrow should be made—after the constable should have been questioned and the vicar should have been consulted. Fanny would leave home immediately after breakfast, and when the miller should ask after her at dinner his wife should tell him that his daughter had gone to Salisbury. If

further question should be asked—and it was thought possible that no further question would be asked, as the father would then guess the errand on which his daughter would have gone—but if the subject was further mooted, Mrs. Brattle, with such courage as she might be able to assume, should acknowledge the business that had taken Fanny to Salisbury. Then there arose questions about money. Mr. Fenwick had owned, thinking that he might thereby ease the mother's heart, that for the present Carry was maintained by him. To take this task upon themselves the mother and daughter were unable. The money which they had in hand, very small in amount, was, they knew, the property of the family. That they could do no permanent good to Carry was a great grief. But it might be something if they could comfort her for a while.

"I don't think but what her heart'll still be soft to thee, Fan; and who knows but what it may bring her round to see thy face and hear thy voice?"

At that moment Fanny heard a sound in the garden, and stretched her head and shoulders quickly out of the window. They had been late at the mill that evening, and it was now eleven o'clock. It had been still daylight when the miller had left them at tea, but the night had crept on them as they had sat there. There was no moon, but there was still something left of the reflection of the last colors of the setting sun, and the night was by no means dark. Fanny saw at once the figure of a woman, though she did not at once recognize the person of her sister. "Oh, mother! oh, mother! oh, mother!" said a voice from the night; and in a moment Carry Brattle had stretched herself so far within the window that she had grasped her mother by the arm.

THE PERSECUTED WOMAN.

ALAS! alas! that I should have to take up my pen for the first time to make my misery known to you, dear public! I do not expect redress: 'tis beyond that. I do not expect sympathy: it cannot reach me. I pour my wretched tale into your listening ear merely to unburden my heavy heart. Every woman knows the relief of tears. These ink-drops, like them, shall drain a part of my grief, and perhaps touch a chord in your better nature.

I am a persecuted woman. I am persecuted by remorseless tyrants: I am made a captive slave in my own house. I must pay bounties and ransoms without number, which don't help me in the least. And all because I happen to be a mistress. I will first picture my surroundings, and then state my distress. Then, dear reader, if you have a heart, it will bleed its crimsonest drops immediately.

I have a husband, a splendid fellow—tall, handsome, with eyes that thrill you through, like electricity, by their fervid, intellectual glance: proud as Jupiter, with more than that myth's power and goodness. "For contemplation he, and valor formed." A perfect Adam before the fall, as Milton represents that godlike man. In short, such a husband as any woman would be proud of if she were in a good humor and not persecuted. My two little children of course are angels—a boy and girl, beautiful as the golden sunbeams, no trouble in the world to any one, with mirth and goodness enough to make happy the most morose. The eldest, a boy—Blisam we call him—although but three years old, has a keen sense of humor, with the merriest fancies. I cannot refrain, although somewhat out of place, from illustrating these characteristics by repeating a joke or two of his.

We have in our paradise, among

other winged things, a hen who lays only *fresh* eggs. These I use for the table, and when setting-time comes, carry in my little basket "boughten" ones to her nest for her motherly expectations. One day I filled my basket with fresh eggs, round fair morsels, to tempt the palate of a sick neighbor. Blisam, seeing me, said, "Mamma, where are you going?" "To Mrs. Goode's, darling," I answered. "Oh, mamma, are you going to *set* Mrs. Goode?"

Another time, his father, in leaving, said to him, "Good-bye, Nuisance." (This, of course, is only a saucy pet name: I would not have you think it applicable.) He turned quietly to me and said, "Mamma, am I a nuisance?" "No, darling." "Aunt, am I a nuisance?" Of course aunt said no. Then holding his saucy head sideways, with glances the most mischievous at his father, he said, "All the people say I am not a nuisance, papa." We thought it pretty bright to get his evidence before refuting the charge.

Another time, in winter, he sat looking thoughtfully out of the window. At length he said, "Mamma, I should think the trees would be cold without their leaves to cover them." His little mind needed *re-leaf* (relief) as well as the trees.

I have shown, I fear, but little judgment, dear readers, in thus chatting of my boy. You who have also boys will think 'tis nothing compared to what yours say and do; and you without them no doubt take papa's saucy cognomen in earnest and call mine really a nuisance.

But by your leave we will let it pass, whilst I hasten to tell you of my home. "Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," near the calmness and greenness of the holy country, near the convenience of the luxurious city, ah, you should see it! It is rose-embow-

ered; it is arched with trees; it is ribboned with winding walks, bushed in on every side by the sweet blossoms; graceful green corridors leading to leafy ante-rooms, where our lovers (we have a pair in the family) hold court. And then the music! Why, our orchestra of birds startles you by its harmony. Their hymns seem truly a keynote to the heavenly choir. Indoors, I can say, is also most fair. Art here has carried out the instincts of Nature, and produced that which is alone good and beautiful. The wealth and correct taste of my husband, united to my own refined and womanly aptitude and love for the pure and beautiful, have presented in each consecrated apartment a scene of comfort and elegance.

I did not say—but will now—that my husband is liberal: all husbands are not, I believe. I wish it to be understood distinctly that mine is. I have a long purse, never empty, no matter how much and often I shake it out. What is more—which perhaps you can hardly believe, although it is really true—I never have to say in subdued tones, just as my husband is leaving to go down town, "Dear, have you any change about you?"

Now, dear reader, I have tried to present before you a picture of my happy surroundings, with your humble servant (meaning myself) in the midst. Deary says I am a good little wife, so of course I may take my place modestly in the picture, even though I am a persecuted woman. My pen is dumb in describing, but if you let your finest imagination outline this paradise and happy family (leaving out the persecution)—if you pencil with boldest strokes and paint with brightest colors—it will of course fail, just as the rainbow does on canvas, or the beauty of woods and waves when even Tennyson or Browning tells of them.

Now what is the canker, where the worm, in my bud of happiness? Alas! it is Bridget, or Jemima, or Jane, or Ann—varied yet the same, with perfection only in the art of knowing "how

not to do." Bridget (let this name suffice) comes into our peaceful homes, straight into our exclusive midst, with her atmospheric changes, bringing storm-clouds and gusty winds. She is gone again, you may know by the banging of the doors and the wreck she leaves behind. No one expects *perfect* human nature: some divines say that it is possible—some, not. Whichever way it is, I have never seen it, or felt it either: I must add, too, that I have never heard of a learned D. D. who ever did experience it, personally or by observation.

Human nature cannot, I think, be pronounced perfect by even the most charitable, if they have had an opportunity of studying the idiosyncrasies of the race of Bridgets. I have often, myself, tried to find out the principle upon which their minds are constructed and the laws which govern their movements. I can liken them to nothing so much as comets. That they both are erratic bodies none will deny. They shoot through our households in a fiery kind of way, both as to temper and range, and are gone, no one knows whither, just as quickly, even if you want to stay them, which you don't. Besides, like comets, they appear to be heavenly bodies, according to the calendars of the "best references;" but you soon find these shining qualities run foul of something or other, and burst up or go out in the sootiest darkness.

Well, my last Bridget is not so bad, after all. She is cleanly: that's a comfort. She *will* put the tea in the coffee-pot, and never shut the back gate: still, she is willing, and I have never known her yet to stand with her hands on her hips—an attitude which makes me rather nervous, as I am then sure of a warning. I thought I would have to send her away immediately after her arrival, she was so ignorant of her duties. Husband said, "Be patient, little wife, and teach her." I love to obey my husband. St. Paul said, "The husband is the head of the woman, even as Christ is Head of the Church." I feel a perfect *rest* under his guiding, and

my gentler nature gains great confidence and strength as I cleave to his wise counsels.

Well, I began to teach Bridget. The first breakfast was simple enough, for her sake. I told her to put a mackerel in soak. She brought it me after a few minutes, unabashed by the company in the parlor with me, saying, "Is this the way yez wants it?" I looked, and behold! 'twas spread thickly o'er with—*soft soap!*

Another time, I told her to sweep the room and move everything, in order to sweep behind and under. Presently I smelt smoke. Out I rushed into the room, and there I saw the red-hot stove in the middle of the floor, belching (as a poet would say) flames and smoke from every pore, whilst unconscious Biddy scrubbed away in its old corner.

Thus did I spend long summer days in teaching Biddy. Never a pleasant party could I join, because of my pupil—no friendly visitor receive with prompt welcome, because I was a captive below with Biddy. I am to hear the merry voices of my dear ones in the distance, and cannot mingle my own with theirs, because I am banished for Biddy's good. My husband, dear, domestic darling! never has to "meet a man on business" in the evenings, and those last hours of the day are mine own most prized. Biddy enters even here like a wedge, and cleaves me from my joy.

Oh, Biddy! you are willing and I patient. What fruits shall these virtues bring? and how soon will they ripen? Well, I say, these troubles are only flesh wounds, and leave no scar. If my noble husband loves me still, though his collars *are* limp, and waits patiently until the new Biddy comes, who *is* a good washer and ironer—if he swallows his burnt toast and cold tea, looking across the cloth with eyes that are loving still—I am yet happy.

Then a wise thought rushes to the rescue: I will learn Biddy's trade. He shall breakfast after Adam's own fashion to-morrow. (Biddy was not made in Paradise.) I will "temper dulcet

creams" for him; I will refine golden coffee, and make the iron vessels sing again with their brown bounties for his palate. I will—yes, I will—pour nectar and dish ambrosia. Oh how I longed for the rosy morning to serve my love! It came. Baby got me up early: it was very thoughtful in baby. Down I fly to the kitchen. Alas for me! what is to be done first I know not. I become very intimate with Biddy, and ask her advice rather humbly. Did you ever see Biddy teach? It is tyrannical personified: it is remonstrance, offended innocence and equal rights. "I did it just that way, ma'am, and ye sint it back." Suffice it to say, Biddy and I dished up a meal, very much improved in quality indeed, but sadly deficient as to enjoyment. I piled up roses high on the table, between my husband's loving eyes and myself, so that they might not see the red rings round mine. Baby called me with wailings when my "soul was in the dishes." Deary missed me at prayer-time, and I—why, I was frantic with the sizzling pans and spouting kettles. My swollen face was scarlet with the heat and steam, and my fresh morning-dress bore many a streak. My experiment failed: I saw that. Husband was right about the teaching, but all Bridgets are not like Portia—

"Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn: and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed"—

and my Biddy was most certainly not. I could not teach her—I could not take her place.

I thought, Well, it is plain that a wife's place is by the side of her husband, not in the dust and cinders below; a mother's duty, to be ever ready to answer the requests of her babe, not to fry her blood into a fever when she is to give it cool nourishment; a mistress' economy, to keep her time free and judgment clear, to exercise benevolence and hospitality; for I hold that an economist of time and material can live the most usefully. And then I

must not forget a lady's duty. Her lord has honored her by his preferment. Her sweet grace and delicacy won him first. Her calm beauty and elevated thought, he tells her, are more than thrones to him. Shall she not value qualities he so much prizes? keep them her own, and so still be ever the lady of his love? Yes, by all that is dear, she will: she must keep her hands fair for the melody her fingers rain out to him; her cheeks fresh, her curls bright, for the tenderness of his gazing; her mind stored with the wisdom from his books, so that she shall make her companionship intelligent and answering. She cannot be all this and be Bridget too. No, no! Bridget has a hard time among those seething monsters in the depths below, without doubt; and I am almost tempted to wonder if we have a right to expect things washed or cooked, seeing the terrible difficulty and universal failure. But, I thought, this is Biddy's vocation, just as it is mine to be a mistress, or yours, dear reader, to be a poet or philosopher. She has no social duties, no intellectual, no benevolent ones. It is her trade, and she should do it well from practice alone, even were she badly taught at first; and that one alone is useless who cannot, and not the whole species.

So I thought, with a sigh, I must make another "change"—a terrible thing to do, but necessary. I sighed again, seized the *Ledger*, thought of my darling and the blessing he gave me at parting, turned for the twentieth time to "Situations Wanted—Females," and read, "A good cook," etc. Nothing said about washing and ironing. Oh dear! she won't *assist*, that's plain, and we cannot do without washing. I read again: "Good cook—will assist," etc. Nothing said about reference. She drinks or pilfers, or of course she could have gotten one. So I went down the list, jumping over some dozen chambermaids who will only make beds, companions to rich old ladies and housekeepers for widowers.

At last I come to a real jewel—one of the "heavenly-body" kind: "Com-

petent cook, etc. Will assist, etc. Best city reference," etc. She will do, I say. Immediately the three lines are in my hand and an oblong vacuum in the paper. Fearing she *might* fail, I look for and find another "bright particular star." So, with these precious slips tucked in my portemonnaie, I take the cars, ride my whole fare out, you may be sure, and leave myself in debt to the horses. Biddy is at home. Yes, she can do everything: she is satisfied with the wages—for indeed they are liberal—and smiles with pleasure at the reward of twenty-five dollars to be given at the end of every year she stays; and will come right away. I give her my address, a key to my paradise. Her face changes: she don't want to live in the country. I try to rouse a spark of sentiment in her bosom: I speak of the beauty of our garden town: I tempt her with the church which is near. No, she looks up and down the narrow court swarming with life, and decides she will not go, "it is too lonesome." I forgot to look if "no objections to the country" was in her advertisement, and poor foolish I dreamed not that "the pulse of dew upon the grass" and "silent shadows from the trees" had for her "no harmonious influences."

Well, I have another slip within my purse. No, it is lost: no, here it is in the corner, tucked away all safe. I read: "Apply" dear-knows-what street (a name I never heard before)—"Sour-saddle street, Kensington." However, I go. I wander up and down dirty alleys and courts, gazed upon by rude eyes, inquiring my way, until I reach "my girl." She is very nice, and will do, I think, as I notice her neat attire. Has she any objections to the country? No, she has none. Will she give me her reference? She gives it with a protest. I look: it is in West Philadelphia, some four miles from my present position. I still have time to go there and reach home to my hungry darlings before dark. I have a good "character" for everything (like her written one). I mention *sobriety*. Ah, that is her fault! The late mistress (also persecuted) left

the word out in writing it, from pity for her: in pity to me she told it. She will not do, I think. One does not like to see the cook's head roasting under the range, instead of beef, or find the dregs of her whisky in the half-washed goblets.

I returned home tired and worn; worse than that—unsuccessful.

Many were the cooks I saw, and varied their answers to my housekeeping questions. "How do you cook a steak?" I said to one. "Well, some likes it *briled*—more likes it fried in *grace*." I knew it were well to bring that Christian virtue into our daily duties, but I told her I did not like it in a pan so well. Another, a Church woman, she said—High Church, I think, because her eyes were *crossed*—made me submit to such *cross*-examinations that I was almost tempted to perjure myself, and say my husband did not wear shirts to be ironed or the baby had frocks to be washed. She lived with three maiden ladies. "Things went on regular like—the ladies most generally cooked," and she could not undertake the shirts, etc.: besides, it was "lonesome" (that desolate cry); so she dismissed me rather scornfully, I am ashamed to say, because I was not an old maid and had shirts in the wash.

Time would fail, and your patience, dear, good-natured readers, were I to tell you all my experience. At last I get a cook. She comes: I tremble as she looks at the range and asks for new carpets. She is off early next morning, leaving the doors open. I get another. I could not go for her reference, it was so far off: baby was sick that day, and starvation was telling in the face of my husband. I was almost ready to *beg* her to come. From my questions I knew she was a good cook. Visions of nice things rose up to tempt me for my husband's sake. She came that night. She spoke low and soft: I leaned forward to hear; and that unmistakable puff of whisky and garlic came into my face. I like her cooking: husband enjoys his meals so

much. He compliments me upon my fresh looks and spotless attire. She has been with me just three days, and has not touched a drop yet. Yes, I will keep her. 'Tis true she fires up when I propose to go for her reference, and says she is "*that* proud" she "will not submit to it." But I will keep her and reform her. I turn from the rose-entwined gateway, with the kiss of my darling fresh upon my lips and a flutter at my heart for his dear praise, when Biddy meets me, wearing on her face that "giving-warning" look. She is going, she says. She likes me and the place well enough, but she is used to a feather bed. Besides, she did not come to stay, and has a place in the city engaged. She must go right away, and will I pay her the week's wages?

It has been just six months, dear reader, since I wrote those last lines. I have been a persecuted woman in every sense of the word—banished from my home, and braved in it; denied the society of my family and friends; visiting places and people most uncourtly; valuable time wasted, and money given to most unworthy objects—six long, weary, wasted months. A perfect panorama of Bridgets has passed before me—black, rusty and red-haired; short, tall and medium; smallpox-marked and freckled; calicoed, blanket-shawled and artificial-flowered; with and without reference; with that breezy puff of liquid rye, and without it. Now I am settled with a real jewel—just three weeks to-day. She has come into my ways with sagacity, is fond of the children, and has won the regard of husband. She is most reliable and faithful: I cannot speak enough in her praise. Heaven knows what a character I would give her if she asked for it! Her dinners are perfect: I never tremble when I have company. I am never obliged to tuck my silken robes around me and pry into her pots and pans to see if all is right. Yes, she is a culinary saint, uncalendared. Besides, she is no Biddy—she is Janet, and Scotch. Is not that charm-

ing? Does she not remind you of Jeannie Deans and her faithfulness? See you not Scotch frugality and neatness perfected in her? I am indeed most happy and restful, having time to spend by my husband's side, and ready to run to baby before her call turns to a wail.

I have also leisure to listen to the cooing of the happy lovers. They know I love to see them happy, so they whisper their plans to me as we sit 'neath the stars, true eyes of heaven. To-day they told me a secret: I will tell it you, dear reader, if you are mum. They are to be married in the spring. Gertie, sweet child! is busy stitching on her brilliant damask her flowery initials. She glows with rare ideas of her domestic duties: she means to be the best of housekeepers, and Willie's home shall be perfect. Oh how I hate to mar her happiness! I cannot do it. I cannot tell her that perhaps those very napkins upon which her Willie printed the letters for her needle may be used by Biddy as scrubbing-cloths: I cannot go over to her my bitter experience, and tell her that the bridal veil is only a silken net to entrap her within Bridget's toils.

* * * *

Janet has just come to me with a blushing face. She says she is keeping company with John McGregor! He has been her follower ever since she left the Old Country. Might he be allowed to visit her once in a while? My heart, so peaceful before, throbs

quickly again: Janet has a fault: good girls ought not to keep company with young men. I sigh for the future: visions of my persecutions come up to taunt me. Hardly one month of perfect rest, and then all to go over again. She will be married, I know, just as I want her most for the wedding-breakfast. But I will not be selfish: Janet is worthy of a good husband, and I lose my dreadful anticipations in anxiety for her future: she must bring John to see me, I say. She leads him in (for he is waiting behind the door), all honesty and awkwardness. He likes Janet, he says, by my leave, and would I be pleased to let him come once and again to see her? I soon find out that he is worthy of my good maiden; so their little love episode is pleasant to me, after all. Janet shall be made happy on her wedding-day by the bright new furniture: I will give her for her cozy nest.

What shall I give dear Gertie? I have a thought. She has often asked me for my experience of married life and its sternest duties. These pages show my *only trials*. Every one believes, of course, what they see in print. I want my experience put down in black and white in your Magazine, a copy of which she shall have for a wedding-present. It is too late, I know, to save our sweet sister, but it may be the means of preventing perhaps one among the thousand brides-elect who read it from becoming a Persecuted Woman.

E. EL COURT.

THE FAIRY AND THE GHOST: A CHRISTMAS TALE.

ONCE, upon a calm December evening, the moon rose full and bright behind a forest of chestnuts. Upon a fallen trunk, in one of the dark avenues of this forest, might have been seen, in earnest converse, a Fairy and a Ghost.



"True," said the Fairy, who was sitting doubled up upon the log, with his little overcoat (about the size of a baby's mitten) tightly buttoned up to his chin—"true, you seldom see fairies on such cold nights as this. But I have been far from here, on duty for my queen, and now my task is over. But you—where are you haunting now?"

"Just now," replied the Ghost, with a genial glance at his little companion, "I haunt old Leichuhn Castle."

"Shall you stay there long?" inquired the Fairy.

"But two days more," replied the Ghost. "On Christmas Night I leave the place to peace. But I shall have my revels there before I go. Wilt thou spend Christmas with me there?"

"I will," replied the Fairy, his countenance lighting up with anticipated joy.

"Meet me there," said the Ghost, "tomorrow—Christmas Eve;" and he vanished in the direction of the castle.

The Fairy untied his bat from the twig on the log to which it was fastened, mounted and rode swiftly away.

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THE BARON.

THE Baron stood in the largest ancestral hall of Leichuhn Castle. Before him were assembled his bailiffs, his esquires, his butlers, his stewards, his pages, his henchmen, and all his vassals, retainers and varlets. It was early dusk on Christmas Eve.

"Now," quoth the mighty Baron, "hear me, all ye servants of my castle. To me comes to-night a goodly company of guests. You will serve each with your best heart's blood, should he incline to call for it." The Baron paused, and all the people shouted assent.

"But more than this I shall require," said the Baron, drawing his long and trenchant blade and waving it above his head. "If any one of you, by word or deed, shall disclose to any of my guests that a ghost doth walk this castle, I'll hew him down with this good sword!" Then, in a louder and more furious chorus, all the people shouted assent again.

"That may be all very well," spoke the Ghost, who had been listening to this address, and who now made himself visible as he sat upon a great pile of cold and glittering shields and bucklers. "Thy servants all may keep the secret, but I shall not. Ha! ha! All through this Christmas-tide I'll walk thy halls and corridors, and thy guests shall need no servants to tell them I am here. Ho! ho!"

"A million maledictions on thy head, base Ghost!" the Baron shouted, his face swollen with rage. "But I'll be even with thee yet! A holy monk from Rippelstein will soon be here, and he will send thee howling from the castle walls."

"Ay, let him come," the Ghost replied, now standing upright on the pile of shields. "I'll make him walk the battlements all night. Doubt me not, good Baron, I'll make me merry here,

despite your holy monk from Rippelstein. And what is more, I have a friend who will keep me company."

"What!" cried the Baron and all the people in a breath—"another ghost?"

"Oh no," answered the Ghost with a bland, benignant smile: "it is a fairy. See him! There he sits upon the helmet of thy forefather, old Baron von der Pumpenschwengel."

Sure enough, upon the topmost point of the coat of mail of the Baron's noble ancestor sat the Fairy, his hat in his hand and his overcoat over his arm.

"Oho! good folks!" he cried, in a voice as clear as a cricket's, "yon Ghost spoke true: I am here. This is me;" and he laid his hand upon his heart and bowed to the company.

"Now St. Hilary bear me witness," cried the furious Baron, "was ever mortal so beset? A fairy and a ghost on the same blessed Christmas Day! But ye fright me not! Bring here a brimming flagon! See, vile Ghost, and base, malicious Fairy, I drink defiance to ye both!"

So saying, he drank the foaming bier, and hurled the glass vessel at the Ghost, shattering it against the wall directly at the spectre's back.

THE NOBLE COMPANY.

WHEN the full moon shone its brightest on that Christmas Eve, in rode at the castle gate a goodly company of noble dukes, puissant barons, high-born counts and valiant knights. Also many a lovely lady and noble dame rode with them. But there were none so delightfully bewitching or so perfectly charming as the beautiful Lady Violet, who came out to welcome her father's guests at the door of the great hall.

At the jovial supper, when grievously groaned the Baron's board and loudly rang the happy laugh and jocund song, the Ghost, invisible to all, and the Fairy, too small to be noticed at such a time, were calmly regarding the festive scene. The Ghost leaned pensively against the massive chimney-piece.

The Fairy, who had tried to climb up and sit upon his companion's shoulder, but had fallen through his leg, was now swinging on the pendulum of the old clock which stood above the fireplace.

"I wonder," said the Fairy, "if they have any mouse-chops down there?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Ghost—"a good idea! I'll ask them."

So saying, he suddenly appeared at the back of one of the principal dukes. The Baron and all the varlets saw him, but they dared say nothing to attract the attention of the guests, who were all so busy with their plates and glasses that they perceived not the apparition.

"Most noble sir," then said the Ghost, leaning slightly over the shoulder of the Duke, "wilt have now a porridge of partridge liver, *à la jardinière*, or a pie of young canaries, *soufflé*?"

"Aha!" said the Duke, his mouth full of roast pig—"a delicate idea! Bring me some of both."

"But before I bring them," said the ghostly waiter, "let me ask you one question: When is an hour-glass like the Baron's glove?"



The Duke, astonished at such a question from a menial, looked up, saw the smiling spectre, slipped speechless down under the table, and, paler than the Ghost himself, crept out the other side and disappeared through an open door.

This scene was witnessed by the Baron and all the varlets, but none dare say a word, lest the rest of the guests should take alarm. In a mo-

ment the Ghost appeared at the shoulder of a count.

"Most noble Count," said he, "is there anything I can help you to? How would you like a nicely-broiled mouse-chop?—ribs, you know—no leg-pieces?"

The Count turned quickly round to glare at this presuming varlet. Instead of that, the Ghost glared at him; and with a spring backward over the back of his chair, during which feat he went directly through the body of the Ghost, the Count fled into a distant corner of the room, and, kneeling down, covered his head with his handkerchief.

This exploit created some attention, but a dwarf, who was busily joking and talking nonsense as hard as he could, in order to divert the attention of the company, declared that the Count was so tickled with his last pun that he had gone into a corner to laugh. "Polite people, hi-diddle-diddle, never laugh at the table, hi-diddle-do!" sang and danced the dwarf (words and music by himself). The Baron gritted his teeth and clenched his fist. He foresaw the breaking up of his party, but what could he do? In a moment he perceived the Ghost behind a noble dame.

"High-born lady," said the Ghost, "why did you—?"

"Stop! stop!" cried the Baron; "don't look behind you, madame! Don't do it, I tell you!"

Instantly the noble dame looked behind her with all her eyes, and all the other guests lifted their heads quickly and looked too. There stood the spectre, his elbows pressed close into his sides, his head forward and his knees bent, as though he was just about to make a bound right into the middle of the table. With a unanimous yell the company sprang to their feet and fled, right, left and in every direction, dashing at their utmost speed into the corridors, into the lofty halls, into the distant chambers, into the dreary, underground vaults, into the keeps, into the donjons, into the turret-chambers, out on the battlements, out on the ramparts, into the moat, and scattered themselves

far and wide. None were left in the banquetting-hall but the Baron, his varlets and his beauteous daughter Violet. She, wrapped in her own thoughts, had not noticed the confusion. The Baron was past anger. He was so utterly undone that he would have given his ancestral estates had he been able to have turned himself into a woman, and have sat down and cried. He gave one disgusted, upbraiding look of despair at the Ghost, which should have prostrated that spectre with shame and confusion, and then turned to lean his head upon the casement. From there he saw something at the castle gate that made his eyes twinkle with joy. Concealing his feelings, however, he turned to the Ghost and slowly said, as he walked to the door,

"Farewell, thou low-born, sneaking spirit! Stay here and enjoy the scene thou hast rendered desolate! As for that fairy, I wish he would get off the pendulum there. He'll ruin the clock. If he wants to play, he had better get inside."

Here, opening the door, he left the hall. The moment, however, he had quitted the castle, he bounded over the courtyard to the great gate, for there he had seen, through the window, the arrival of the holy monk from Rippelstein. Hastily informing him of the condition of affairs, he hurried the good friar to the great hall. They had scarcely got on the top step when the Ghost perceived them through the keyhole. He turned suddenly to the Fairy, who was looking disdainfully, through a hole in the face of the clock, at the revolving machinery within.

"Shin it!" he cried. "A monk! a monk!" and he disappeared as fast as he could vanish.

The Fairy bolted into a mouse-hole and lay still.

"Ha! ha!" the Baron cried, "let that base goblin return now, if he dare! Go, varlets, seek the guests, and tell them they may safely return. There was a fairy here also, but I expect by this time he is all ground up in the works of the clock."

THE LADY VIOLET.

THAT night, upon her velvet couch, lay the lovely Lady Violet. Morpheus was just upon the point of visiting her when the Fairy appeared on the bed-clothes and Morpheus withdrew. The rays of the full moon shone upon the little fellow, and he appeared so bright, so gay and so polite, as he stood there making his manners, that the lady was not in the least degree afraid, and smiled on him a pleasant salutation.



"Fair lady mine," then said the Fairy, "pine you for any one?"

The lady raised herself slightly, rested her head upon her hand and meditated. "Yes," said she, softly, "I pine for the good Knight von Faulheit."

"Is he among your father's guests?" asked the Fairy.

"Ah no," she replied: "the Baron frowns upon his suit."

"Vile Baron!" quoth the Fairy, but, out of consideration for a daughter's feelings, he forbore further vituperation, and, sitting upon the embroidered edge of the pillow-case, he meditated. In a few minutes he arose, and kneeling upon the lady's chin, he pressed his lips to hers and bade her pine no more. And then he left her to her dreams.

A CONSPIRACY AND A SERENADE.

UPON the same night the Baron and the Count von die Brombeerstande sat in an upper room of the castle. The rest of the company had retired, but these two sat there quaffing huge flag-

ons of lager bier, and arranging the marriage contract between the black-hearted Count and the beautiful Lady Violet, by whom he was despised. When they had finished their business, and the Count had agreed to give the Baron vast estates, valuable forests and lowing herds in exchange for his daughter's hand, the Baron called upon his varlets and bade them bring zwei weiss bier. When these had been tossed off the conspirators went to bed, and the Ghost, who had been watching their proceedings, left the room and repaired to the courtyard.

There he soliloquized: "The Knight von Faulheit! I know him. I haunted his uncle's castle when he was but a babe. If the Fairy was not mistaken when he told me that for him fair Violet doth pine, I'll break that wicked bargain that has just been made."

So saying, the Ghost placed himself beneath the window of the Baron's room, where a bright light burned, and in the voice of the Knight von Faulheit began a serenade. The Baron, who had just reached his room, and was seated reckoning up in his mind the advantages of the contract he had made, heard the song through the closed window.

"What!" he ejaculated, "that wretched Von Faulheit, whom I drove from this my castle, dares he to come here with his love-songs? He doubtless thinks he sings beneath my daughter's window. Ha! ha! I'll throw him out a favor—a love-token from my fair hand."

Taking from the wall his trusty cross-bow, the Baron fixed therein a long, steel-pointed bolt, and, raising the window a very little, peeped out. The moon was on the other side of the castle, and the form of the singer could not be discerned, but the Baron directed his aim toward the spot from which the singing came. The Ghost had just reached the conclusion of the third verse, and sang,

"For thee I die!
For thee-he-he—I die-yi-yi!
Di-yi!—di-yi!—di-yi!
Di-yi-yi-yi—i-yi!"—

when the Baron let fly his unerring bolt, and the song suddenly ceased.

"Aha!" cried the joyful Baron; "how likest thou my love-token, good Knight von Faulheit? Ha! ha! ha!"

The Ghost gasped out,

"I'll leave, I'll leave, I'll le-he-heve thee nev-ver!
For in my heart—my har—my har—my har-yar-yart
I'll wear her colors—eve-e-r-r-r-er—er!"

And then he rolled a big stone into the ditch and disappeared.

The Baron laughed. Said he: "The moat is deep, the current swift, the river runs below! Before the morning sun shall rise his corpse to sea will go!"

And then he went to bed.

THE KNIGHT AND THE FAIRY.

WHEN the Fairy left the Lady Violet to her dreams, he mounted his bat and flew at his best speed to the abode of the Knight von Faulheit. An hour or two after midnight he arrived at the castle of the Knight's father, and found the young man in his lonely chamber near the summit of a lofty turret. He was still awake, and was playing upon his zittern and accompanying himself



with his voice. He was dressed in very purple stockings (which came up all over his legs, and fitted as tight as the skin) and an ash-colored doublet, and wore boots with very wide tops and long, peaked toes. His song was very melancholy, and related entirely to the Lady Violet, whom he never, never could forget, though she to him

had proved false and cruel. While she should feast, he, home—wo-wo-wome, on plainest gruel, would sink and pine away, a-way, beyond the real-*ms* of day—of day-ya-ya-ya-y-a-y—a.

The Fairy, who had flown into his room through a hole in the window, waited patiently until the end of the doleful ditty. Then he appeared on the window-seat near the unhappy Knight, and thus addressed him:

"Why pinest?"

The Knight cast upon him his large and mournful eyes, and thus replied: "The light of love is lost, its flowers touched by frost: I've found, unto my cost, I cannot get my Violet: so sadly here I pi-yi-yi—yi——"

"Hold for a moment," cried the Fairy, anticipating delay: "a word in thine ear. If thou wouldst be no longer a hopeless lover, follow me!"

The Knight bowed his head and put away his zittern.

When young Von Faulheit had done following the Fairy, he found himself in a forest, some distance from his father's castle. They paused at what appeared to be a bush, but when the Knight, by the Fairy's orders, had cleared away the sticks and dead weeds from around the stem, he found it was the top of a tall tree growing in a deep hole, about two or three feet in diameter. The Fairy tied his bat and descended the tree, and the Knight carefully followed. In a short time he found himself in a green and beautiful underground vale, where the flowers and trees were all in their brightest summer suits, and where the weather was as balmy and delightful as that of June. Cautioning the Knight to step softly, the Fairy led him through scenes of varied loveliness, lighted by a fragrant radiance, to a small but commodious rose bush.

"Look carefully on that," whispered the Fairy; and the Knight gazed earnestly and carefully.

In the largest rose he saw, fast asleep, two fairies, the lord and lady of the bush. In another, smaller rose, higher up on the bush, and so situated as to give a beautiful view of a violet bed be-

tween two tall japonicas, lay the lovely daughter of these two, uneasily dreaming, and pushing away, ever and anon, those delicate petals which had been tucked around her by her anxious mother. In another flower, on the other side of the bush, there lay a little fairy prince in sound, satisfactory slumbers. It was easy to perceive, from the expression of the countenances of these personages, that the fairy lord and lady had promised the hand of their daughter to the prince, who was partaking of their hospitality, and that the young daughter hated and despised the match.

In a few minutes the low, soft tones of a lute were heard, and a gentle serenade ascended from the lawn beneath the rose bush to the rose where slept the fairy maiden. A graceful fairy youth played on the lute and sang the song, and soon the maiden woke. Leaning over the edge of the rose, she murmured to him softly, and then, after a few moments of preparation, she slipped down the stem, stepping breathlessly as she passed the great rose where slept her noble parents. Meeting on the velvet lawn, the lovers quietly embraced, and then fled away together. The Knight and his companion followed. To a little bush of buds the lovers fled, on which were but one or two half-blown roses. But what of that? Love would make those contracted blossoms as charming as the tallest bush of proudest dahlias.

The Knight folded his arms and reflected. "I have an idea," said he. "I wonder I never thought of it before? I will betake me immediately to the castle of Leichuhn."

"A wise decision," said his fairy friend; and together they set out again for upper earth.

THE BARON AND THE KNIGHT.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT had just commenced when the Fairy and the Knight reached the castle of Leichuhn. The Knight wished to remain without the castle walls until the maiden fair had to her chamber gone, but the Fairy in-

sisted on his following him within the walls. "I have a friend," said he, "who will tell you what to do." And so together they repaired to a dim, sepulchral vault in a distant, unused wing of the castle. Entering here, the first thing that met the eyes of the Knight was the Ghost, seated on a cold stone in the middle of the damp apartment. Terrified at this unexpected apparition, the Knight sank upon his knees and seized his rosary.

"Relinquish that!" cried the Ghost. "I am thy friend. If thou wouldst no longer be a hopeless lover, follow me;" and he led the way to the door. After a few encouraging words from the Fairy, the Knight controlled his tremblings and his fears and followed his spectral guide. On the way the Ghost informed him what he had to do, and soon they reached the door of the Baron's apartments, where he was now preparing himself for the grand feast upon this blessed Christmas Night. The Knight von Faulheit knocked three times upon the door.

"Who's there?" shouted the Baron.

"An enemy!" replied the Knight.

"Then enter, enemy," cried out the Baron, "and feel the weight of my good sword!"

The Knight, with the Ghost close behind him and the Fairy on his shoulder, then opened the door and entered solemnly.

"What ho!" the Baron cried, "the spirit of that rash youth I slew but yesternight! Avaunt thee! I killed thee fairly, and by all the laws of chivalry thou shouldst be dead to this world, and shouldst persecute me not upon this blessed Christmas Night."

"I'll—fol-low—thee—by—day—and—night, bad—Bar-on!" quoth the Knight. "False—friend—and—fa-ther, thou—cheat-ed—me—of—life—and—love—to-geth-er; and—un-til—thou—art—a-ghost—thy-self, I'll—fol-low—thee—by—day—and—night."

"Ah me!" then sighed the Baron, sinking listlessly upon his couch; "I would my bow had broken ere my bolt reached thee, revengeful Faulheit!"

"Sayest—so, proud—Ba-ron?" said the Knight. "One—year—of—res-pite—do—I—give—thee—for—those—words. They—please—my—my—my—mem-ory."

"Oh me!" then sighed the crafty Baron, "I do repent me that I crossed thy suit. Wert thou alive—"

"Thou'dst—give—her—me?" asked Faulheit.

"Right gladly would I!" said the cunning Baron.

"Then give her now!" shouted the Knight, and placed his hand of flesh and blood upon the Baron's arm.

The latter sprang to his feet. "Ha! ha!" he cried, "thou didst escape my steel-shod bolt, and wouldst cheat me of my daughter and my vengeance! Draw, dastard, and become a ghost indeed!"



"Hold!" cried the Ghost, advancing in full view of the Baron. "I *am* a ghost, and if thou breakest thy word unto this Knight, I'll fold thee in my arms. Didst e'er embrace a ghost?"

"And I," cried out the Fairy, "will do much this Knight has never thought of, shouldst thou break thy word to him. Thy crops shall fail, thy cattle die—"

"Hold!" cried the Baron. "Any one of you I would defy, but three's too many. Knight, your hand! My daughter's thine. Rest here a second. Varlet!"

A varlet came.

"Hie thee to the Count von die Brombeerstande, and bid him seek my presence!"

The Count did soon approach.

"Count," cried the Baron, "I break the bargain that I made last night. But thou shalt not say I gave thee not full satisfaction. Take thy choice of these three things: fight me and my retainers; give to me the lands, the herds, the forests mentioned in our contract; or leave the castle!"

The Count mused, and then, pensively raising his head, with long strides he left the castle.

THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

THE guests were standing around the festive board, impatiently sniffing the fragrant steams, when the Knight von Faulheit, having plighted his troth, and combed his hair, and pointed his moustache, and brushed his boots, entered the great hall with the blushing Violet upon his arm. A shout of joy burst from the guests, and the grand feast began. The viands smoked upon the board; the beer foamed; the wine sparkled; the laugh went round; the troubadours struck up their joyous airs; the varlets hastened here and there; the guests shouted in high glee; the Baron trolled many a manly stave; fair ladies smiled; brave knights bowed to beauty; and the feast was held triumphant.

The Knight von Faulheit rose and waved his foaming flagon over his head. "Ho, brave companions!" loud he cried—"fair ladies all and gentlemen! I drink unto two honest friends I have. Drink all with me!"

And the varlets and butlers and stewards filled high the flowing bowls, and the toast was drunk with loud acclaim.

"In replying to this flattering toast," now said the Ghost, suddenly appearing in the empty chair intended for the Count von die Brombeerstande, "I beg the kind forbearance of my fellow-guests."

Upon this unlooked-for address from a sparkling spectre the fellow-guests rose to their feet in wild astonishment. But wine and beer and kirschwasser had made them brave. "Go on!" they

cried; "go on, old Ghost! Art thou the Knight's good friend? Ha! ha!"

"In taking my leave," said the Ghost, "of this castle, where I so long have dwelt—"

Here the Baron, with sparkling eyes and radiant countenance, sprang from his seat and advanced to the Ghost to take him by the hand. The spectre waved him back.

"I have had many a happy hour in these walls," he said, "and I shall cherish here their memories." And he struck himself so bravely on his breast that his whole arm went through his body and flew round again in front. Just at this moment there entered, from the chapel of the castle, the holy monk from Rippelstein. Perceiving a ghost in the act of addressing the assembly, he immediately got out his exorcising instruments and proceeded to lay the spirit. But the Baron, seeing what he was about, shouted:

"Aroint thee, monk! He who harms by word or deed that gentle Ghost eats never meat or drinks at table owned by me!"

The monk glanced at the yet groaning board and put away his things.

"I know not exactly why," the Ghost continued, "but this seems the happiest moment of my life—my existence. There was a time, long past, when the festive board was joy to me. Even now that ruby wine has charms. (If any gentleman would be so kind as to pour out a glass and drink it, and tell me how it tastes, I'd be obliged to him. Thank you, sir.) If it were possible, I would join this noble assembly, but unfortunately I cannot avail myself of the privilege of the act of *habeas corpus*, and so I leave you all. Adieu." And he vanished from their gaze.

Then came from the lap of the Lady Violet, where she had been feeding him with crumbs of cake dipped in wine, the Fairy. Advancing into the middle of the table, and holding in his hand a thimble which he had taken from the lady's reticule, he asked a duke to fill it to the brim, and then addressed the company:

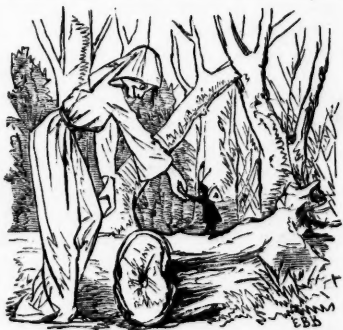
"I don't know what that Ghost meant when he said, 'I leave you all a Jew.' If he referred to me, he was never more mistaken in his life: I am an orthodox Christian. I felt very sorry for him when he talked about that wine. You know if he had poured any in his mouth it would all have run out of the bottom of his chin. I would like to offer a small toast, fair maids and dukes and counts. If in the mean time the Baron will send one of his varlets to bring my bat around—it is fastened to the latch of the postern gate—I shall be obliged. Fill high **your** wassail bowls!"

All filled. The Fairy scratched his head. "I disremember," said he, "the toast I was about to offer, but the first word was, 'Here,' and I reckon that will do. Let's drink to 'Here!' I suppose just now you think there is no better place."

A shout of approbation arose, and all drained their bowls. The Fairy, his eyes filled with tears at the pungency of the draught, returned the thimble to the Lady Violet, and mounted his bat, which had now been brought around. Taking a few turns about the room (during which the holy monk from Rippelstein covered his head with a handkerchief), he waved his hat and disappeared on his impatient steed.

THE PARTING.

THE Fairy met the Ghost by the fallen trunk in the dark avenue of the forest.



"We may never meet again," said

the little fellow; "and, before we part,
tell me, oh tell me, I implore you,
when an hour-glass *is* like the Baron's
glove?"

"Well," said the Ghost, "I suppose
it's when it's got 's-and in."
Away flew the Fairy.

F. R. STOCKTON.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY the firelight's quivering crimson,
While the winter sun sinks low,
Let us watch till the first vague star, wife,
Has dawned o'er the glooming snow;
For if ever our lost ones may wander from the realms of their rest, I believe
That they seek us as visitant angels in the dusk of the Christmas Eve!

And our lonelier anguish of longing,
Our thrills of intenser despair,
Are born—who may tell?—of a viewless embrace,
Or a shadowy hand on our hair!
Oh, the darlings are near us to-night, wife, as we watch the soft hearth-glimmer
weave
Strange pictures on ceiling and curtain in the dusk of the Christmas Eve!

And pitiful Memory's enchantment
Has mingled the gloom round us cast
With a glow as from ashes of embers
That crumble on hearths of the past!
And a note of boy-laughter, long vanished, or the gold of a ringlet, each leaves
An echo, a gleam, that for ever must haunt the dusk of our Christmas Eves!

And the children draw near once again, wife,
And marveling hark to the quaint
Immemorial holiday legend
Of the bountiful reindeer-drawn saint.
Let us murmur it now till the shadows of the desolate chamber believe
That they fall as of old round the dear ones, in the dusk of the Christmas Eve!

Let us murmur it softly: who knows, wife,
But a whisper will float, in reply,
Clear and sweet, through the compassing dimness,
As proof that our darlings are nigh?
For if ever their footsteps *may* wander from the Heavenly Home, I believe
They will seek us as visitant angels in the dusk of the Christmas Eve!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

OUR CAPITAL.

THE name of Washington recalls at once the father and the capital of our country. The memory of George Washington is not more dear to the American than to every lover of freedom throughout the world. It has been well said that the progress of civilization may be measured by the appreciation of his character. In his own country national gratitude develops itself in Washingtonvilles, Washington Centres, Washington Hollows and Washington Harbors without number; while one Territory, twenty-eight counties, thirty towns, and streets innumerable repeat the joyful sound. But Washington City is hardly as redolent of high and honorable associations. It does not hold that place in the affections of the nation that belongs to other capitals. The Englishman firmly believes that Great Britain concentrates itself within the walls of London. The Frenchman considers Paris as the only enjoyable city of the civilized world. Greece and Turkey alike worship the name of Constantinople. But the city that bears the honored name of Washington is associated with extravagant prices, magnificent distances and Congressional lobbies. Political corruption has here been supposed to hold its chief seat. Slavery has touched with polluting finger the capital of a free people. Much that was wrong in politics, and more that was imagined by the fertile brains of inventive correspondents, were sent hence to all parts of the land. The name of Washington, as a city, therefore awakens very different thoughts and emotions from the name of Washington, the father of his country.

As a nation we lack nationality of feeling: time has not yet moulded our different elements into one. The war for independence is the period of our noblest and purest history. The garments of Washington and Adams, of Otis and Franklin, were purified by the

fires of the Revolution. They laid excellent foundations for a nation's character, while God himself has given us the elementary conditions of national pride in the material features of America. Woodland and highland, river and plain, waterfall and forest tree, bear here the imprint of a majesty unknown elsewhere. The love of a land like ours should make each citizen true to his political obligations. All the events of our early history are interesting, for the springs of our nation's life are purest at the fountain. A short account of the foundation of our National Capital will preserve facts and traits of character that will rapidly pass from tradition into oblivion unless they are soon chronicled into history.

Thursday, the nineteenth day of June, 1783, is perhaps the darkest day in our national history subsequent to the encampment at Valley Forge. The nation had cast off the links that fettered it to England, to find itself a collection of colonial unities, with but few interests in common. The Treasury occupied an empty room: the printing-press remained, but the currency it issued was valueless. The small States were arrayed against the large—the Northern States against the Southern. There was no federal head, no cabinet, no capital. War had left us, but Poverty reigned in its place. The marks of its bloody baptism were still visible on the brow of the young nation.

But the darkness that had brooded over the prospects of the Confederation grew still gloomier on this eventful Thursday; for Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, received information that morning that a portion of the unpaid army lying at Lancaster was on the road to demand the full satisfaction of its claims; and this body of soldiery was to be followed the next day by Armand's legion, intent on wresting their rights from an unwilling Congress.

A committee was instantly appointed, Hamilton at its head, to confer with the executive of Pennsylvania, but the committee soon reported that the Philadelphia militia could not be depended on for their protection—that it would be necessary to let the soldiers come into the city, and that Congress was at their mercy.

When this report was made, Messrs. Isard, Mercer and others, "being much displeased," as the journals of the convention inform us, "signified if the city would not support Congress, it was high time to remove to some other place." After some discussion, General St. Clair was sent for, and Congress adjourned.

On the next day the mutinous soldiery entered Philadelphia under the guidance of their sergeants, and for two days held possession of the city. On Saturday they surrounded the State House, where Congress was assembled, and here drew themselves up in military order. Congress was therefore in a state of siege. The Executive Council of the State was called on to interfere, but President Dickinson again told them that the militia could not be relied on. General St. Clair was desired to use his interposition, but he said he could give no encouragement. Yet Congress made no sign of fear. It remained in session till the usual hour of adjournment, refusing to take any steps concerning the alleged grievances. The soldiers remained in military position, occasionally pointing their muskets at the windows of the State House; and when the members of Congress came out, there was some mock opposition to allowing them to pass the ranks. But all the members finally retired in safety to their homes and the soldiers to their barracks.

At the evening session, Congress authorized the President to adjourn either to Trenton or to Princeton, as he deemed best. While discussing this subject reports from the barracks were in constant circulation. At one moment it was announced that the mutineers were penitent and purposed submission: the next moment it was re-

ported that the soldiery were growing furious and meditated more violent measures. Sometimes the bank was their object, then the seizure of members of Congress. Finally, the soldiers persisting in maintaining their violent attitude, the State authorities gave notice that they despaired of affording proper protection to Congress. The President therefore verbally summoned the members to meet him at Princeton, New Jersey, and Congress adjourned. The mutinous soldiery, finding that the pressure of their presence was powerless to redress their wrongs, submitted and departed.

This forced adjournment of Congress made the establishment of a national capital a necessity. For five days the soldiery held possession of Philadelphia, and Congress had no power of self-protection. The city and the State authorities could not or would not interfere: the popular will accepted, if it did not sympathize with, the mutiny. If the young nation was ever to be a power in the world, it must have the means of protecting its legislators. For many a long month and year, therefore, and through many a weary discussion, lasting till after the formation of the Constitution, did Congress brood over the momentous question of the future capital of the nascent nation.

After that day the sessions of Congress were first held in the collegiate halls of Princeton. In October, 1783, Gerry of Massachusetts moved that the buildings for the use of Congress be erected on or near the banks of the Delaware or Potomac, provided that a suitable spot could be procured for a Federal town, and that the right of soil and an exclusive jurisdiction be vested in the United States. This statute continued in force for six months, and was then repealed. In the next October, Congress assembled at Trenton and appointed three commissioners to lay out a district on either bank of the Delaware. Strenuous efforts were made in the succeeding January to substitute the Potomac, but the North came off successful—Delaware remained triumphant.

In 1787 the new Constitution was adopted. In this instrument (Art. I., Sec. 8) it was declared that Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation over such a district, not exceeding ten miles square, as may by the cession of States become the seat of government. This article was assented to without debate. No action was had under this provision of the Constitution for nearly two years, but in September, 1789, a resolution passed the House that the permanent seat of the government of the United States ought to be at some convenient place on the banks of the Susquehanna.

On the introduction of a bill to carry this resolution into effect, much feeling was displayed by the Southern members, and particularly by those from Virginia. They earnestly contended that the bank of the Potomac was the most suitable location. Mr. Madison even went so far as to declare, in the course of the debate, that if the proceedings of that day had been foreseen by Virginia, that State might not have become a party to the Constitution. So that seventy years ago Virginia threatened secession when argument failed! The location of the future seat of government was allowed by every member to be a matter of great importance. "The future tranquillity and well-being of the United States," said Mr. Scott, "depended as much on this as on any question that ever had or could come before Congress." Fisher Ames remarked that "every principle of pride and honor, and even of patriotism, was engaged." "I confess," said Mr. Vin- ing, "to the House and to the world that, viewing this subject in all its circumstances, I am in favor of the Potomac. I wish the seat of government to be fixed there because I think the interests, the honor and the greatness of the country require it. I look on it as the centre from which those streams are to flow that are to animate and invigorate the body politic. From thence it appears to me that the rays of government will naturally diverge to the extremities of the Union. I declare that

I look on the Western territory in an awful and striking point of view. To that region the unpolished sons of earth are pouring from all quarters—men to whom the protection of the law and the controlling form of government are equally necessary. From this consideration I conclude that the bank of the Potomac is the proper situation."

This bill passed the House by thirty-one ayes to nineteen noes. It was amended in the Senate by striking out the word *Susquehanna*, and inserting a clause that the permanent seat of government should be fixed at Germantown, Pennsylvania, whenever Pennsylvania or its citizens should agree to pay one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of public buildings. After a slight amendment the House agreed; but that slight amendment sent the bill back to the Senate, and before the Senate could act upon it, Congress adjourned.

The South now awoke to a consciousness of the fact that the North had the majority of votes and the disposition to use it: they therefore resolved to evoke the power of money. In December, 1789, Virginia passed an act offering land on the Potomac, and agreeing to furnish the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the erection of buildings. Maryland promptly followed suit by offering contiguous land on the northern side of the Potomac, and agreeing to furnish seventy-two thousand dollars for her share of the fund. New York and Pennsylvania had gratuitously furnished "elegant and convenient accommodations" for the sessions of Congress while located in their respective limits. New Jersey offered suitable buildings at Trenton. Baltimore proposed to erect every edifice the Federal government should require if the capital might only be located in the Monumental City. In short, every city in the central regions of the country was then as desirous of becoming the capital of the nation as St. Louis and Chicago now are; and they used the same potent arguments their younger sisters now present, offer-

ing to the assembled wisdom of the nation an ample fund for the erection of the necessary buildings. The amount was not large, the lobby not having then become a permanent part of government.

On the 31st of May, 1790, a bill was introduced in the Senate to determine "the permanent seat of Congress and of the government of the United States." Baltimore and Georgetown both pressed their claims, but the motion was finally carried that a site "on the river Potomac, between the mouth of the Eastern Branch and the Conogocheague, be accepted for the permanent seat of government." The Eastern Branch here spoken of is the eastern branch of the Potomac, a noble and deep estuary, now constituting the eastern boundary of Washington: the Conogocheague—or the Quigonoghcopanoke, as Captain John Smith termed it—is a stream in Washington county, Maryland.

The passage of so decided a vote kindled to a flame the sectional jealousy of the different localities. An animated debate sprang up, in the course of which the South Carolinians raised the characteristic objection to Philadelphia that the Quakers of that city were eternally dogging the Southern members with their schemes of emancipation! But the Northern members advocated the selection of some city, ridiculing the idea of building palaces in the woods. Gerry of Massachusetts thought it unreasonable to place the capital where nine States were north of it, four to the south of it. But when the test vote came, the Potomac won by thirty-seven votes to twenty-three.

But while these discussions had been kindling the ire of politicians, the attention of the country had been drawn to the same subject. The New York papers were full of squibs on the wandering capital. A young lady, who announced herself as a domestic, informs her dearest friend through the public prints that

"Since you writ us,
The Congress and Court have determined to quit us;"
and then proceeds to describe her mas-

ter's indignation at founding the capital on the uninhabited shores of the Conogocheague (pronounced Conogochig):

"He hopes and he prays they may die in a stall
If they leave us in debt for Federal Hall.
In fact, he would rather saw timber or dig
Than thus be removing to Conogocheague,
Where the houses and kitchens are yet to be framed,
The trees to be felled and the streets to be named."

To the philosophic thinker it is evident that there can be no common centre of a nation's interests. Territory has one centre, population another, and wealth a third; and these centres are all different and all movable. There was then no West, the whole population living within the sound of the roar of the Atlantic surf. The centre of our sea-coast then fell between the Potomac and the Susquehanna; and the Potomac had this advantage, that its waters would float a navy. So, on the 16th of July, 1790, by a vote of thirty-two ayes to twenty-nine noes—only three majority—an Act was passed, entitled "An Act establishing the temporary and permanent seat of government of the United States." The "temporary" gave the location to Philadelphia for ten years; the "permanent," to the banks of the Potomac for all future time. Pennsylvania and Virginia each had their sugar-plum, but Virginia's was decidedly the largest and sweetest. The first section provided "that a district of territory, not exceeding ten miles square, to be located on the river Potomac, at some place between the mouth of the Eastern Branch and the Conogocheague, be and the same hereby is accepted for the permanent seat of government."

In one of his letters, Thomas Jefferson lifts the veil of official reserve, and lets us see the secret cause of the passage of this vote. His letter also incidentally tells us of the entire lack of unity in the national legislature, and of the great danger that the nation would die almost before it began to live. Then, as now, the great question before the young Congress was the public debt, the national assumption of State debts, and the currency. Unconscious that currency would follow wealth, and that

the commercial capital of the country had already begun to locate itself at the mouth of the Hudson, it was thought that the seat of government would be the place of concentration of public funds. Thus the location of the capital became linked with the question of the national debt. Jefferson writes:

"The great and trying question (the assumption of State debts) was lost in the House of Representatives. So high were the feuds excited by this subject that on its rejection business was suspended. Congress met and adjourned from day to day without doing anything, the parties being too much out of temper to do business together. The Eastern members particularly, who, with Smith from South Carolina, were the principal gamblers in these sums, threatened secession and dissolution. Hamilton was in despair. As I was going to the President one day, I met him in the street. He walked me backward and forward before the President's door for half an hour, painting pathetically the temper of the legislature, the disquiet of the creditor States, the danger of the secession of their members and the separation of the States. He observed that the members of the administration ought to act in concert—that the question having been lost by a small majority, it was probable that an appeal from me might effect a change in the vote. . . . I proposed to him to dine with me the next day, and I would invite a friend or two—bring them in conference together; and I thought it impossible that reasonable men consulting together coolly could fail by some mutual sacrifices of opinion to form a compromise which was to save the Union. The discussion took place. It was agreed to that, whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and of concord among the States was more important, and therefore it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded; to effect which some members should change their votes. But it was observed that this pill would be particularly bitter to the Southern States, and that some

concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had before been a proposition to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia, or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterward, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. So two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point" (locating the capital on the Potomac).

Secession is no new thing in our country's history. Hardly was the Constitution framed than it was openly threatened. Before its dread shadow the rival leaders of the two great parties of the day forgot their political differences, and self-sacrificingly met at dinner to discuss the good of the nation over a bottle of port. By their united efforts the danger was averted and the nation saved.

But this concession of State debts was not the only reason for the selection of the banks of the Potomac. Great deference was rightly paid to the opinion of Washington, and he had always advocated the Potomac. His observing eye had noticed how naturally great cities locate themselves at the head of navigable waters. Boston was at the farthest inland point of the deep waters of Massachusetts Bay; New York had sprung up on the Hudson, Philadelphia on the Delaware, Baltimore on the Patapsco, and Charleston on the Ashley; and all were at the head of deep-water navigation. Washington had formed extravagant expectations of the future growth of the capital if it should be at the head of the deep waters of the Potomac. He entertained very large ideas of the vast resources of Northern Virginia and the boundless West, then just beginning to loom up to the prophetic eye. He thought that the central position of the Potomac afforded the most direct and easy chan-

nel of communication for Western harvests on their way to the mouths of starving Europe. He did not foresee at that early day that only a free people would build the roads and sail the vessels that should move the products of free labor.

And so it was now settled that the future capital was to be on the Potomac, between the Eastern Branch and the Conogocheague. It was left for George Washington to decide the particular spot; and he had better means of judging than any man living, for the years of his early manhood had been spent in surveying. When accompanying Braddock's army he had encamped on that part of the city where the National Observatory now stands, and had even then been struck by its fitness for a large city. The site he selected was a beautiful plain lying some three miles on the river, and running back about one mile before the hills began to ascend. Before it flowed the stately Potomac, over a mile wide. At its left hand rolled the deep and wide Eastern Branch, capable of bearing on its bosom much deeper ships than naval architecture had then dreamed of. On its right lay the beautiful Rock creek with its romantic scenery. Georgetown and Alexandria, then places of much importance, would form its suburban villages and minister to its markets. All around it rose gentle slopes of land covered with forest trees or smiling with harvests. Across the river the green hills of Arlington lifted themselves up against the southern horizon. And here the President determined to locate the future capital of his country. He entered into communication with the owners of the plantations that lay along the river's bank, and the result of his efforts may be best told in his own language, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, dated March 3, 1791:

"The terms entered into by me on the part of the United States with the landholders of Georgetown and Carrolsburg are—that all the land from Rock creek along the river to the East-

ern Branch, and so upward to or above the ferry, including a breadth of about a mile and a half, the whole containing from three thousand to five thousand acres, is ceded to the public, on condition that when the whole shall be laid off as a city (which Major L'Enfant is now directed to do) the present proprietors shall retain every other lot; and for such parts of the land as may be taken for public use for squares, walks, etc., they shall be allowed at the rate of £25 an acre (\$66.67). Nothing is to be allowed for the ground which may be occupied for streets and alleys."

Under the date of April 1, Mr. Jefferson replied, rejoicing in the economy of the bargain: "The acquisition of ground at Georgetown is really noble, considering that only £25 an acre is to be paid for any grounds taken for the public, and the streets not to be counted, which will in fact reduce it to about £19 an acre. I think very liberal reserves should be made for the public."

The territory thus selected by Washington was mainly owned by four planters—David Burns, Samuel Davidson, Notley Young and Daniel Carrol. But little is known of Davidson or Young, save that the latter lived on the river's bank near the present steamboat landing. Daniel Carrol was the representative gentleman of that age. His lordly mansion, once called Duddington, still continues to show what aristocratic residences were built during the last century. Around his house rose a small village, which he named Carrolsburg, and here he lived, the baron of that ilk, among his slaves and retainers, till his village was swallowed up in the capital. These four gentlemen owned and cultivated the plantations that were to be laid out for the new city. All of them had slaves, raised huge quantities of tobacco, and lived in an aristocratic and a wealthy manner, as became cavaliers of the eighteenth century. Their lives were mainly spent in the lordly solitude of their own plantations. And it must have been a startling announcement to them that those plantations were now to be converted

into a large and bustling city, the capital of the nation.

The half of the future capital nearest to Georgetown was owned by David Burns, a gentleman of Scottish descent, as his name indicates. He was a magistrate as well as a planter, and his estate had descended to him through several generations. Tradition relates that the old gentleman was of an obstinate disposition, and that Washington found it very difficult to obtain his consent. He had a large force of slaves, he said, whom he would not sell, and he felt entirely unwilling to leave the old place where he, his father and his grandfather had all been born; and it is related that when the President was once telling him of the advantages he would derive from the proposed change, Mr. Burns replied in his gruff, neighborly tones, "I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist from you as pure grain; but what would you have been if you hadn't married the widow Custis?"

This obstinate old gentleman was the fortunate possessor of many slaves and one fair daughter; and this daughter, his sole heiress, was just leaving her young girlhood to receive the attentions of the numerous suitors whom her wealth and beauty brought to her feet. She was a young lady of sprightly mind, very amiable and very charitable, and yet sedate withal; and her long life in Washington was a train of beneficent deeds that greatly endeared her to all its citizens. Among the many lovers of herself and her expectancies was the Hon. John P. Van Ness, a Representative from New York in the Congress of 1801. General Van Ness had been brought up on that magnificent country-seat of Lindenwald where Mr. Van Buren afterward lived and died—was of patrician family and tastes, of fair though not of great talents, and, what was undoubtedly much in the young lady's eyes, was remarkably handsome. His pretensions were favored by many eminent politicians. Aaron Burr, then the Vice President, and with a yet untarnished reputation, strongly advocated

his claims. While General Van Ness was pressing his suit the father died, and the orphaned heiress surrendered at discretion. And so, on the ninth day of May, 1802, on her twentieth birthday, Miss Burns yielded her name and fortune to her handsome suitor. The plantation was soon cut up into streets and avenues and squares, and money poured in rapidly. A new and elegant mansion was erected, and here the Van Ness family spent their lives, except through the fruit season, and then they always moved back to the old plantation mansion embowered in fruit trees, that for a few weeks they might enjoy the munificent hospitalities of nature.

The house built by General Van Ness was the most elegant private mansion of its day in the United States; and here for half a century he dispensed the grace of an abundant hospitality. The plan was drawn and the building superintended by Latrobe, the architect of the Capitol, who modeled it after the White House. Beneath its basement is the largest wine-vault in the country, almost cold enough to preserve ice during the heat of a Washington summer; and it was in this cold, dark, damp vault that the conspirators who afterward assassinated Mr. Lincoln first intended to conceal the President, had they captured him alive. In subsequent years, General Van Ness was mayor of Washington, and was the last gentleman in that city who kept up the lordly custom of a coach and four. He ever paid close attention to the elegancies and luxuries of life.

The last acre of the original plantation of David Burns passed out of the hands of his great-grandchildren in the year 1869, and the street running through this lot is named Grant street. The first land was sold in 1799, under the presidency of Washington, after whom the city was named: threescore and ten years later, under the presidency of Grant, after whom the street was called, the last lot has been sold. And it is not unnoteworthy that with so wide a distance of time between them, and with all the military-loving tendencies

of this nation, Grant and Washington are the only two Presidents who have entered upon that high office from the head of the army. The old plantation has now entirely passed away, absorbed in the streets of a growing city. The places that have hitherto known the Burns family are to know them no more for ever. All traces of the name and lineage have passed away, save the effects of the kindly charities of the only daughter. That daughter, her father and her husband sleep in a templed mausoleum on H street, between the Church of the Ascension and the orphan asylum that she founded—a street nearly out of the city when it was selected for the final residence of the family, but now thronged with the most fashionable dwellings in Washington. This mausoleum was built in imitation of the beautiful temple whose ruins still adorn the site of modern Tivoli; but neglect and time and wandering cows are rapidly robbing it of its beauty.

In olden time the eastern portion of Washington, including the ground where the Capitol now stands, was owned by a gentleman of the name of Pope, and I fancy he must have been a practical humorist of a kindly disposition, taking naturally to beef, brandy and joking. Being Pope himself, through the favor of his godparents, he called his plantation Rome, and the dirty stream that flowed at the foot of the hill was baptized as the Tiber. That name it continues to bear, though more than two centuries have passed away since the original owner laid out his plantation by the side of the yellow stream. Pope and Rome have long since died out on the banks of the Potomac, but the Tiber still flows, and will doubtless always retain its original patronymic.

The District of Columbia, as originally laid out, covered one hundred square miles, lying on both sides of the Potomac, but that portion south of the river has since been ceded back to Virginia. The city of Washington includes but a small part of this territory. It extends from north-west to south-east about four and a half miles, and from

east to south-west about two and a half, and includes about seven thousand one hundred acres. Its circumference is fourteen miles, with one hundred and ninety-seven miles of streets and sixty-five miles of avenues. If there is but little grace or beauty in the plan or the names of its streets, there is much convenience and regularity.

And now the nation had a capital: four plantations, running back over the hills that skirt the Potomac, had been selected for the site. Commissioners were at once appointed to lay out the future metropolis, and an engineer had been ordered to plan the streets and prepare for the erection of the buildings. But the young capital had not yet been baptized: it had a local habitation, but no name. Washington had always called it in his letters "the Federal City." But now the commissioners, after about four months' service in laying the foundations, resolved to christen it; and without any consultation with Washington, so far as is known, they ordered the architect, on all his plans, to call the district "The Territory of Columbia," and the Federal city, "The City of Washington." And by that patriotic appellation the father of his country is always called to mind when we speak of the capital of the United States.

Major L'Enfant, supposed to be one of the best engineers the country then possessed, was selected to lay out the territory and the city. He commenced his work by running a true meridional line by celestial observation, passing through the area intended for the Capitol. All the streets run parallel to the boundary lines, passing due north and south, or from east to west: the latter named from the alphabet, the former from the numerals. The French minister of that day jocosely remarked that Major L'Enfant was an infant in education as well as in name to call his streets A, B, C, and 1, 2, 3. One of the most important streets in the city, leading from the City Hall, bears the mellifluous and romantic name of Four-and-a-half street. All these streets cross each other at right

angles, but are traversed obliquely by wide avenues, that would, if necessary, give the military complete control over the city. The principal thoroughfare, Pennsylvania avenue, is four miles long and one hundred and sixty feet wide. It traverses the whole city from Georgetown to the Eastern Branch, connecting the White House with the Capitol. It is now the Broadway of Washington, where may be seen on sunny days eminent Senators following remarkable Grecian bends, foreign ambassadors and seedy clerks, handsome ladies and innumerable negroes. But at the time of which we write this beautiful promenade was one wide quagmire. Hon. John Cotton Smith, writing in the early part of this century, gives us the following description of it: "The Pennsylvania avenue, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential Mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the ensuing winter." For many years the avenue remained a slough of mud, its uniform level only broken by the ravines that occasionally crossed it. President after President recommended its improvement. John Adams affectionately commended the young capital to the fostering care of Congress; Thomas Jefferson planted four rows of Lombardy poplars along the avenue, but their spreading roots only made the thoroughfare worse; and it was not till Jackson's day that appropriations were made to fill up the ravines, root out the poplars and macadamize the streets. When it was first attempted to bring business on to Pennsylvania avenue, the most desirable corner on the avenue, that of Seventh street, was let on a ground lease of thirty dollars a year for ninety-nine years, renewable for ever!

On the eighteenth day of September, 1793, the south-east corner of the north wing of the Capitol was laid with Masonic honors, George Washington, Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 22, Virginia, directing. The corner-stone bears the following inscription: "This south-east

corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, was laid on the eighteenth day of September, 1793, in the thirteenth year of American Independence, in the first year of the second term of the presidency of George Washington—whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been so conspicuous and beneficial, as his military valor and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties—and in the year of Masonry 5793, by the President of the United States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22 from Alexandria, Virginia." The procession in attendance on the ceremonies was headed by the surveying department of the city of Washington, closely followed by the mayor and corporation of the neighboring city of Georgetown, the Virginia Artillery, the commissioners of the city of Washington, stone-cutters, mechanics, etc., etc., the officers of Free Masonry bringing up the rear. The papers of the day—or of the week, rather—inform us that "the whole company retired to an extensive booth, where an ox of five hundred pounds weight was barbecued; of which the company generally partook, with every abundance of other recreation. The festival concluded with fifteen successive volleys from the artillery, whose military discipline and manoeuvres merit every commendation."

And so, amid loud-sounding salvos and the festivities of a good dinner, of which the *pièce de resistance* was a five-hundred-pound ox, served up whole, was the city of Washington ushered into being.

In the heat of the day, as the ceremonies were slowly progressing, a physician present offered President Washington the use of the only umbrella the city possessed, to screen him from the rays of the warm sun. But the ex-surveyor smilingly declined the aristocratic honor with the remark, "To the ladies with it, doctor! I have been exposed to the sun before in my day." Slight as the speech was, it made an impres-

sion that has caused the incident to survive for more than three-quarters of a century; for it is one of the few occasions in Washington's life in which he was known to joke.

Fifty-eight years later, Daniel Webster laid the corner-stone of the extension to the Capitol nearly on the same spot. Three persons were present who witnessed the ceremony of the earlier generation. Among the documents placed in that corner-stone was the following manuscript in Mr. Webster's handwriting. It may be doubted whether any passage of similar length in the speeches of the great orator is more truly Websterian in its expression or its ideas :

"On the morning of the first day of the seventy-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, being the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, this stone, designed as the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, according to a plan approved by the President, in pursuance of an Act of Congress, was laid by

MILLARD FILLMORE,
President of the United States.

* * * *

"If therefore it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned and this deposit brought to the eyes of man, be it known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm; that their Constitution still exists unimpaired and with all its original usefulness and glory; growing every day stronger and stronger in the affection of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be

erected over it, may endure for ever.
GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

DANIEL WEBSTER,
"Secretary of State of the United States."

Within ten years from the time that Mr. Webster made the proud statement that the Constitution was growing every day stronger and stronger in the affection of the great body of the American people, an internecine war was desolating the land: the guns of the enemy were heard on the very spot where Mr. Webster then stood. Among his hearers were not improbably some who were even then anticipating the great rebellion.

While the original public buildings were being erected, a bridge was built over Rock creek from the refuse materials unused elsewhere. The names of the thirteen original States were engraved on the stones—that of Pennsylvania on the keystone; and the epithet of "the Keystone State" has clung to it ever since.

The Washingtonian visitor who passes from the Capitol to the White House or to any of the Departments, always complains of "the magnificent distance" that intervenes between the Halls of Congress and the Executive Departments. But Washington tells us in one of his remaining letters that this wide separation was intended to keep members of Congress from too frequent communication with the various Departments. "Many of them (the Secretaries) have disclosed to me that they have often been obliged to go home and deny themselves in order to transact the current business." The Secretaries of our day could tell the same tale in much stronger terms, especially when appointments are asked for.

We have already stated that as an inducement for the selection of this site, Virginia contributed one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the construction of public buildings, and Maryland seventy-two thousand dollars more. This fund was soon exhausted, and the city tried in vain to borrow a further

sum in Europe. But so low was the credit of the young capital, so uncertain her future existence, that it was impossible to obtain the smallest loan. Finding that the half-completed buildings must stop for lack of funds, Washington, against the advice of his attorney-general, applied to the governor of Maryland for a loan of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Such was the influence of his name that the State loaned one hundred thousand to be used for the erection of the buildings of the young city. But Washington never lived to see his favorite capital completed. On the 14th of December, 1799, he died at Mount Vernon, his last act being the feeling of his own pulse. "The general's hand fell from his wrist: he expired without a struggle or a sigh," and left the city of Washington as the heir of his great name and "the only child of the nation."

As the year made memorable by his death was silently folding its wings for a final departure, the commissioners of Washington notified government that the new public buildings would be ready for occupation in the following summer. Accordingly, in June, 1800, the executive offices were removed from Philadelphia,

and Congress commenced its first session on the third Monday of the following November. In his opening speech, President Adams said, "I congratulate the people of the United States on the assembling of Congress at the permanent seat of their government, and I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the prospect of a residence not to be exchanged."

And so Our Capital was founded. For nearly threescore years and ten the wisdom of the nation has assembled here. Its virtue and its vice, its legislators and its lobby, its Executive and its rings, its Adamsses and Jeffersons, its Websters and Calhouns, have all been here. Neither the city nor the nation is yet old enough to inspire that awe and reverence with which antiquity clothes localities famous in history. Our time is yet to come. God has given to us more happy and Christian homes and a more generally diffused education than to any other people on the face of the earth. Should no untoward national event occur, fifty years hence will see Washington the honored and beloved capital of one hundred millions of people, free, honest and enlightened.

WM. R. HOOPER.

SUE AND I.

SUE married one of twin brothers, and her heart was set firmly upon my marrying the other. She wanted a sister-in-law with whom she could live in unity—a rare and pleasant thing in that kind of relationship. She did not seem to take into account at all my tastes and prejudices; but she was a good sister in the main, and I was secretly not unwilling to meet the man whom she had selected for my husband.

We had been teachers in the same school before she fell in love with Fred Dallas and married him out of hand.

He was a tall, reserved, silent man, who got vastly more credit for wisdom than I thought due to him; and so bashful withal that I have always suspected that Sue proposed to *him*; but if she did, the torture of the Holy Inquisition would not draw it from him; so she is safe.

I never subscribed to that absurd proverb about "speech being silvern and silence golden." I cannot conceive the reason of the respect paid to silent people, the mere nodders at knowledge. I believe that they who tell nothing know

nothing. Fred is one of these, and I have no faith in him; but Sue has, which is all the better for him.

Sue and I are great talkers, say our enemies, and I contend that we know as much as the quiet ones who get the benefit of it. If Fred's brother resembled him, he would at least be a good listener.

I kept on at my boarding-house when Sue left me for a home of her own, though she urged me, with all her might, to live with her. I had no desire to play the part of second lady on her little stage. Young married people prolong their honeymoon unmercifully when there is somebody to look at them.

I am older than Sue by a long year or two, and I think well of myself from a sense of duty, for there are so few left in the world to care for me.

Sue got an absurd idea into her head, so soon as she was married, that all single women older than herself were "old maids." She was convinced that there could be no happiness for a woman out of marriage, and she yearned over my unengaged condition with an anxiety which would have been ludicrous but for its honesty. I felt certain at that time that no woman need be unhappy while she is healthy and self-supporting.

When my summer vacation came, Sue went to an old haunt of ours among the New Hampshire hills, and persuaded me to go with her, as Fred must remain at home. 'Boro is a very pearl of a place for summer visitors: it leans over a lovely lake and suns itself among whispering valleys. We lived at the hotel, which is true independence: the more people, the more solitary one may be. In a private house in the country nothing is sacred from the right of search, from the number of your laces to the respectability of your grandfather.

At this time Sue was like the girl in the old play, always

"Sitting in her window,
Printing her thoughts in lawn;"

while I prowled about alone, looked at myself in the lake, and ate huckleberries off the bushes to my heart's content.

Sometimes I invoked Sancho Panza's blessing on the man that invented sleep, and drowsed away the golden afternoons, wantonly luxurious, rioting in the blissful consciousness that, whatever fetters might be waiting for me on the first of September, school was now, for me, as if it had never been. Living at this hotel made a hole in my scanty earnings, but I hope every boarder got her money's worth as fully as I did. I would have looked the very multiplication table in the face, and cut it dead: if my life had depended on it, I would not have remembered the boundaries of the Great Desert or the date of the Reformation. I shed my school-skin completely, and drew in, with every breath,

"The blessing in the air."

I had a favorite seat, overhanging the edge of the lake: it was no cold stone or mossy hillock (there is no picturesqueness to me in taking cold), but a sensible old wooden bench on a little platform behind the blank wall of the bowling-alley. Under my feet lay the water, ten feet deep and clear as a Japan crystal. Here I read the lightest of light literature, and let vagabond hopes and fancies have it all their own way with me. Sometimes I fished with a pin-hook, but I never caught anything.

One night I came in late, and met Sue and Fred and Fred's double coming from the tea-table. The gentlemen had come in the little steamer, which twice a week vexed the placid soul of the lake, while I was away, and Sue was happy.

"Frank, this is Milly," said Sue, radiant.

"I am very glad to see this Milly," he said, looking at me hard in the twilight with undisguised curiosity.

"How do you do, Mr. Dallas?"

He was just Fred over again till he spoke: then there came a gleam in his eyes, a roguish wrinkle about the lips, of which Fred's face was wholly innocent.

"Never mind your tea, Milly: come with us to the lake," entreated Sue.

"But I do mind my tea, and I know

the lake by heart. Perhaps I'll come by and by."

I ate my bread in fastidious little crumbs; I looked up between my sips of tea as the hens do; I played with my knife and fork as if my lease of comfort were to expire when I left the dining-room; but the impatient head waiter fixed me at last with his glittering eye, and I retreated before it. I spent a long time turning over the contents of my trunk for a shawl that lay on the bed, and pulled my boots off and on several times to find an imaginary pebble that hurt my foot. At last, when the stars had been long admiring themselves in the lake, I went in search of my party. I was determined that this man should not find me too eager to know him. I ran down the long path to the lake shore, but it was wholly silent and deserted. Then I came back and wandered about the piazzas. The parlors were brightly lighted, the barber was fiddling away with all his might, while a dozen couples whirled about the room: among them I recognized Frank, dancing with the plainest girl in the room.

The walls were lined, for the most part, with careworn women—poorly-paid schoolmistresses like myself; hard-working maiden aunts, not paid at all; oppressed mothers of large families, who find (according to Dr. Todd) ample reward in their work. All these had come to 'Boro to draw a few easy breaths before putting their shoulders to the wheel for the winter.

I watched Frank lead his partner to a seat and ask an introduction to another wall-flower, whom, after a little conversation, he led out to dance.

Two figures sat in the dark near me. I heard one say to the other, "It is just like her, to keep away from us because Frank has come. She will never look at him if I let her see that I want them to take to each other, but I'll be very circumspect." "Oh, there you are!" I thought. My sister Sue was always a very ostrich for hiding her head and thinking no one could see the rest of her.

I went into the parlor and fitted my-

self into the line of wallflowers. Frank had seen me but an instant in the dusk, and I do not look in the least like Sue. She is pretty all over her face, from the faintest approach to a double chin to the "widow's peak" in her hair: my face is full of negatives—not a pretty feature in it—but people do not call me plain, because I never look twice alike. Sue frizzes her hair: I wear mine plain, in the face of the fashion, because hair-pins give me bad dreams, and I eschew heated slate-pencils, living in hope of the Madonna fashion by and by, when I shall have my innings in smooth, uninjured hair.

I have not magnetism enough about me to move Planchette, but I can always draw wandering eyes to mine in a crowd. I looked hard at Frank, and had barely time to be very intent on the barber before he saw me. He betrayed not a grain of surprise, but came slowly round to my neighborhood, and said quietly,

"You had no need to look for staid married people and a wise old bachelor on the lake shore when the dew was falling. Only young lovers can afford that risk." So he had watched me!

"You like dancing, Mr. Dallas?" I said.

"Why do you think so?" he returned, quickly.

"You have danced every set for some time."

"I have not danced since you came in;" and a mischievous smile dawned on his mouth.

I had betrayed my having watched him, and we were quits.

"I have been wandering up and down the piazzas, seeking whom I might devour, and I saw the 'revelry by night' through the windows. But, as I said before, you like dancing?"

"Not particularly."

"Why do it so persistently, then?"

"Because there are so few gentlemen here, and all ladies like it."

"Don't be too sweeping in your judgment. I don't like it."

"Pardon me if I doubt you: your feet must needs tap the floor now that the

barber does but give the preliminary scrape."

"Your choice of partners is peculiar: they are the plainest girls in the room."

"I am an admirer of plain girls: they dance well, and seldom, as a rule, and in gratitude they make themselves very agreeable to their partners. The 'girl of the period'—see that one with a head like a hearth-brush!—is insufferable to me."

"I have no patience with that nonsense about the 'girl of the period.' That sort of creature has existed, and will exist while girls are created, as surely as froth on water, but she will never be a type of girls in general. The hue and cry raised about it just now is only the opposition war-whoop against woman's rights."

He faced round upon me suddenly:

"Are you committed to the 'woman's rights' side of the question? Would you vote if you could? Tell me quickly, that I may pack my valise to-night."

"I have half a mind to tell you a fib, that you may take that trouble. No: I would not vote if I could, but I do contend that one of woman's rights is to be let alone to think her own thoughts and wear what clothes she pleases, without being stretched on a gridiron worse than Saint Lawrence's by all the critics of the day."

"You are speaking too loud—Mrs. Grundy is looking at you." This was true, but not the more agreeable that he should perceive it first. "Will you dance this set with me?" he asked, carelessly.

"I think not: there are one or two more of your favorite plain girls waiting your benevolence."

"Are you so certain, then, that you do not belong to that order?" That mischievous smile came again, and he left me to find another partner.

I took John Brown's arm when he offered it, and we took our places opposite to Frank. John Brown was a middle-aged widower, and he had a sort of crook in his shoulders, which was a great misfortune, but he was a most devoted son to a deaf and cross old moth-

er, and a man of large and varied culture. We had become very good friends. After the dance we went out on the dusky piazza and repeated a little poetry on the moon and other familiar objects (it was not the first time), till Sue sniffed something wrong in the air, and drove off the unoffending Mr. Brown in the most summary manner. She insisted, in very matronly fashion, on my going in, but I always resented this sort of patronage on her part, and, recalling the ever-willing Mr. Brown, we sauntered down to the lake. I don't know whether I was most vexed or amused when we found Frank and his last partner there before us, and talking about the stars. I could not resist saying in a very audible tone, as we passed them, that I had ceased to look for wise old bachelors where the dew was falling.

When we took our bed-room candles off the table in the hall, Frank said, "You made a poor exchange. I dance better than Mr. Brown."

"But you don't talk so well," I retorted.

The first thing in the morning I opened my door carefully and reached out for the great bunch of pond-lilies for which the experience of every morning for a week had led me to look. I worshiped them all the time I was dressing, and before I went to breakfast I fastened one at my throat, and, tying together the two that had longest stems, I made a cord and tassels to confine my white wrapper about the waist. The first morning that these lilies had glorified my room I had no idea of the giver, but the pleased and conscious look that Mr. Brown gave to the first I wore about me betrayed the secret. Once I found a beautiful wild-flower laid in a book which I had left open on the piazza, and twice he brought me little pyramids of twigs purple with huckleberries. This was prosaic, but none the less agreeable. There is but one author with whom I can join hands in my admiration of this homely berry. Hear Thoreau on this subject and be converted: "It is a vulgar error to suppose that you have tasted huckleberries who

never plucked them. A huckleberry never reaches Boston: they have not been known there since they grew on her three hills. The ambrosial and essential part of the fruit is lost with the bloom which is rubbed off in the market cart, and they become mere provender. As long as Eternal Justice reigns, not one innocent huckleberry can be transported thither from the country's hills."

Mr. Brown and I shared a double almond one day at dinner: he let me win the "philopœna," and for a present he gave me a pair of rubber boots in which to take long walks with him about the lake shore.

Mr. Brown's attentions reminded me, the least in the world, of the manner of Mr. Barkis' wooing, when he brought Peggotty those little presents, varying from a pair of jet earrings to a leg of pickled pork. Sue thought I wasted my substance in buying my lilies of small boys that hung about the house with bunches to sell, and I never undeceived her.

Mr. Brown's mother was a shrewd old lady, and missed nothing that was going on, in spite of her deafness. She looked askance at me sometimes—at least I fancied so. She told me that her son had married, very young, a most lovely woman, who indeed lived but a few months, but he had loved her so well that he would never think of marrying again. It was only the night before that Mr. Brown had told me in the moonlight that I resembled very much one who had been very dear to him; and that is the way widowers always begin a second wooing. (I know, for I have had experience.) They tell you how much you remind them of that dear first wife, and you learn perhaps, on inquiry, that the lady was dark as the Moor and had a squint, while you rejoice in golden locks and cloudless blue eyes. I have noticed that men seem to bury part of their wits with their wives, but they somehow come back again (the wits, not the wives) on second marriage; and they make the best husbands in

the world. I know a man living with his fourth wife, and *he* is perfect.

Frank saw my lilies as soon as I entered the breakfast-room, and seemed more intensely amused than those innocent flowers warranted.

"Did you ever know any one so extravagant?" said Sue. "She pays two cents apiece for those lilies, and has her room full of them."

"Does she, indeed? I did not know so many honest pennies could be turned by only getting up early and going after lilies in this out-of-the-way place. I knew no better than to actually *give away* the glorious bunch that I got this morning in Mr. Brown's company. He was more fortunate than I in getting those with the delicate pink tinge, which adds the last touch to their beauty. I see all of yours have it," he said, carelessly turning up one of my lily-tassels to the light. "I will cut out that boy whom you trade with, and sell you mine for a cent apiece."

Mr. Brown sat opposite to us at table and heard this long speech. I saw a telltale flush mount in his elderly face, and was vexed to feel my own color answer it.

"I am not very poetical," said Frank, "but I have read or dreamed that Eve blushed when she first looked into a lily, and all the descendants of that one have the lovely pink tint that Mr. Brown prefers. I suppose the lotus flower, that made a man forget his country and his mother, must have been some sort of a lily—don't you, Mr. Brown?"

"I have never speculated about the matter at all, Mr. Dallas," he returned, drily.

"Indeed! Now everything connected with lilies has always been interesting to me. I like the names that have grown out of them—Lillian and Lillias and sweet Lily Dale; and that is a very fine line of Shakespeare's in the 'Sonnets':

'Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.'

Mr. Brown hastily finished his breakfast and left the room: Fred was mystified, Sue not at all easy in her mind, and I was heartily vexed with Frank,

who now made a hearty breakfast in silence.

I had it in my heart to be very amiable to Mr. Brown; so I sought him out on the piazza, where he was reading his favorite Horace, and sat down with my tatting within speaking distance. He did not read long, but spent most of the day talking with me, unworthy! Fred and Frank went fishing on the lake, and came home late, too tired and too cross to be endured. Manly amusements always have that effect. A woman will go through everything in pursuit of pleasure and remain amiable, but a man's good-nature is not proof against a holiday.

Next morning my door was bare of lilies, and I had been so sure of a fresh supply that I had carried all of the day before to an invalid in the house. I went down late to breakfast, but Sue and Frank were still dallying with their coffee. Frank gave me a careless look, and then a sharp one, as if he detected my morning vexation.

"How do you kill time here, Miss Milly?"

"I don't have to kill it: it dies a natural death."

"Well, then, show me how to perform the last offices. I never had a holiday before, and a fortnight with literally nothing to do looks formidable."

"I have been here three weeks, and the burden grows lighter every day. I grow more and more expert in practicing how not to do it. I have a fellow feeling with the man whom Winestadt traveled with in the Soyemite Valley, and pronounced 'constitutionally tired.'"

Sue began to look anxious. "Why will you talk such nonsense, Milly?" she said. "Don't believe her, Frank. No one works harder than she."

"Remember the proverb, Sue: 'Who excuses, accuses.' I work hard and fast, so as to be indolent sooner. Your lovers of work spin it out, and are sorry when it is done. When I finish a piece of work, whether teaching or sewing, I look upon it as one more enemy laid low."

"I know what *you* do here, Miss Mil-

ly: you talk, and I will be your listener-in-chief; that is, if the place be still open;" and he glanced at Mr. Brown's empty chair. "I must go and smoke now. I will come back by and by and sit at your feet."

"How do you like Frank?" asked Sue, puckering her forehead into a network of wrinkles in her desire to appear unconcerned.

"He is only another specimen of a very disagreeable variety."

"What is that?"

"The bashaw with three tails."

"Now, Milly, talk sense. I like him so much! What have you against him?"

"Well, if you will have it, he is too masterful, too indifferent, and always setting traps to make one ashamed."

"I am sure he admires you."

"Why?"

"Because he said a girl like you ought to be ashamed of flirting with Mr. Brown, who is in earnest about everything."

"He need not be so certain that it is only flirtation. I think Mr. Brown is one of the salt of the earth."

"Milly, if you marry Mr. Brown, it will break my heart," said Sue, solemnly. I had broken Sue's heart so many times, according to her own account, that I had become hardened in the process.

Soon after breakfast I took a book and went to my beloved retreat behind the bowling-alley. Have I said that this bench was out of sight till you turned a square corner and were right upon it? So it was, and this morning I found Frank Dallas in full possession, as if he had haunted it all his life. He lay on the bench, leaning head on elbow and smoking a short meerschaum pipe. I have no objection to a good cigar: I am morally certain that I should smoke, if I were a man, in spite of Mr. Parton's staggering facts; and I can endure a long, graceful pipe, with more or less carving about it: it has an Oriental air. But a short plain pipe!—it savors too much of Pat's little dudheen. I felt sure my "coming man" would not smoke a short pipe.

"I have been looking for you here,"

he said, laying down the obnoxious thing to smoulder out by itself. Was I blameworthy, or my dressmaker, that the hem of my dress swept it into ten feet of water?

"I have never carved my name on the bench or on the wall, as so many others have. Why did you expect me?"

"One of your friends paddled his boat into this neighborhood, and could not conceal his disgust when he recognized me. I hope I did not interrupt an appointed meeting." I turned to leave him. "Don't go because you find me here: I promise to depart the moment I see that boat coming again."

"Did Mr. Brown have any lilies?"

"Have you but one friend, that you at once think of Mr. Brown when the word is mentioned? No, there were no lilies: perhaps he has gone for them now. I see you heeded Sue's lecture on extravagance, and bought none this morning." I could not help answering his amused smile with another, and he went on: "What a transparent little woman is our sister Sue! She urged me to come up here and see the scenery, it was so lovely about 'Boro, and now that I have seen it I confess to a certain dissatisfaction. It shows a pleasanter side to some men than to me. It is changeable and moody. It leads people astray who would put faith in its pleasant looks."

I knew he was talking of Sue's sister, and he seemed very much in earnest.

"'Boro is a pretty place in my eyes: I am sorry you don't like it," I said, with the most innocent face I had about me.

"What are you talking about so soberly?" said Sue, coming round the corner suddenly.

"The unexpected lights and shades in the character of 'Boro scenery," said Frank.

"Well, Fred has got a carriage at last, and there is room for both of you on the back seat."

For two or three hours we rode up hill and down dale over the lonely country-side. We skated carefully over the surface of things in all our

talk, for Sue was counting her beads of hope over us all the time, and constantly interposing to smooth rough edges.

Once Frank said, "Would anything tempt you to live all the year round in one of these lonely farm-houses?"

"Yes, certainly—a pleasant home."

"But what perfection a man and woman must have reached to be all-sufficient to each other here!"

"I never thought the *place* where one lived mattered much to contentment. I think I would rather go on whaling voyages into Arctic seas with the man that suited me, than to live in the garden of Eden with the wrong Adam."

Frank smiled inscrutably, and relapsed into reverie.

The fortnight which was to end our stay in 'Boro wore away only too fast, but my solitary rambles, in which I had always accidentally met Mr. Brown, became a thing of the past. My rubber boots held a sinecure place behind my trunk. There were plenty of people at 'Boro, especially women, and I found that the safest refuge in the world is in a crowd. I suddenly turned sisterly, and bestowed my affectionate company on Sue all the morning; I played croquet every afternoon with half a dozen young ladies who wore lovely dresses, with nobody to admire them, promenaded endlessly arm-in-arm, and behaved altogether as if they were practicing for the time when the whole population of New England shall be surplus women. Frank Dallas and Mr. Brown did duty manfully as escort, but the odds were overwhelming. I knew that both were weighing me in the balances, and I suspected that Frank found me grievously wanting.

All this time Sue was devoured with anxiety. Two little wrinkles made their appearance between her eyebrows, solely, I believe, on our account. Frank and I were so polite and distant to each other that she began to prefer that we should quarrel. She hedged me about carefully, and cast an evil eye on any woman who happened to engross Frank's attention for an hour. Sue was not a

born matchmaker: she put too much heart into the matter. Her perturbation over our contrary behavior was only to be compared to that of the "hen that hatched ducks."

The last day of our stay came at last, as everything does if you wait long enough. Sue arranged that we should have one more drive together, but when I went down, ready dressed, to take the back seat, as usual, with Frank, the double carriage had been metamorphosed into two buggies. Fred said, in his matter-of-fact way, that the other carriage was in use for the day, and I should have believed him but for Sue's mad haste to start before I could say anything to her.

Frank looked wholly unconscious or careless of Sue's arts to bring us together, and the blush I rode away with looked as if I were new to the American fashion of letting young people go about together at their own sweet will; but Frank was not as other men. I had always played the rôle of coolness and indifference myself: it put me out to find one who played it better. I was never before at a loss for words, or knew what it was to stammer in my talk; but with him I said things, stopped to see how he would take them, and then contradicted myself. I vowed to myself over and over that I did not even like him, but I had a growing respect and dependence on the substratum of common sense and fidelity to truth in his character, which is as a rock to a woman's feet. I flouted his censure on my flirtation with Mr. Brown, but I heeded it.

"Milly, we are going to Round Hill," shouted Sue as she looked back at us under the curtain of the buggy. I suspect that she used that peephole often during our ride.

"What does Milly stand for?—Amelia or Mildred?" asked Frank.

"Neither. I have heard that I was christened Melicent, but it matters little, as I am never called by it."

"Melicent! Melicent!—not a common name, but very pretty. You shall always hear it from me. It comes from

a word meaning honey, I believe. You should have a sweet disposition, to match your name."

"Not at all. Names are deceitful above all things. Did you ever know a Blanche that was not swarthy as Othello, or a Grace that did not limp in body or mind, or a Frank that did not keep everything to himself, and set traps for other people's thoughts?"

"Is that the grudge you cherish against me?"

"I do not acknowledge any grudge: I mean, I have none."

"I prefer your first phrase as the most true, if not the most polite."

"My phrases will always bear pruning," I said, determined to keep my head above water by having the last word.

"Yes, they are often as rash as if all your world were either warm friends or confirmed enemies. You must be often brought to bar for them."

"On the contrary, you are the first who ever took me to task for careless talk. Did Sue give you sealed instructions to search out my faults and censure them?"

"One does not need to search for them: I believe they all lie on the surface."

"You have not answered my question."

"No. Sue thinks you have no faults. To me she always waxes eloquent on your virtues."

"Sue is unbearable since she is married: she is so distressed lest I should die an old maid. I believe she will yet palm me off upon some deluded man as the most amiable of women."

"I don't think you would make a very happy old maid."

"We will agree to differ on that point. I think I was originally cut out for that fate. I can teach school and have the joy of independence till my ideas become too old-fashioned, and then Sue will take me in and gradually kill me with kindness."

"If she is your only refuge, she may die before you do."

"I have thought of that too since Sue has kept the matter 'before the meet-

ing' so long. I pass, every day on my way to school, a certain 'Home for Old Ladies,' and see them sitting at their windows, white-capped and cheerful, with knitting in their hands. I could wear the robe of that charity as readily as did Colonel Newcome that of Gray Friars. I have already laid up in the bank money enough to buy me a silver ear-trumpet and gold-bowed spectacles, which would fill all the other old ladies with envy and despair. At first the 'Home' was only for widows, but some wise woman, who had gone through the world alone and saw that marriage was going out of fashion, left the wherewithal to build a wing for spinsters. I shall fight for a window that looks out on the water."

I had been talking against time, it was true, but it provoked me, when I glanced at Frank, to see him sunk in a brown study, apparently unconscious of my existence.

"Mr. Dallas, you have paid no attention to me."

"Have I not? Then Sue will have a great disappointment. I have done little but pay attention to you since I came to 'Boro. I confess that I don't always listen to your talk."

I shut my lips tight, determined to waste no more words on this man, who gave me more vexation of spirit than I had ever before experienced from all mankind.

We saw Fred stop at a farm-house on the top of the hill, and a woman brought out some cider. As they drove on, we came up and stopped too. My temperance principles are not proof against cider; but such cider!—it was sharper than a two-edged sword. The inflexible face of Talleyrand would have yielded to it. Frank handed back the full cup, and the woman looked at it with some contempt.

"'Xpect your wife is one of the dainty kind, ain't she?" she said, half aside, to Frank.

"She *is* rather hard to please," he replied, in the same tone.

"'Xpect you be on your weddin'-tower?"

Frank nodded and drove on.

We rode quietly for many minutes. Suddenly we heard a halloo, and saw a long, lank boy running after us with my tissue veil in his hand.

"Guess your wife's veil blew away. Here 'tis."

"Thank you. My wife is very much obliged."

Another long pause, and Frank spoke again:

"Melicent, anything in the mouth of two witnesses must be true. It is another instance of that wicked French proverb, 'Que femme veut, Dieu veut' (it don't sound so wicked in French). The instinct of these people for the fitness of things convinced them that you were my wife. It seems to me useless to try to resist our fate."

Was he trifling with me? I glanced at him and met that provoking smile.

"Sue is determined to make a match for us," he went on. "It would be a great pity to disappoint the dear little woman: don't you think so?"

He laid his hand lightly on mine. I clasped both my hands tight and fastened my eyes to a distant steeple.

"I think, Mr. Dallas," I said, in a voice hard with all the feeling that I suppressed, "that we shall be very late for dinner if you do not drive faster."

Frank started as if he had been shot, and I looked at that steeple to keep my eyes dry till he lifted me out of the buggy. I would not think of it till I was safe in my own room, and then I lifted up an inward voice and cried bitterly.

"Miserable, hateful man!" I thought, "I am not crying because I love you. I don't love you—I will never love you. I am not a slave, to pick up gratefully the handkerchief that the lazy sultan drops for me. I will meet no man half-way—least of all this Frank Dallas, who has done nothing but vex me since I knew him."

After this burst I felt better, and diligently removed all traces of excitement. I dressed quickly and went down to dinner, that Frank might not think I was indulging in a fit of repentance.

Afterward, I challenged Mr. Brown and two young ladies to a farewell game of whist, and so whiled away the long afternoon, resolutely thinking of nothing but trumps. Then I joined Sue and Frank on the piazza, for I was determined not to avoid him.

"Milly dear, you have your old school-teaching look to-night. I have not seen it before since we came here. Does your head ache?"

"Not that I know of, Sue. I believe I have Mrs. Gradgrind's feeling in her last moments—that there is a pain in the room somewhere, but I am not sure whether I have it."

"I am quite sure who has it," said Frank. I looked up suddenly, but he was leaning over the piazza-railing, with his face out of sight.

It seemed to me that this last day would never wear itself out. In the evening I thought all at once of my old seat behind the bowling-alley, which I had wholly deserted since Frank took possession of it.

I ran quickly down to it, and bathed my troubled spirit in the "sweet influences of the Pleiades" and in the pleasant company of trees that sighed and beat their boughs for sympathy. The place would have been too lonely but for a party who were making "night hideous" in the bowling-alley. I heard no other sound, till some one suddenly came round the corner, and I recognized Mr. Brown. He had seemed to seek me for several days, and I had tacitly avoided him. Now it flashed upon me, with a pang of compunction for my treatment of him, that he meant to offer me the place of that "lovely woman" long deceased.

Misfortunes are prone to come in battalions now, as they did in Queen Elizabeth's time. It seemed to be my fate to reap in one day all that I had sown since coming to 'Boro.

"Let me stay here a moment, Miss Deane," he said, hurriedly. "I have not seen you alone for a fortnight. I saw you come this way and followed you."

"Mr. Brown, I beg that you will leave

me now. If you are about to say anything—of such a nature that—" I stopped there, thinking if I were mistaken, after all, in his intention, how ridiculous I should make myself to answer a question before it was asked. I could never keep it a secret: a bird of the air would whisper it.

"I am about to say to you," Mr. Brown went on, "that I have found so great happiness in your society that I long to make it mine through life. I am much older than you are: I feel myself wholly unworthy to receive into mine a life so fresh and gifted as yours, but if you will yield it into my care, I shall at least show that I appreciate the sacrifice."

Every word of this speech, which Mr. Brown delivered with unmistakable agitation, was music in my ears. It was balm to the wound made by Frank's careless indifference of the morning.

For the first time in my life I could not say a word.

"I do not ask you to decide now. Sleep upon it one night, and let me know in the morning. If you will wear one of the roses that grow by the piazza when you come down in the morning, I shall take it as a sign that you give yourself to me."

He left me then, without waiting for any answer.

I lay awake a long time that night, and debated the pros and cons of Mr. Brown's proposal. When I fell asleep, exhausted, the pros would have possession of the field, but when I woke again the cons were strong as ever. It grew rapidly worse as breakfast-time approached. I knew Mr. Brown to be one of the best of men, and I was mercenary enough to give full weight to his having plenty of money in his own right, and the reversion of plenty more from his mother. It is only those who have never known the goads and stings of poverty who can afford to be wholly disinterested in a trial like mine. He thought me altogether lovely, which was all the more agreeable for not being true. I did not actually love him, but that would come in good time if I married him. I told myself, sternly, that I

cared for nobody else, and nobody else cared for me. At this point I fastened the flower in my brooch and hurried out of the room. A long mirror hung at the head of the stairs: I saw myself in it, and turned back to my room. Then I fought another battle with myself, in which the memory of Mr. Brown's delicate homage again won the day. I went resolutely down stairs and took my seat at table. I dared not look at Mr. Brown, but I knew perfectly when he left the room soon after.

"I have at least made one person happy," I thought, and caught myself wishing immediately after that this breakfast might last for ever. Going into the hall again, I met Frank: he held out to me my brooch, with that unlucky flower still hanging to it.

"It was found at the foot of the stairs and carried to the desk in the office. I thought I recognized it as yours, and claimed it for you."

I had made a sacrifice, and my destiny had refused to accept it. Who was I, that I should be at odds with Fate and seek out Mr. Brown after such a manifest leading?

I was so unreasonably happy for a moment, and thanked Frank so warmly, that he must have thought my jewelry very dear to me.

I spent an hour or two in packing, and after locking my trunk and leaving my hat and gloves on the table, I went to help Sue, whose possessions always got the upper hand of her in such crises. At the last moment I rushed back for my hat: on the table beside it stood a graceful 'Shaker' basket filled with pond-lilies. A card lay among them, with these four words in Mr. Brown's handwriting: *Manibus date lilia plenis*. See what it is to be a schoolmistress! I recognized at a glance that exquisite lament over the young Marcellus in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. I had used it too often to strike a spark of enthusiasm out of the stolid minds of school-girls, to forget it. It was Mr. Brown's farewell, and I never saw him afterward. I found myself crying all at once without any reason.

I carried the basket carefully on board the little steamboat which was to take us across the lake, but I could not hide it long from Sue:

"Oh, Milly, how lovely! Where did it come from?"

"Mr. Brown gave it to me," I said, boldly.

"Milly, you are not—"

"No," interrupted Frank. "Milly is not to be questioned or scolded. Let me take the basket: I will not drown it, as you did my pipe, the only solace of my bachelorhood."

I gave it to him, and he carried it for me to my journey's end. He was strangely quiet and subdued, and almost tenderly mindful of my comfort. A flickering doubt arose in my mind as to my first belief in his careless feeling toward me. If he did really love me, how had I thrown away my one opportunity to be happy like Sue!

I took up my school-duties again, not very happy, not very unhappy—rather between; but as days and weeks made months, the old routine, once so easily borne, oppressed me almost beyond endurance. I went often to see Sue, but she was feeble in health and spirits at this time, and there was no comfort to be had from her. She never mentioned Frank's name in these days, and I would not ask about him. I gave long looks at the "Old Ladies' Home" as I passed it, and longed to anticipate that age when no more arduous labor should be required of me than the knitting of stockings.

My thoughts turned sere and yellow with the leaves. As the holidays approached, and the streets began to fill with eager faces of old and young as they went about grasping their purses and looking for presents for each other, I took no pleasure in them. There seemed nothing so pretty in the shop-windows that I should desire it. Never were holidays like these!

On Christmas Eve I went to see Sue. Fred was to be out late, and she begged me to stay with her till he should come home. When he came, Frank came with him. Sue had said nothing of ex-

pecting the latter, and his unexpected arrival gave me such unalloyed delight that he could not help perceiving it. Fred had a headache, and Frank insisted on going home with me in his stead. I felt light-hearted as a child going to a Christmas tree.

"You are looking rather worn, Melicent," he said. "I suppose you will not teach much longer."

"Indeed, I expect to teach all my life, unless it is unmercifully long."

Any one passing a certain corner of the Common (I shall not say *which* corner) just then, might have seen Frank stop suddenly and take me by both hands.

"Can it be possible," he said, "that you are not going to marry Mr. Brown, after all?"

"I am not going to marry any one, to my knowledge," I answered, drawing my cavalier from his conspicuous position to walk on again.

"Melicent, I asked you once if you had any objection to Sue's little plan for making a match for us? You have never answered that question."

"I never will while you put it in that form."

"My darling, if Sue had been afflicted with such prickly pride as yours, *we* should never have met. Let us go back and ask her blessing."

We went back through the snow-covered streets, and looking into one low window, we saw three little stockings hanging limp and empty from the chimney-piece.

Fred's house was already dark, but we made Sue put on her dressing-gown and come down to us. Oh, how happy she was! How she danced for joy, and hugged me, and hugged Frank, and hugged us both together, and ran up and down stairs to tell Fred all our news, till he was forced, like the amiable Mr. Toots, to remind her of "the medical man." She submitted at last to our going away.

When we passed the low window again the three little stockings were bulgy all the way to the toes, pressed down and running over with their treasures.

We paused a moment on my doorstep for "more last words," and Frank said,

"It is worth while to be miserable ourselves, since we make Sue so happy." For the first time in our acquaintance I did not resent that mischievous smile.

Long years have come and gone since then, but Frank and I still smile at each other significantly when the children bring home pond-lilies.

W. A. THOMPSON.

THE SINGER.

"What porridge had John Keats?"—BROWNING.

THE revel reigned in kingly halls,
The mirth was fast and free:
They called the bard to lend the feast
The charm of minstrelsy.

He came, and sang of knightly deeds,
Of battles lost and won,
Of hero deaths and laurel crowns;
And still the feast went on.

He sang of beauty and of love,
Of poet-dreams divine—
Some boasted of their steeds and swords,
Some praised the purple wine.

The melody unheeded rose
Where jest and laughter rang:
Who recked the minstrel or his lay?
Who heard the song he sang?

Ah, there was one who sat apart,
Silent amid the throng,
Whose changing cheek and moistened eye
Confessed the power of song.

And as the music died away
In cadence low and sweet,
The richest gem that young knight wore
Fell at the minstrel's feet.

So sings the poet in the mart,
Where jest and scoff are ringing,
Nor knows what sympathizing heart
Respondeth to his singing.

If one amid the careless crowd
Pauses to hear his strain,
And better, nobler, turns away,
He has not sung in vain.

And though unheeded he may sing,
And win but sneer and blame,
Hereafter at his feet may fall
Earth's fairest jewel—Fame!

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SELF-IMPORTANCE.

IT is related of a distinguished Senator, who had been in rather bad health, that he was accosted by a constituent during one of those breathless periods of the late war when the very destinies of the nation seemed to our excited fancies to hang upon the fortunes of the hour.

"Oh, Mr. —, I am so glad to see you!" said the friend. "Is there—*have* you any news?"

"Thank you!" responded the Senator, with grave serenity—"Thank you: I am much better!"

The mighty current of human events was nothing to him, save in so far as it affected his own little immediate eddy, with its trifling burden of straws and dead leaves. Such a sublime unconsciousness seems to provide food for reflection.

What is this thing which we call

Egotism — Vanity — Self-importance? What does it mean?—whither does it tend?—what does it effect?

The cavalier method will not do in treating it. We cannot toss it aside with a pish, and say, "Vanity and emptiness!" for the operations of this sentiment, this proclivity, this passion, or whatsoever we may please to call it, are not confined to the breasts of empty and vain men. On the contrary, the men in whom this trait has assumed its most arrogant form have generally been men of great performance — men, indeed, whose achievements have scarcely been outrun by anything except by their self-assertion. We should not forget, when we laugh at Cardinal Richelieu for scratching out *héros* and substituting *demi-dieu* in the laudatory verses inscribed to him, that he was quite entitled to the ennobling epithet which yet did not appease his vanity. If he was a demi-god in his own fancy alone, he certainly was a hero in the eyes of all the rest of the world.

Nor will it do for us too hastily to draw the line of demarkation, and say, *This* is simple vanity—*this* the dignified self-consciousness of the artist. We all know what Coke and his other contemporaries said of Bacon and of Bacon's philosophical labors. We also know what Bacon said of himself: "For my name and memory, I leave them to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations and the next age." And we know that this "next age" has sanctioned Bacon and repudiated Coke. So there may even yet be persons who are inclined to pronounce Kepler a madman because he wrote, "My book may well wait for a reader during a century, when God has waited six thousand years for an observer like myself." But the phrase is essentially true, and we have no right to decide whether it was prompted by excessive vanity or by that grand, unconscious humility which takes no thought of being misinterpreted, but utters the truth because it *is* the truth, and for no other reason.

"The empire of opinion," says Victor Cousin, "is immense: vanity alone does

not explain it. It doubtless also pertains to vanity, but it has deeper and better roots." Addison, in the *Spectator*, has made this subject the theme of a series of his most thoughtful and elaborate essays, treating the passion of Fame as being meant by Providence to spur into activity the otherwise dormant or sluggish faculties of man. In his view we are to esteem the consciousness of self-importance as a great element of civilization, by means of which all degrees of men, the vicious as well as the virtuous, are stimulated into a fecundity which makes with irresistible force for the well-being of humanity. "It was necessary for the world," he says, "that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized, since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions would only influence virtuous minds: there would be but small improvements in the world were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men. And such a principle is ambition or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the public, and many vicious men overreached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable course of action." But this is essentially a narrow, and, it seems to us, an erroneous view of the subject. The sense of self-importance is too universal a feeling, and lies too deeply at the root of human impulse, to require to be condoned as one of those venial follies whose justification depends upon the results achieved by them. Among the protean shapes under which this passion bodies itself forth, some may be criminal, as many certainly are ridiculous; but the essence of the thing itself is entirely compatible with the proper dignity of human nature, nor does there any evil reside in the sentiment itself, but only in the perversion of it. The criminal quality here, as in all cases, dwells in fallible humanity, not in the texture of an attribute which in itself is neither good nor bad. The

blemish is not in the cloak, but in him who wears it.

There is perhaps a fashion in vanity, as in most other things. The ancients were not more vain than the moderns, but they certainly were more frank in the display of their self-appreciativeness. Balbus had no notion of being more reticent in praise of Balbus than he was in praise of Caius. "I cannot fiddle," said Themistocles when called upon to play the lyre, "but I can make a little village a great city." "Orna me!" was the exigent cry of Cicero—"Praise me! for my soul is hungry after that kind of incense." This great man certainly had the quality of self-esteem to a degree that amounted to infirmity. He urged Luceius, who was writing a contemporary history, not only to pay particular attention to the details of his consulship, but also to execute that portion first, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying in advance a part at least of the honors posterity would pay him. But he was very naïve about it, and consistently laid it down as his theory of art that in every case the consciousness of superiority was an essential preliminary to the proper development of the creative powers.* Quite as frank was the younger Pliny, who confessed, "I cannot express how pleasing it is to me to hear myself commended."

Even the philosophers have not shown themselves averse to be sprinkled with this same holy water of laudation. Socrates soberly told his judges that they should award him a pension instead of condemning him; and Epicurus assured his correspondent that if he desired glory it was secured to him by the fact that Epicurus had thought him worthy of being written to!

Alcibiades let all the world know that the one purpose of his life, whether he headed a conspiracy, or plundered a city, or cut his dog's tail off, was to make a noise and give the Athenians something to talk about. Aristophanes, more frank even than Cicero, made of the *parabases* of his comedies vehicles

* "Nemo unquam poeta aut orator, qui quemquam se meliorem arbitraretur."—Cic. *ad Att.*

for the most extravagant self-praise, coolly claiming for each successive play not only that it was the best he had written, but that it was also the best of its class, and not to be equaled by any other effort of human wit.

The anecdote has often been told of how Cardinal Wolsey exasperated his sovereign by writing, "EGO ET *meus rex*." The grammatical excuse is insufficient to conceal the essential arrogance of the address. There is almost a parallel case in the history of Cotton Mather, the American Prynne, who certainly believed of himself all that he claimed for himself.† Some heedless person once passed the old parson by without seeming to be conscious of his distinguished presence. "Lord," said Mather, "I pray thee help that man to take a due notice of Christ!"

Watson, the famous bishop of Llandaff, declared that each book he had written was the very best work upon that subject. "When I am dead you will not meet another John Hunter," said the great surgeon. "One God, one Farinelli!" was the brief but emphatic creed of that wonderful musician. Montaigne has been abused for the way in which he continually prates about himself, but that same *grande fadaise* of the garrulous old essayist which so provoked the scorn of Scaliger has won, as it deserved, the loud encomiums of posterity. Montaigne's egotism, however, was of a very genial and wholesome kind, passive and humorous, quaint and contemplative. He was not the man to languish because of obstructions, nor to grow sick for lack of the praise of women and fools.‡ This cannot be said of George Scuderi, the brother of her who wrote the *Grand Cyrus*;

† "I am not unable," he wrote, "with a little study, to write in seven languages: I feast myself with the secrets of all the sciences which the more polite part of mankind ordinarily pretend to. I am entertained with all kinds of histories, ancient and modern. I am no stranger to the curiosities which by all sorts of learning are brought to the curious. These intellectual pleasures are far beyond my sensual ones."

‡ "Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise, Born with whate'er could win it from the wise, Women and fools must like him, or he dies."

for George, although there was a certain grand magnanimity in his vanity, as when he said of himself,

"Il est peu de beaux arts ou je ne suis instruit ;
En prose et en vers mon nom fit quelque bruit ;
Et par plus d'un chemin je parvins à la gloire"—

had yet learned to wince under the caustic satire of Boileau, and could not restrain his military ardor from issuing a wholesale challenge to his critics.

Baron, styled the French Garrick, contended that "the world might once in a century see a Cæsar, but it takes a thousand years to produce a Baron!" But this vanity is perhaps excelled by the self-absorption of Wordsworth, who, when informed that the next Waverley novel was to have Rob Roy for its hero, took down a volume of his verses, read his own famous lines to Rob Roy, and calmly said: "I do not see what more Mr. Scott can have to say upon the subject!"

Benvenuto Cellini, whose egotism had that charming naïveté which is so delightful in the ancients, has filled his autobiography with certificates to his ardor as a lover, his prowess as a man and his excellence as an artist, establishing the fact that he repeatedly received supernatural encouragements, was persecuted by the demons, and glorified by a light from on high that hung resplendent above his shadow.

Buffon, great as he was in fact, was greater still in his own conceit. "There are only five great geniuses in modern times," he claimed—"Newton, Leibnitz, Bacon, Montesquieu and myself." Richardson, the novelist, was perhaps as fond of flattery as any man that ever lived, and as great in his own opinion. He surrounded himself with a circle of female admirers, who were never weary of listening to him nor of chanting his praises; and Johnson said, "his desire of praise was so great that he used to give large veils to Speaker Onslow's servants that they might treat him with respect." Burns, after he had dined with Glencairn, confessed himself to have been wounded to the soul because his lordship showed "so much attention, engrossing attention, to the only

blockhead at table, the whole company consisting of his lordship, Dunderpate and myself."

But the few glaring instances we have given of the feeling of self-importance must not be taken as defining the limits of that feeling in the human breast. For this passion is perhaps as peremptory in the hearts of those who are strong enough or proud enough to conceal its impulses as in those who frankly give it sway. Lord Bacon has said: "There is often as great vanity in withdrawing and retiring men's conceits from the world as in obtruding them." And it was wisely observed by Augustine that there is more vain boasting in men's contempt of vanity than in vanity itself; while Jerome has remarked that all the authors who have written *de contemnenda gloriâ* have been sedulous to put their names to their books. "Excusations, cessions, modesty itself," says Burton, "well governed, are but arts of ostentation." Humility, observes Bruyère, is a supernatural virtue, for it is in the nature of man to think haughtily and proudly of himself, and not to think thus of any other than himself. It is also human nature to make instinctive comparison of one's self with those around us, to decide in every case in favor of our own merits, and to frame our rules of action accordingly. Moreover, as has been well said by Montaigne, it would not be proper for a man, for fear of falling under the sway of vanity, to err upon the other side (if this be possible) and think less of himself than he deserves. He should maintain his rank as well in his own conceit as in the eyes of the world. "If he be Cæsar, let him boldly claim the honors due to the greatest captain in the world." And they who attempt to pursue the contrary course naturally lay themselves open to the charge of disingenuousness. "All censure of a man's self," says Dr. Johnson, "is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood."

Nor is this suspicion of disingenuousness unjust, except in very rare cases. Every man, at some time or other, has felt within himself an overweening sense of the truth of Walt Whitman's aphorism, that "nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is." Mr. Tennyson, who is ordinarily the most modest and the least self-obtrusive of our modern poets, has yet, in that little piece of his called "The Flower," displayed a sense of self-importance as calmly sublime as that which swelled the bosom of Pierre de Corneille. "Once, in a golden hour," he says—

"Once, in a golden hour,
I cast to earth a seed:
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed ;"

and consequently were discontented with it, and "cursed me and my flower." But presently the flower grew so tall "it wore a crown of light"—the new style of poetry he claimed to originate was so excellent it could no longer be gainsaid: so then the plagiarists came, stole the seed, "sowed it far and wide,"

"Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower.'"

What other author can be named so confident of his labor as to claim for himself the entire paternity of a popular school of poetry?

What, then, is this thing called Self-Importance, that rules so universally and so powerfully in the human breast? What is this unresting "desire of the moth for the star," that drives us continually forth, yet will not suffer us to turn our mirror's face to the wall? "It proceeds inwardly from ourselves," says the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "as we are active causes—from an overweening conceit we have of our good parts, our worth (which indeed is no worth), our bounty, favor, grace, valor, strength, wealth, patience, meekness, hospitality, beauty, temperance, gentry, knowledge, wit, science, art, learning—our excellent gifts and fortunes, for which, Narcissus-like, we admire, flatter and applaud ourselves, and think all the world esteems so of us."

It proceeds "inwardly from ourselves:" it is a passion engendered of and within the mind, and its wholesomeness or unwholesomeness is in proportion to the intensity and the morbidness of the introvertive habit by which we become conscious of its existence. As the product of self-communion, it is the adopted child of solitude, and has all the whims, the over-refinements, the acupuncturings, the sensibilities, the jealousies, the quick impulses to love and to hatred that are indigenous to a life in the shadow. The man of genius, to whom these self-wrestlings are inborn, while looking to the crowd for that recognition and applause which come like music to subdue the pangs of the fever that is ever burning within him, has yet no other rapport with that crowd, but pursues his high way alone. He follows his path like a stranger in a strange land, yet ever willing, like poor Gresset, to endure

"Vingt ans d'ennuis pour quelques jours de gloire."

His labor, his art, should be compensation enough for him, but there is a poison in his blood, a fiend pursues him—

"Fallax suavitas, blandus dæmon ;"

and he ends like the peacock, giving all his hours to spreading his feathers instead of building his nest.

Yet we should not be hasty to condemn, even in extreme cases such as this. These men have not spared themselves in their chase after fame. Milton was willing to sacrifice the one eye that remained to him, provided he could refute Salmasius. And there are no perils, no hardships, no misfortunes that the earnest pursuers of glory are not willing to encounter on their dim, perilous way. Obloquy, loneliness, neglect, scorn, poverty, disease, death—what a catalogue out of Pandora's box! What compensation could there be for these, were the vision of the crown of glory shut out from their sight?

The ancients were more charitable in this regard: the savages, the children, the natural people everywhere, themselves indulging this passion with a free

zest, themselves permit it to be indulged without constraint and without reproach. And the right seems to be with them. It is a question of honest frankness against the tawdry, evanescent glitter of artificial society. The savage has slain his enemy—the Greek has written a poem, or carved a statue, or won a chariot-race. Why should not the feat be proclaimed as fervently as the triumph is felt? If we can be our own athletes, why may we not be our own Pindars as well? The child decides against us. He says boastfully, yet with perfect faith: "I am a man. I am pretty. My eyes, my hair, are nice. I am big. I am brave. I am witty." We—we men, grown in the sickly hot-house of artificial society—we *think* the same things of ourselves, but we are not brave enough, we are too much the slaves of routine, to dare to speak our thoughts. So far forth, at least, the Greek, the savage, the child, are our superiors. And hence the singular fact that, while Egotism, the *thing*, is old as Adam and as venerable, Egotism, the *word*, was never a term of reproach until the days of Port Royal and the period of the hyperaesthetic reveries and self-mortifications of Arnauld d'Andilly, of Pascal and Mère Angélique.

True, abstractly taken, there is much to be reprobated in vain-glory. True, as Bacon has said, one's self is "a poor centre to a man's actions." True, "glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites and the slaves of their own vaunts." It is true also that vanity is one of the blindest of follies, and that its cajoleries, while the grossest of any, are at the same time the least suspected. But as long as shadows fall, men will fail to learn how to spring off of those themselves may cast.* We cannot cure the world of its vanities: we shall do a brave work if we can rationalize them.

What right have we, after all, to challenge the consciousness of self-importance that dwells within our neighbor's bosom? A man must know what he

is, what is in himself, far better and far more thoroughly than any one else can know it.

"Nous nous aimons un peu, c'est notre foible à tous ;
Le prix que nous valons qui le sait mieux que nous?"†

I may be mute, I may be inglorious, but who shall say that a Milton is not, after all, struggling for utterance within me? Who shall say how many potential Bonapartes may not be doing guard-duty to-day, contented high privates? How many Washingtons are daily going down to quiet, unmarked graves for lack of occasions to serve their heroic turn? We cannot estimate the man until his deed is published or his word has found utterance; but this does not forestall him from having very exactly measured himself, and necessarily by his own standard. Marivaux said that his soul on many occasions seemed to know more than it could utter. We are, remarked Montaigne, with that subtle self-knowledge which is his greatest quality—we are in some sort double within ourselves: the mirror in which we view our individuality refracts so many images of the object that our points of view are multiplied, and we come to see more of ourselves than we can possibly show abroad, for that which we present to the world is simply *result*: we ourselves are in the laboratory, watch the still, inspect the chemical processes, and recognize how much greater is the residuum than that which is uttered.

The laws themselves of consciousness, the central fact of personal identity, the individualizing tendencies of freedom, bringing into life within each breast the cogent apprehension of self-centring existence—what the Hegelians denominate *Beisichselbstseyn*—must necessarily contribute to foster the sentiment of self-importance.

Whatever else we may know, and in whatsoever degree we may know it, we know the Ego better, and in a more intimate degree and with a more intense consciousness. Whatever else is shadowy, *I* am real; *I* am here; *I* am corporate and individual. *I* am therefore

* "What shall I teach thee the foremost thing?
'Couldst teach me off mine own shadow to spring?'"

† Corneille.

more important to myself than any other person or thing possibly can be. And the apprehension of this rationalized egoism is made more vivid as we look abroad upon the world, for here we see that everything that man has done is but an aggregate result flowing from the combined operations of other individual wills, acting, like our own will, in freedom about their own centres—acting under impulses received from those centres, and for the satisfaction of interests and sentiments thence radiating. Hence, from this point of view, the whole world, so far forth as it is energized, so far forth as it is active, is no more than a projection from the storehouse of egoisms that act like forces in a common plane, in a common direction, but each nevertheless being supplied with its own peculiar, individual, selfish impulsion. In the *composition* of these forces you and I indeed are but as drops in a bucket; but in their *resolution* you and I impinge as determinately and as powerfully upon the economy of matter as any other force of them all. We may not have strength to fan the ether more powerfully than it is fanned by the humming-bird's wing, but the wave that slight touch sends vibrating through space may add a moment to Orion or lift the huge mass of Sirius.

All this is among the resources of my consciousness, but I cannot predicate it of anything external to that consciousness. And so it happens that what concerns that consciousness is just as much more important to me than anything external to it, as the certainty I have with respect to myself transcends the certainty I have with regard to anything else. So it happens that each performance of mine magnifies itself by contrast of its clearness with the obscurity of all things beyond. So it happens that "*Gloria nostra est testimonium conscientiae nostrae.*" Moreover, the self-consciousness is continually intensified by this fact of performance, until the Ego includes more of reality than the deed itself. Hence, the Ego, from being a mere spring to action, becomes

gradually action itself, and the deed seems to lie within the personality of the Ego as the germ lies in the corn, requiring merely evolution, not creative energy. What we do seems the mere expansion of ourselves, and what is done simply an indication of that infinite capacity within us. The limitations to which we are subject, and against which we acknowledge ourselves to be powerless, are limitations of body, not limitations of soul or spirit. Hence we feel ourselves infinite in spite of such limitations, and are able to despise the corporeal hampering that drags at our heels. But while I know myself to be so great, experience teaches me that, as all other men are little in my eyes, so likewise I must seem to be little in the eyes of all other men. This sense of disparity irks, chafes, provokes me, and self-assertion follows as a natural consequence, and with a vehemence in proportion to the vividness of my imagination. So it happens that the more a man feels he has the right to expect from himself, the more exigent he is in demanding observance from the world.

Again, is not the wonderful fact that *I am here at all—a fortiori* that I am here a performer, a doer of noticeable things—is not this transcendent circumstance in itself enough to encourage me toward egotism? What special providences must have combined to make my existence possible! What direful strokes of Fate must have been innumeraably averted from my head ere I could walk erect, a man! Think only of the chances against his safety that Jean Paul's "fighting parson" evolved from the ordinary fortunes of a short day's ride in a stage-coach! Yet here am I, after a journey of infinite unknown perils through the infinite unknown chances of Time and Space—here am I, an infinitesimal molecule in the abounding mass of the universe—coolly and unconcernedly adjusting myself to the things around me, acting and being and developing motives as if I were the eminent lord of it all, instead of its veriest abject slave and cipher! It is wonderful—it is miraculous—it has

no intelligible meaning unless my being here is to serve a purpose old as the *Æons* and broad as the Spaces! No! I am not a slave, nor a cipher. I am a sublime Fact. I have my definite place in the woof that is patterned forth from "the roaring loom of Time." I am as essential to the perfection of the Universal Order as the health of life is essential to me. Consider for a moment the chances that have been against me—the chances that it was necessary for me to neutralize ere I could enter into being. Consider the chances against any man, and compare them with his destinies. Think of mighty Mirabeau, and that, as Carlyle has said, "but for the cast of an insignificant camp-kettle there had been no French Revolution, or a very different one." Consider Cæsar, Napoleon, Alexander: had not they the right to see their "star" and follow it? But wherein were their lives more wonderful than my life is—than your life is—O my brother man? Nay, we are all of us "men of destiny," choicely nurtured that choicely we may work out the designs set apart to our hands and brains from the beginning. "Fear ye not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." Ay, we are the sons of God equally with the angels; and the pride and ambition and vain-glory wherewith we are puffed up and turned awry, what are they but our confessions of faith in our eternal transcendent destinies?

But not even thus shall we exhaust the theme. The deeper we probe into the economies of human nature, the more assured we discover the place to be of self-importance, and the livelier the justification of its free expression. If it be denied to a man to remodel his nose, assuredly the best thing for him is to think well of it as it is. It is only when thus minded that there can be any happiness for Slawkenbergius. If I dwell in Caffraria, it were useless for me to sigh after the Medicean Venus; but I shall be a forlorn wretch indeed unless I am able to find compensatory lines of grace and beauty in the contour

of the Hottentot Venus. And if there be any virtue in sincerity, it is better for me to express than to hide the feeling that is in me. "He who exults in himself is at least in earnest." Naïveté is the trait of innocence, and that which is a merit in the child cannot be criminal in the grown man. Nor, properly viewed, can it be considered a blemish. On the contrary, it is just this sweet and unapproachable naturalness in the ancients which gave to their whole art and literature its charming character of *manliness*—that exquisite trait in which they so far excel us.

There is a certain quality of *justice* in the outspoken claims of self-importance that must not be overlooked. As we have said before, the martyr to his work should not be debarred from wearing the martyr's crown, even though he should have to lift it to his own brows, as Charlemagne lifted the iron crown of Lombardy. He should not be expected to shut himself out from that one single high happiness which rushes to him out of the abundance of his self-opinion. As Milton said in his preface to *Smectymnus*: "It is but justice not to defraud of due esteem the wearisome labors and studious watchings wherein I have spent and tired out almost a whole youth."*

There is a certain stimulus in the idea of fame which is necessary to rouse most persons to performance. To some, indeed, as has been well said by Mrs. Jameson, "Fame is Love disguised." Only through its promises can they hope to enjoy that "noble satisfaction" with which the faithful laborer contemplates his work. To work well we must work with fervor, with ardor, with passion, as one pursues a mistress whose love will recompense pursuit. Gessner has well said that "there is no celebrity for the artist if the love of his own heart does

* "Ceux de qui la fortune a fait passer la vie en quelque eminent degré, ils peuvent par leurs actions publiques tesmoigner quels ils sont: mais ceux qu'elle n'a employez qu'en foule, et de qui personne ne parlera, si ceux mesmes n'en parlent, ils sont excusables, s'ils prennent la hardiesse de parler d'eux mesmes envers ceux qui ont interest de les cognoistre."—MONTAIGNE.

not become a vehement passion; if the hours he employs to cultivate it are not for him the most delicious ones of his life; if study becomes not his true existence and his first happiness."

Nor must we forget, in the final analysis, how profoundly true it is that

"Self-love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting."

Vanity is, after all, only an exaggerated form of self-esteem, and he who esteems at least respects himself. The selfish virtues are not the most popular in the eyes of the world: it is likely, however, that they are among the most serviceable to the world. Shaftesbury has sneeringly remarked that the easy good-nature which we admire in so many persons is apt to be no more than pure selfishness. Still, it is something to be good-natured. It is an admirably wholesome thing for society to possess good-natured people in its ranks, no matter what has made them so. "Certainly," says old Burton, "vain-glory helpeth to perpetuate a man's memory; and virtue was never so beholden to human nature as it received its due at second hand." And if the vanity of men had done nothing more than preserve for us the examples of great men, we should be beholden to it for more service than we can possibly derive injury from it.

But there can be no question of the positive utility of the sentiment of self-importance to the well-being of human society. "This puffing humor it is that hath produced so many great tomes, built such famous monuments, strong castles and mausolean tombs, to have their acts eternized—*'Digito monstrari, et dici hic est;'* to be pointed at, etc.; to see their names inscribed, as Phryne on the walls of Greece, *'Phryne fecit:'* this causeth so many bloody battles, *'Et noctes cogit vigilare serenas.'*"* This, however, is a one-sided and narrow view. Emulation is the nurse of genius as well as the spur. It was the fame of Miltiades that taught Themistocles to become famous. The walls of the Piræus, the fortifications of the Acropolis, yet stand to testify to the tremen-

dous promptings of vanity in one man's bosom. Do not let us forget that Napoleon did something else besides march into Russia and gild the dome of the Invalides. Do not let us forget that Richelieu produced something besides a bad tragedy. Do not let us forget that Cicero wrote and spoke other words besides his "O fortunatam natam." How sublimely earnest this sense of self-importance makes the worker! We see Haydn solemnly at prayer before beginning the *Creation*. We see De Thou earnestly beseeching God, each time he commenced a new chapter, to breathe into his labors the spirit of impartiality and justice. Less consequential men would not have had the courage to assume that the Deity had a personal interest in the result of their labors; but less consequential men would never have labored so faithfully and so well. Ah! if we could only all of us be vain enough to dedicate our performances to God, and feel a consciousness of His immediate interest in our work, what laborers we should become, what tasks accomplish!

Rob men of this exalted self-opinion—take from them the creative delight which flows in like a river along the broad, proud channel of self-consciousness—and you deprive them at once of all inspiration—you "crush the germ of their excellence." In the aggregate, men will be found willing to do nothing unless their own satisfaction be involved in the issue. And this it is which gives to vanity its energizing power, its operative activity in the human mind; for no hope of compensation is so flattering as that hope which springs up of recognition, of appreciation, of substantial honors and rewards from the lap of fame. Thus, as Lacon has it, "Self-love, in a well-regulated heart, becomes as it were the steward of the household." Stoicism, after all, so far forth as it is not affected in the interests of vanity, is what Bruyère has called it—a *jeu d'esprit*, a solecism. Man is a centre to himself, and all things external are constrained to arrange themselves with reference to that

* Burton's *Anatomy*.

centre. They who claim to repudiate self must defend themselves against the suspicion of disingenuousness. They who hide their lights should be watched by the police. It is contrary to nature to do so. "My great stimulus in writing," said Shelley, "is to have the approbation of those who feel kindly toward me." Every honest worker promises himself something similar, anticipates the reward in his consciousness, and by that "dear delight" is stimulated to prouder effort.* There is no proper merit that does not involve the consciousness of it in our own hearts. The stoic or cleric who would attempt to say that we should eviscerate ourselves of this consciousness while striving to retain the merit is not skilled in the philosophy of human nature. He might as successfully enjoin us to preserve our appetites while deprived of our stomachs. For, as Addison has remarked, this natural passion of man for glory "seems to be a spring implanted by Nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest force in the most generous dispositions." The younger Pliny very ingenuously shows how completely he was swayed by this principle. "I must confess," says he, "that nothing employs my thoughts more than the desire I have of perpetuating my name, which,

* This is quaintly insisted upon by Charles Lamb in his *Elia*: "That a man must not laugh at his own jest is surely the severest exaction ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature. This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it—to sit esurient at his table, and commend the flavor of his own venison upon the absurd strength of never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag taste his own joke to his party."

in my opinion, is a design worthy of a man, at least of such a one, who, being conscious of no guile, is not afraid of being remembered by posterity."

And the man of genius has no proper existence except in the opinion of the world. To win that is his aim: when won, it must necessarily be a dear treasure to him. The love of praise is part of his nature: the desire for praise is quite as functional to him as the desire for food. And this desire, this love, these gratifications, breed within his breast the most admirable and generous virtues. The well-being of the world, as Madame de Stael has said, is naturally the favorite concern of him who has won the world's applause. We cannot too highly polish the jewels that ornament our own coronet. And when we think worthily and generously of ourselves, we naturally come to entertain worthy and generous thoughts about other things. We cannot be proud of our own virtues without being proud of those virtues also by which we feel ourselves akin to the race. Nor can we, on the other hand, think meanly of ourselves without coming likewise to act meanly. It was not without philosophic warrant that Iago, in assigning a function to her "that was ever fair and never proud," could find for her no higher office than

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

If the thought do not soar, neither will the deed. If our hopes are not aspirant, our performances must be groveling. If we do not deem ourselves to be heirs to Eternity, assuredly we shall not triumph over Time.

EDWARD SPENCER.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. HARPER SPEAKS HIS MIND.

"Indignant scorn confest I feel, to see
That sovereign sin, that hag Hypocrisy,
So dupe the witless world and simple thee."

ONE evening, three days before Ellen's death, Barbara had come to Mr. Harper, alarmed: "There's a man been prowling around the house, evenings, a'most ever since that poor girl came here, Mr. Harper. I don't like his looks nor his ways. Just afore I closed the shutters to-night there was his face at the window."

"Of Ellen's room?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know, Barbara, that I've never locked an outside door, nor fastened down a window, in the fifteen years I've been here; and what harm has come of it?"

"I know, sir. But then the pitcher may go to the well ninety-nine times, and get broken at last."

"Is he about still?"

"In the front yard he was, sir, a minute ago."

"Bring me my hat and cane."

Under a shady kolreuteria,* with its masses of bright brown seed-vessels sheen in the silver moonlight, leaning with his back against the front gate, and looking, it seemed, intently at the house, Mr. Harper found a man in working jacket of fustian, with a slouched hat. As he approached him, the other took off his hat, saying: "I ask your pardon, Mr. Harper, but I wanted to know how Miss Ellen is to-night."

Harper could not remember where he had seen the speaker before, but the

* One of the handsomest and most meritorious of ornamental shade trees, growing to the height of thirty or forty feet, introduced into England from China a century ago, and less in use among us than it deserves. In summer its long blossoms cover it like a yellow cloud. Then succeeds a profusion of large seed-vessels—at first red, then yellow, and lastly of a rich brown. It blooms at three or four years old. The villagers, because they had a habit of planting it at their front gates, usually called it the *gate tree*.

tone was civil, and he replied: "I am sorry to say she is no better—worse indeed: I'm afraid we shall lose her."

The moonlight fell distinctly on a handsome face, with something of a dissolute look over it. The face darkened—with anger, Harper thought, as much as sorrow—and the fellow muttered what sounded very like a curse. But if it was a curse, he restrained himself instantly, and said with emotion, for his voice trembled: "I worked for her father, and they always treated me well. There never was a better girl." Then, abruptly, "Do you believe in hell?"

Harper looked at him in astonishment; and the man, as if he felt there needed apology, added, "I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Harper. I didn't mean to ask an uncivil question of a good man like you, that took poor Miss Ellen in and cared for her. But they say you've no end of learnin', and I thought you'd be likely to know whether there is hell-fire or not."

He spoke like a man in earnest, and he had touched on Mr. Harper's vulnerable point. The latter replied: "It is an important question. I'm very sorry all of us cannot read the Word of God in the Hebrew and Greek. The translators were men, and some of them indifferent scholars. In our Authorized Version the Hebrew word *sheol* is usually translated 'hell'; but the Hebrews really meant by it a vast pit, a common grave underground—nothing more. The Jews seemed to have thought that our rewards and punishments were on earth, not hereafter."

"But you don't think that's so, Mr. Harper, do you?"

"No: I only tell you what the Jews believed. In the New Testament *hades* means the state of the dead in general—a sort of intermediate existence: we do wrong to translate it 'hell.' There is another Greek word, *gehenna*, that was

used in Christ's day, and sometimes by Christ himself, to typify a place or state of punishment. Yet it was, in fact, the name of a deep valley or gorge near Jerusalem, into which the dead bodies of criminals and the carcasses of animals were cast."

"Then you don't believe there's a lake of fire that bad men are thrown into when they die?"

"In God's Word, correctly translated, I find nothing to prove that."

"I'm sorry for it: there are some of us that need hell-fire. But you think bad men will be punished in the next world, don't you, Mr. Harper?"

"Undoubtedly: the Bible declares that they will, and nothing can be more certain; yet in regard to the actual condition of the dead, either before or after the resurrection, the Scriptures teach us very little. But why are you sorry there is no proof that there is a hell of burning flames?"

The man—it was our old acquaintance, Cassidy—hesitated: "I won't tell you a lie. I was thinking of John Mowbray. There ought to be just such a place for him."

"You mustn't talk so. God alone sees what ought to be. But what do you know about John Mowbray?"

"That he's an infernal scoundrel. I oughtn't to talk so before you, Mr. Harper, and I didn't intend to. But I'll tell you what I do know about him: The evening before he left, when I was out in the country a mile beyond the Widow Hartland's, I passed a house where a young man lives that Mowbray was intimate with. The window was open, and the two were laughin' and talkin'. I thought one of them used Miss Ellen's name, and I couldn't help stoppin' a moment. I'm not over-particular, Mr. Harper, but when I heard that boastful liar speaking of a virtuous young lady that he had been engaged to as if she was—well, as no man that's a gentleman, or a gentleman's son, has a right to talk—if I had had him just then by the throat, may-happen he'd have found out, by this, whether you're right about a burnin' hell or not."

"That would have been murder."

"I know that's an ugly word; and I suppose it would be hard to get such a thing out of a man's head afterward: maybe it's best when a fellow misses his chance and can't do all he's a mind to. But I wonder what God takes care of a blackguard like that for, and sends him cartloads of money, as if he were the pick of the earth?"

Before Harper could reply to a difficulty that millions have tried in vain to solve, Cassidy had swung the gate violently open: then, recollecting himself, he closed it gently, again took off his hat to Mr. Harper, and strode down the sidewalk toward the village, as if the avenger of blood were behind him.

"A strange man!" thought Harper—"not altogether evil." Then his thoughts reverted to Mowbray. The good man didn't like to feel as he felt just then toward him.

Ellen's funeral was numerously attended. The body was laid, as she had earnestly requested, beside her father's. The services were simple, and affected many to tears: there were two mourners who seemed unable to restrain themselves—Hiram Goddard, good, kind-hearted young fellow, and Willie, who had been a special favorite of Ellen's. He felt, poor little stray! as if he had lost a second mother.

Ellen, who had no near relatives, had not, in her last days, forgotten these two who now so bitterly wept her loss. In the will which, at Harper's instance, she had executed, she left all the mill property, burdened only with a few small legacies, to Hiram Goddard, on condition that he should adopt the little orphan and care for him, in all respects, as though he were his own son. Religiously, as if it had been a behest from Heaven, did Goddard carry out the last wishes of the girl he had so hopelessly loved.

During the day of the funeral, and for several days thereafter, all Chiskauga was busy talking about Ellen and Mowbray. While some spoke kindly of the unfortunate and forsaken orphan, much was said that was uncharitable and un-

just; and of this a good deal came to Barbara's ears. She repeated it to Mr. Harper, and he was greatly moved thereby.

The funeral was on a Monday, and in the course of the week it became generally bruited about that on the next Sunday Mr. Harper would preach Ellen Tyler's funeral sermon. That was not strictly true, yet the spirit had moved him, and he did resolve to speak on a topic which had been strongly brought to his mind by Ellen's fate and the village comments thereon.

Harper's church, built in the simplest Early English Gothic, of warm gray freestone, had a quaint old air about it, not common in Western villages. When the hour came, curiosity had attracted an overflowing audience. Seats, aisles were all filled—every foot of standing-room occupied.

The preacher took a brief survey of the difference in spirit between the Christian system of ethics and the morality of all preceding creeds. He reviewed the gradual advance from stern severity and the retaliating code to a rule under which mercy tempers justice, and love is the fulfilling of the law. And he proceeded to show that the master-principles of that gentle religion which was promulgated in Judea at a period so remote that fifty generations have since risen and perished, are still far in advance not of the practice only, but of the laws and the avowed sentiment, of the present age. Then he went on as follows:

"We are, to this day, in many of our common feelings, far more heathen or Jewish than Christian. Draco's thought was of avenging justice; Judaism spoke of the offending dignity of the law; Christianity tells us of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, greater than over ninety-and-nine just persons. Little of that virtuous indignation against evil-doers, so easily put on, do we hear from the lips of Jesus; and when he did express it, it was chiefly directed against the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, who devoured widows' houses, and then, standing up in the same temple as a

humble, repentant brother, were wont to say: 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, or even as this Publican.'

"What a world will this be, dear friends, when we shall judge not, lest we in turn be judged; when we shall estimate at its actual wickedness that besetting tempter of the social circle, scarcely second in mischief to the demon of intemperance; hydra of many names: now, as mere tittle-tattle, indulged in to enliven the inanity of some dull tea-table; now, as street-corner scandal, raked forth to relish the twaddle of loafing idleness; and anon reaching the grade of serpent-tongued slander, deliberately employed to blast and to destroy.

"Against calumny, in its avowed shape, both law and public opinion are arrayed, but as to the petty species of backbiting, no whit less heinous, the sinners against charity and truth are often found in Society's most respected circles. 'They meant no harm; they were only talking: it was but a jest.' Ay! miserable jest, paltry small-talk to the idle tale-bearers; but bitter earnest, often deadly defamation, to the down-trodden victim! How many of earth's best and purest have been hunted to death by ribald tongues!

"There is another consideration worthy of remark in connection with this meanest among human vices. The cruel are cowardly, and the defamer is no exception to the rule. In dealing with one class of offences especially he is wont to pass by arrogant trespass, while he breaks the bruised reed and crushes the weary soul, already brought nigh to perishing."

He paused. The tall, spare form was drawn up to its full height, the mild eyes lit up, and he "spoke as one having authority."

"There is a terrible wrong daily perpetrated in society; often veiled under a garb of light; usually sustained by public opinion, vaunting itself as the argus-eyed; seldom exposed, because it needs courage to expose it, yet not the less a wrong, cruel, flagrant, das-

tardly, iniquitous in principle, demoralizing in result.

"The iniquity consists in this. There are two culprits arraigned before the bar of Public Opinion—their offence mutual, their culpability unequal; still more unequal their power to endure the world's condemnation. The one, by nature the stronger and harder, in most cases the tempter and the hypocrite, oftentimes the forsworn: the other, of a sex sensitively alive to public reproach, usually more sinned against than sinning; too often deceived by a loyal, unsuspecting nature; sometimes betrayed by a warm and a lonely heart.

"And now, how deals the world as between these two offenders? In what measure do we apportion to each respectively the anathemas of our resentment? If the stronger animal, in the face of deceit detected or perjury laid bare, brave it out, do we indignantly spurn from our presence the shameless transgressor? And if the deceived one, rudely awakened from a feverish dream, return, contrite and in misery, to the home whence she strayed, does Society, rejoicing over her repentance, receive her with glad jubilee, saying: 'This, my daughter, was dead and is alive again: she was lost and is found?'

"Must I give the answer? A true-hearted poet, Bryan Procter, shall give it for me, in some of the noblest lines the present century has produced. Two pictures he places before us:

WITHOUT.

The winds are bitter, the skies are wild,
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain:
Without, in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth aloud her grief, her pain.
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But Hunger, her fiend, with his bony hand,
Grasps her throat, whispering huskily,
'What dost thou in a Christian land?'

WITHIN.

The skies are wild and the blast is cold,
Yet riot and luxury brawl within:
Slaves are waiting, in silver and gold,
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass, to its beaded brim:
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing,
'Happiness!' 'Honor!' and all for him!

WITHOUT.

She who is slain in the winter weather,
Ah! she once had a village fame—

Listened to love on the moonlit heather;
Had gentleness, vanity, maiden shame.
Now her allies are the tempest howling;
Prodigals' curses, self-disdain;
Poverty, misery. Well, no matter:
There is an end unto every pain.

The harlot's fame is her doom to-day,
Disdain, despair: by to-morrow's light
The rugged boards and the pauper's pall:
And so she'll be given to dusky night.
Without a tear or a human sigh
She's gone, poor life and its fever o'er!
So let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry, as heretofore.

WITHIN.

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down—
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town.
Liar, betrayer, false as cruel;
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers they scorn, high dames they shun him?—
Unbar yon palace and gaze within!
There—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded—
There upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Waiting him rise from the rosy wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
Men of high honor salute him 'friend!'
Skies! oh where are your cleansing waters?
World! oh where do thy wonders end?

"Is this justice? Is it morality? Is it Christianity?"

The congregation sat in breathless silence. Harper himself felt as Moses may have done on Mount Horeb when he was bidden to put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stood was holy ground. His voice had a touching solemnity as he continued:

"Once, in the olden time and on a memorable occasion, a question of somewhat similar import was asked.

"It was in the temple at Jerusalem. She whose recent offence, proved beyond denial, was doubtless then the common talk of the day—she was there, in the midst. And there also were the notables of the nation, who walked in long robes and loved greetings in the markets; to whom were assigned the highest seats in synagogues and the chief rooms at feasts; representatives of the rank and respectability of the Jewish metropolis; the Scribes, men of learning, doctors in the law; the Pharisees, exclusives of their day, conformists in every outward observance, devotees to every formal ceremonial. They were all there to tempt Him of

whom their officers (sent to take Him, but returning overawed) had declared: 'Never man spake like this man.' They set out their case, and they asked Him: 'What sayest Thou?'

'They were there to tempt Him. He had preached to them the novel doctrine of mercy, unknown to Jewish law. He had inculcated forgiveness of a brother's sin, even to seventy times seven. He had spoken to them the parable of the lost sheep, of the missing piece of silver, and, more forcible yet, of the prodigal son. And they were there tempting Him to deny, in practice, the great lessons He had taught in theory.

"Cunningly was the case selected and the question put. They knew well that the transgression of her who stood before them, shrinking from every eye, was punishable, by a code unchanged through fifteen hundred years, with a terrible death—by stoning; nay, that its very suspicion entailed social excommunication. Would He adhere to His integrity against venerable law—against public opinion? Shrewdly had they calculated the dilemma and the risk.

"For a time, Jesus, as if He heard them not, withheld His reply; and His questioners, now secure of victory—one can imagine their triumphant tones—asked Him again: 'What sayest Thou?'

"They spoke to One who knew, in all its mysteries, the human heart; and from its inmost recesses He summoned an ally against legal cruelty and social wrong. They who tempted Him looked, perhaps, for evasion: they may have expected to extort a condemnation of the trembling culprit. But that glance, those soul-searching words, are not addressed to her. The lightning falls upon them—'HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM FIRST CAST A STONE AT HER.'

"The discomfiture is complete. Conscience-routed, these goodly exemplars of learning and virtue slink away, one by one, even to the last. The woman and her Christian Judge are left together, alone.

"How changed, now, the voice that carried dismay to the self-righteous heart! 'Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?' 'No man, Lord.' 'Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more.'"

Again the speaker paused. When he resumed, there was, in the simple dignity of his manner, a touch of generous indignation which awed his congregation the more because, in the good man's teaching, it was so rare. They felt that he was speaking under the sense of a holy mission:

"Ye who lay on others' shoulders burdens grievous to be borne, and take measure of your own purity according to the fiery zeal with which you crusade against frailty in your neighbors—ye who, for a pretence, make long prayers and pay frequent tithes, yet neglect the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy—Scribes and Pharisees of our modern day, stand forth and answer! Have you ever read that story? Has its holy lesson ever come home to your hearts? Never! never! Else had you read therein the rebuke of your own barbarity—the conviction of your own heathenism. Inflexible judges you may be, unflinching censors—CHRISTIANS you are not! Christ spake comfort where you persecute: Christ rescued where you destroy.

"Say, if you can, why judgment should not be pronounced against you. Is the voice of immaculate virtue so clamorous that it *will* be heard? Do you feel that you are subjects of an especial mission—champions, yourselves free from all stain, and called upon by Heaven itself to vindicate the cause of offended purity? Then show the chivalry of champions—the bravery of virtue. Let not your coward blows fall ostentatiously on the weak, incapable of defence. Assault the strong: strike at him who, in return, can defy and resent. Make war not on unresisting repentance, but on brazen-browed guilt: on the liar who deceived—on the perjurer, repaying trust with treachery, who first swears fidelity and protection, and then, recreant to his oath, apostate

to his manhood, flings aside his victim to misery and to scorn.

"You will not? Then learn to know yourselves. Claiming to be guardians of virtue, you are but aiders and abettors of vice. Through you, tolerators of perfidy! the villain, whose betters sleep in the penitentiary, walks the world undenounced, scot-free. You acquit *him* without a trial, and to his victim, condemned in advance, *all* trial is refused. I do not plead for the impenitent: repentance must come before forgiveness; but this I say: by your example the returning wanderer—even if her heart be chastened and purified by life's cruelest lesson, even though she pray, with tears, to re-enter wisdom's pleasant paths, sinning no more—is thrust back, unpitied—is shut out, unheard. In soul and spirit, despite her errors, she may be faithful-hearted as any of her sex—one who might yet be restored, a grace and a blessing to society. Yet, without quest or discrimination, you deny her entrance at every door save that of the abandoned: she is driven forth to perdition. In league with her destroyer, it is you who hunt her down, until at last—oh, the unspeakable secrets of that prison-house!—there is left to the lost one but the fearful choice between infamy and starvation!"

As he ended a feeling seemed to cross the speaker that he had been carried away by the impulse of the moment beyond the bounds of charity. For he added quietly, in his usual gentle tone:

"If in denouncing the self-righteous Phariseism of the day I have been betrayed into unseemly warmth, let me stand excused. I assume to judge the offence, not the offenders. The men, like the murderers of Jesus, should be forgiven, 'for they know not what they do.'"

When the congregation, dismissed, were returning to their homes, most of them conversed in low and hesitating tones, as men are wont to do when they have been listening, impressed by some startling doctrine which they lack alike argument to confute and courage to accept and to act upon.

Ultimately, however, truth prevailed. Ellen's offence was of rare occurrence among these simple people, and public opinion on the subject had not crystallized as rigidly as in older communities. Harper's stirring appeal to that still, small voice so often overborne by prejudice had great effect: the sad fate of the culprit, too, induced gentle judgment: so that, except by Mrs. Wolfgang, Cranstoun and their incorrigible set, the girl was seldom mentioned in Chiskauga thenceforth, except kindly and charitably, as "poor Ellen!"

One of Mr. Harper's congregation went home heartsick—heartsick! Yet in the end the sickness was unto healing, not unto death. Celia had clung to her love for Mowbray so long as that love could frame excuse for his shortcomings. But eyes and heart were both opened, at last, to the enormity of his offence. She saw, as if clouds had been lifted from the future and the truth let in, that, as Sydenham had expressed it, her way had been barred in mercy. The blow that threatened to deprive her of fortune and reputable name had saved her from marriage with an unprincipled traitor. She was, indeed, very heartlonely: his image, all unworthy as he was, haunted her still; but she had weathered the breakers on which a life's happiness might have been wrecked.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN LONDON AND CHISKAUGA.

"Blind people that have eyes."

ISAIAH xliii. 8.

MR. WILLIAMS, intimately acquainted with our minister to England, had furnished his nephew with a letter of introduction; and the minister, who happened to have met Sir Charles Conynghame in society, gave Creighton a note to that gentleman, endorsing the bearer's character and standing. The house whither the Directory led the young lawyer was in a narrow street of plain, small dwellings, situated, however, in a fashionable neighborhood.

The furniture of the parlor into which, after giving a servant his card and the minister's letter, Creighton was ushered, had once been handsome, but was now a good deal the worse for wear.

The hour was early for London, but the master of the house, attired in a rich dressing-gown, soon made his appearance. His manner was coldly polite.

"You are a lawyer from America, I believe, sir?"

"Yes."

"May I ask what procures me the honor of this visit?"

"More than eight years since a ward of yours, Miss Mary Ellinor Ethelridge Talbot, suddenly disappeared from your house. She is now living in a village in one of our Western States—the State of Ohio—and she has employed me professionally to confer with you in regard to her property in your hands."

"A very unlikely story, sir."

"True, Sir Charles; but you are no doubt familiar with the French proverb: 'Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable'—Things that seem to us unlikely are sometimes the exact truth."

"You expect me to believe that Miss Talbot, after withholding from me, for eight or nine years, all knowledge of her existence, has suddenly turned up in the wilds of America?"

"Precisely, except that you are slightly in error on a point of geography. The wilds of America are about a thousand miles west of Chiskauga, where Miss Talbot resides."

"I can imagine but one motive for such conduct, and that might invalidate your client's testimony."

"What motive?"

"A disreputable life."

"Out again, Sir Charles. With this very handsome little dagger"—handing him one with a smile—"on the afternoon of the seventeenth of May, 1848, Miss Talbot effectually defended her honor against a very disreputable and very constant guest of yours, Captain Halloran of the Guards. You will observe that the Halloran crest is on the blade."

"Pardon me, Mr.—" referring to the

letter in his hand—"Mr. Creighton; but Yankee ingenuity has never been disputed. The dirk is very nicely gotten up, including the gilt H on the sheath—quite a capital piece of workmanship. But I think an English court of law would hardly believe that a young lady who had voluntarily eloped with an officer would defend herself, the same afternoon, against him, using his own dagger."

"We are losing time, Sir Charles, fencing with blunt foils. It would no doubt be tedious to you to go over with me these documents," taking a package from his pocket: "perhaps you will kindly refer me to your lawyers?"

"Messrs. Ashhurst & Morris, Old Jewry."

"I shall have the honor of proving, to the satisfaction of these gentlemen, that Miss Talbot, deceived by shameful artifice and promise of immediate marriage, was conducted to a house of equivocal character—was introduced, by Captain Halloran, to the mistress of that house as to his aunt; that, after the exhibition of what purported to be a special license, an attempt was made to perform the ceremony, the individual who personated the clergyman being the captain's valet; that one of the habitués of your house, Sir George Percival, was present—"

"Ah!"

"I think the two young gentlemen afterward had a duel in consequence of what passed. We shall prove that Miss Talbot refused to let the ceremony proceed, appealing to Sir George; that, in consequence of his remonstrance, Captain Halloran promised to comply with Miss Talbot's demand to be driven home, instead of which he conveyed her to his own private apartments; that when he attempted insult the young lady, snatching from his parlor mantelpiece the dagger which I had the honor of showing you—"

"For which you have Miss Talbot's testimony."

"I beg your pardon—the deposition of an honest, brisk young Irish fellow, Halloran's groom."

"The captain admitted his groom as witness of such an interview? *Credat Judæus!*"

"I do not ask you to believe that: the captain supposed the interview to be without witness. But I need not proceed with details into the truth of which your lawyers will inquire. Miss Talbot escaped on the evening of her abduction, supported herself for months by needlework, and was rescued from poverty and approaching blindness by an old Quaker gentleman, my uncle. He procured her a passage to America, where she remained for some time as governess in my aunt's family. She is now the principal of a successful seminary for young ladies in the same village in which I myself live, and is engaged to be married to a most respectable young gentleman in good circumstances."

Sir Charles, as his visitor proceeded calmly with these details, had gradually become very grave. Creighton's easy, assured manner alarmed him.

"I can say nothing in regard to your extraordinary story, Mr. Creighton, until my lawyers report to me."

"Of course not, Sir Charles. I wish you good-morning."

The senior partner of the law-firm proved to be an honest and judicious man. Creighton liked him, and disclosed to him frankly the extent of his powers. Ellinor had authorized him to compound the matter with her guardian on any terms he (Creighton) saw fit to accept.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Ashhurst," he said, "that Miss Talbot is extremely unwilling to institute legal proceedings against Sir Charles. Lady Conynghame was the dearest friend of her youth—a second mother to her. She prefers to take a portion only of what is due to her, if necessary to avoid litigation."

"You honor me by such plain dealing, Mr. Creighton, and you shall have no cause to repent it. I have begged Sir Charles, again and again, to transfer his law business to some other firm—it is very unpleasant to act for so reck-

less a spendthrift—but his father was very kind to me in early life, and the son clings to me still. If he has, as I fear, squandered Miss Talbot's property, his conduct is unpardonable. But his affairs are in terrible disorder; and he has great difficulty in extracting from the ruins of an excellent property a decent support. Leave these papers with me; and if, as I see no reason to doubt, your case is satisfactorily made out, I will tell you, on my honor, what I think Sir Charles *can* do, and whether he is willing to do it."

Creighton left with him Sir George Percival's address (in London, as good luck would have it); Terence's deposition; his own affidavit, detailing the attempt to commit suicide; that of the woman with whom Ellinor had boarded as seamstress; that of Mr. Williams and of his sister; and finally Mr. Williams' letter recommending Miss Ethelridge to Mr. Sydenham.

A week afterward, Mr. Ashhurst said to him, on returning the documents: "You have worked up your case most creditably, Mr. Creighton. It is clear as noonday. Ah! I mustn't forget to return you the dirk—*spolia opima*—that brave young lady's property by right of war. By the way, I sought out the maker, Rodgers, and he showed me, on his books for 1846, the order Halloran gave for that very dagger, the Halloran crest to be enameled on the blade."

"What will Sir Charles do?"

"Withdraw at once the suit against Miss Pembroke; and as to your client, I'm really ashamed to tell you—"

"I'm sure you've done your best, Mr. Ashhurst."

"Indeed I have; and that best is that Sir Charles proposes to pay you, against a receipt in full, three thousand pounds—little more than one-fourth of what he legally owes Miss Talbot; but to raise it he will have to resort to the Jews and submit to ruinously usurious terms."

"Three thousand pounds only?"

"I believe, on my soul, it is the best he can do."

"Your word suffices, Mr. Ashhurst. I accept on behalf of my client."

"The money shall be paid to you within three days."

Creighton was greatly pleased. Formerly he had liked London as a residence, but just at present he pined for home.

Meanwhile, Celia and Ellinor continued their school. The latter, notwithstanding her infirmity, could give lessons, as usual, in English literature, in history, mathematics, French and other branches—even in botany and mineralogy. She continued—what had always been her habit—to take the senior class out once a week into the forest. She could still distinguish most of the wild flowers by their odor; and when at a loss she caused one or other of her pupils minutely to describe the specimen, which her accurate knowledge of botany almost always enabled her to classify. It was her wont also, when they reached some eminence commanding an extensive prospect, to require of each in succession a word-painting of some portion of the landscape, or perhaps of a gorgeous sunset, or of some picturesque effect of light and shade from fitting clouds.

Two excellent results were thus obtained: the girls acquired a habit of exact observation, and a facility in describing what they observed. The practice awoke artistic taste and a love of natural beauty; and as the pupils perceived the pleasure it gave their teacher, their affection for her added zest to the exercise; so that it became at last one of their favorite amusements.

After a time, too, Ellinor, greatly to her surprise, found that, in some strange manner for which she could never account, new powers came to herself. She could walk unattended throughout the streets of the village, without risk of injury or danger of losing her way. When some months had passed there was developed a faculty even more wonderful than this.

It happened, one afternoon, that a letter arrived from Creighton, stating the result of his negotiations with Sir Charles Conyngname. Ethan, who had

been out all day, attending to some surveying for Mr. Sydenham, was returning about five o'clock on horseback. As he rode slowly down the main street of the village, he observed Ellinor on the sidewalk at a little distance. She was approaching a ladder that had been carelessly left standing against one of the houses. Ethan instinctively checked his horse, and was about to call out to her in warning, but, as she came within three or four feet of the ladder, she turned out so quietly and naturally to avoid it that he was half tempted to believe she had recovered her sight. Nor was that all. There were two horsemen a little in advance of him. She suffered them to pass, and then deliberately crossed to where her lover, still fixed in astonishment, had remained. Coming up close to his bridle-rein, she laid a hand on his horse's neck and said: "Have you heard the news, dear Ethan? A letter from Mr. Creighton: he will be at home in a few days."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, startled out of all self-possession, "is it possible that you see, Ellie darling?"

"No: I shall never see again; but God is very good to me. Without sight, I can feel my way to you."*

Ellinor was on her way to fulfill an engagement to tea at Mrs. Hartland's. In the evening they all walked down to the lake to visit Mrs. Creighton and ascertain whether she too had a letter from her son.

The genial old lady was in high spirits, with a long letter on the table before her. Ellinor expressed her entire satisfaction with the settlement that had been made, and asked if Creighton's letter to his mother contained any further news.

* Ellinor's case is not an isolated one. A friend of the author, a physician in good practice in Philadelphia, has had two blind patients with similar powers. Driving in his coupé one day in a crowded street of the city, he saw one of these, an elderly man, after avoiding an obstacle on the pavement, step down into the street and come up to the side of his carriage to ask a question. When the doctor inquired how he knew it was he, and how he could thus find his way, he could give no explanation except that it "came to him." This man had what have been called mediumistic powers, but he had never exercised them professionally.

"Yes, an article that may interest Celia: he met, in London, her old friend Miss Ballantyne, now Mrs. Stanhope, on her bridal tour."

Elizabeth Ballantyne, a connexion of Mr. Hartland, and formerly a resident of Chiskauga, had left the village two years before on a visit to Columbus, and they had recently heard of her marriage to a gentleman of wealth and position, some twenty-five or thirty years her senior.

"I should so much like to know how Lizzie and her husband get on," said Celia to Mrs. Creighton.

"Quite as well as could be expected, Eliot says, considering the disparity between twenty-three years and fifty."

"That *considering* must be a terrible drawback, I think," Ethan said. "I have no faith in such matches. I'm sorry for Lizzie."

"Yet she may have married for love," rejoined Mrs. Creighton. "I saw a newspaper paragraph the other day—whether true or not, of course one can't tell—about General Changarnier. I think it was while he was commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, under the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. He had been invited (so the story ran) to a large dinner-party, at which the subject of marriage between young girls and old men—so common in France—came up. The general, himself a bachelor of some fifty-five winters, took strong ground against the custom, saying he thought it a scandalous thing for a man advanced in life to seek in marriage an inexperienced creature of less than half his years, just entering the world. A young lady, wealthy and well connected, recently come out, and who had been observed to listen with eager eyes and changing color, suddenly complained of illness and was compelled to leave the dinner-table."

"She might," broke in Ethan, "have been enamored of his rank or of his African renown."

"Perhaps. Yet that was a remarkable mode of showing such a species of affection. And she might have really loved him—if not exactly for himself, at

least, like Desdemona, 'for the dangers he had passed.' At all events, the circumstance excited remarks which came to the general's ears. Explanations followed which opened his eyes—or his heart. The young lady, who had fainted after she left the room, revived, and is now Mrs. General Changarnier."

"I haven't a bit of faith," said Ethan, "in a man marrying for pity, or because a young lady's secret has leaked out."

"Yet that will happen, sometimes; and then the vanity of fifty-five is very apt to be flattered by the love of twenty-one."

"A vanity-prompted match is worst of all."

"That's true enough, Mr. Hartland. All I meant to say, as possibly applying to Celia's friend, is, that young ladies are wayward, and will sometimes fancy old men."

Mrs. Hartland did not intend to look at Celia, and very surely Celia did not intend to blush. Yet both things happened; and though Mrs. Creighton was too well bred to betray that she noticed it, she certainly did.

There was a somewhat awkward pause. To make matters worse, just at that moment Sydenham entered, and Celia, to her utter discomfiture, felt her blush deepen. She could have pommelled herself from sheer mortification at being so silly, and at feeling embarrassed, as she did, in replying to Sydenham's greeting. Mrs. Hartland evidently shared her embarrassment, and Mrs. Creighton looked so grave that Sydenham said, involuntarily, "No bad news, I hope, from your son?"

The question seemed to recall her from some uneasy train of thought. "Only good news," she said, smiling. "He has arranged the business of these young ladies, and I trust we shall see him in a few days."

This led to a business talk in connection with the compromise Creighton had effected, and with which Sydenham was much pleased. As no further allusion was made by any one to the Stanhopes or to General Changarnier, the rest of the evening passed off tranquilly. Syd-

enham accompanied the Hartland party home.

A week later, one chilly autumn evening, Mrs. Creighton's little parlor looked cheerful by the bright firelight. Two hours before, her son had arrived, bringing with him, on a visit from Philadelphia, his sister Harriet Clifford, a young widow without children; but she was up stairs, unpacking her trunk.

Eliot had wheeled a sofa toward the fire, and was seated beside his mother, his arm round her waist.

He passed a hand caressingly over the soft, smooth bands of the gray-streaked hair: "I wonder if you'll ever seem old to me, mother? It won't do for you to be a grandmother till you get one or two respectable wrinkles."

"If I thought that was the only obstacle, I'd try to be grave and thoughtful, so as to qualify myself."

"But you think there may be other obstacles?"

"Perhaps. Harry, poor child! thinks there never was such a man as her husband—unless, maybe, her brother; and her brother—"

"You don't think his chances of marrying are good, either?"

The mother hesitated: "I wonder if anybody's son, twenty-six years of age, ever chose his old mother for confidante before?"

"Can't say. Everybody is not as wise as your son, mother dear, nor as lucky. They might not get the exact truth in return for their confidence—as I shall." He tried to say it lightly, but the mother detected his deep emotion. How willingly she would have suffered it all for him! But each must bear his own burden; and then, after all, what did she really know?

"I feel sure she is not engaged, and, for aught I can tell, there may be no chance that she will be; but you are right about getting the exact truth from me." And she told him the Changarnier episode.

Of the elements that make up the passion of jealousy there was, in Creighton's nature, but one—if indeed it be one—its sorrow. Terribly grieved and dis-

appointed he was. He felt, as thousands have felt in ages past, as thousands in ages to come will feel, that there was no more cheering sunshine for him in this life—that his path henceforth was in the cold gray twilight. Then it came over him that he *couldn't* give her up. Shakespeare, interpreter of every human emotion, had truly interpreted his:

"For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation."

He did not doubt his fate: bold and self-reliant in worldly affairs, he was diffident, as true love is till one blessed word is spoken. But not for that was his esteem, his friendship for Sydenham one jot the less. "She could not have made a worthier choice," he said to his mother, sadly, not bitterly.

"I'm not sure that she has—"

Harriet, who came in at the moment, overheard the words: "Done what, mother? Gone and engaged herself? In trouble, poor brother?" going up to him and kissing him. Then, to her mother: "Would she have done for a daughter-in-law?"

Eliot could hardly help smiling, despite his heavy heart. His looks expressed his surprise.

"Eliot dear," she went on, "if any one has a sister that he cares for, and that he considers a good judge of her sex, and if he wishes to keep her in the dark, he shouldn't talk to her a dozen times in the course of a three-days' journey about one particular young lady that he hopes she will like. But you haven't answered my question, mother."

"Eliot and I seldom disagree in matters of taste. Whether she will do for a sister-in-law I can't tell. Have you made up your mind that anything mortal is worthy of that brother of yours? I hope you've kept up your music lately: before Eliot marries you ought to have St. Cecilia's power. You know

"She drew an angel down."

"But if the angels are all of one sex, mother, that wouldn't help matters."

"I don't believe they are."

"Neither does brother, I know. *Is she angelic?*"

"No," replied her mother. "She's a good, lovable mortal, very pretty, too,

'Not too fair and good
For human nature's daily food.'

I used to think her somewhat weak of purpose, and a little sentimental in her ways, but when she believed her money to be lost, and since, she has shown character and force."

"She has a noble spirit," Eliot put in: "any man might be proud of such a wife."

"I think St. Celia will do," said Harriet. "May I hear how it stands, brother?"

"Tell her, mother." And Harriet heard all about the telltale blush and the French general.

"You did very well," she said to her brother, "to admit me as a confidante. I'm little more than a girl yet"—with a sigh—"and girls get to learn each other's secrets. Don't imagine I have the least intention of prying into your lady-love's. But I want to tell you what happened to me a few weeks ago. I have a very dear friend, some eighteen years old, who has just such a trick of blushing as your Celia has."

"My Celia!"

"Never mind: it was a slip of the tongue; and who knows but it may all

come right some day? Lucy—that's the young girl's name—asked me one day if I could give her any idea how she might cure herself of a weakness so annoying. 'I can't tell you,' she said to me, 'how often these foolish cheeks of mine give false notions of my feelings: people will put silly things in girls' heads, and then if I blush when something recalls the idle nonsense, it's set down to a serious fancy or a hidden passion, when nothing is farther from my thoughts.' Now, Eliot, may not Lucy's case be this young lady's also?"

Creighton began to think that possibly it might. "Would you mind, mother," he said, "if I left you for half an hour or so? I hate to do it this first night, but I suppose I ought to report progress, just in a few words, to these young ladies."

"Of course you ought. Take an hour or more: Harry and I have hardly had a chance for chat yet. And, Eliot, I think you had better go first to Mrs. Hartland's. Ellinor is very often there in the evenings."

Ellinor was there, and Sydenham was not; yet it was an hour and a half before Creighton returned home. And though he lay awake that night for two hours, thinking over his reception, he could not make up his mind whether he ought to hope or despair.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

THE Paris Convention of 1867 proposed to adopt a multiple of the franc of France as the common unit of value for an international coinage. A suggestion has recently been made to modify that proposition by a slight increase in

*The substance of this paper was read before the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Philadelphia, November 17, 1869, in response to a resolution of the Society inviting the attention of the writer to this subject.

J. R. S.

the intrinsic value of the franc, so as to make five francs more nearly of the value of the dollar of the United States. As this suggestion does not change the general character of the original proposition, but only the details, I will present my views as to the plan first proposed; and that is, in substance, the adoption of a multiple of the franc—namely, five francs—as the common unit of value for

an international coinage. More precisely stated, it is proposed to coin a gold piece of twenty-five francs, which is to be equal to five dollars, the half-eagle, in the United States, and equal to one pound sterling, the sovereign, in England.

The value of the coins of France, and the nations in unison with that country, of England and the United States, expressed in Federal money, is as follows:

France, twenty-five francs . .	\$4.82.28
England, pound (sovereign). .	4.86.34
United States, half-eagle . . .	5.00

The values of the foreign coins are herein given according to the legal contents, or amount of fine gold, in the coins of the United States. There is a charge of the one-half of one per cent. for coinage at the mint of the United States, which reduces to that extent the mint value of foreign coins; but as it is proposed that the new issues shall pass current in the different countries, the charge for recoinage ought not to enter into the comparison. The above is therefore a correct comparison of the amount and value of the fine gold contained in the coins of the nations above stated, as now established.

It will thus be seen that the proposed international coins would reduce the amount of gold contained in the coins of the United States, and consequently their intrinsic value. The new coins, instead of being of the intrinsic value of \$5, would be of the value of \$4.82.228, causing a reduction below the present value in each dollar of 3.542 cents, thus reducing the dollar to 96.437 cents; in other words, a little more than 3½ per cent.

Since the passage of the Act of Congress of February 21, 1853, and the coinage of silver as therein directed, by which the half dollar and the lower denominations are reduced in weight 28½ grains per dollar below the standard previously established, gold is practically the only money of the United States. Silver coins are only subsidiary to gold, and are in fact demonetized; being merely "change" and to-

kens, and as such are made a legal tender for the small sum of five dollars.

In speaking of gold as the only money of the United States, I must not be misunderstood in regard to the paper currency established by law, which is also declared to be "lawful money of the United States." But that authorization is only a temporary expedient, and its issues are not connected with international coinage or with foreign exchange. I may say here, however, that the expedient referred to was required in order that the government might obtain the means to maintain the Union of the States and to subdue an organized rebellion against its authority.

To meet the necessities of our country by the use of a substitute for money was a measure within the easy range of the most ordinary mind, but to remove such a currency when no longer necessary, and to fill the void with coin or notes immediately redeemable in coin when the storm has passed away, come within the peculiar province of the enlightened statesman.

There is, it appears, a difference in opinion between the chief officer of the Treasury Department and Congress as to the best policy to be pursued in reference to the restoration of the constitutional currency; but whatever may be the measures of our government, the tendency of the public mind under the influences of our unbounded resources will always be favorable to a specie currency; and in a few years whatever amount of the present paper currency remains outstanding will be equal to *gold*.

And just here I may say that the question which is sometimes mooted as to the *medium* in which the obligations of the government of the United States hereafter falling due will be paid is of no practical importance. They will be paid in money of the United States; and by the time they fall due the money of the United States will be in fact what it is now in theory—namely, gold. No one who properly values the honor and credit of our country, ought to object to or complain of this. The obligations

of the government ought to be paid not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the bond.

And this brings me to the consideration of the effect of reducing the gold dollar upon existing obligations, both public and private. It is, in my judgment, unwise and inexpedient to complicate this subject by introducing a new element of embarrassment, even admitting that the measure in question, in the abstract, is practicable and judicious. We have already had in the Federal and State courts many difficult questions to solve, arising from the paper currency as compared with gold, and also as compared with silver dollars and coin generally. If we now abandon the gold dollar by reducing its value, we will open a new element of discord and perplexity. Moreover, if it even could be done legally, is it just to pay a debt of one hundred dollars by compelling the creditor to receive ninety-six dollars and forty-five cents, or to receive any sum less than that which is stipulated to be paid? These questions, and others of similar character, can only, in my judgment, be answered in the negative.

Let us now briefly consider what is proposed to be gained by the measure under discussion. I have stated some of the objections which may be presented against the particular project recommended by the Paris Convention. But I think it can be shown that any international coinage is devoid of practical usefulness, at least to the extent claimed for it by its advocates. One insuperable difficulty at the very threshold will occur to any one who has some knowledge of mint operations: that is, How are the standard weight and fineness of the coins to be maintained? It is a well-known fact in coinage that the exact standards, even where there is a strict legal supervision and annual assays or trials of the pyx, are not strictly maintained. How much more difficult, and even impossible, will this be when the coinage is executed in different and independent sovereignties!

There is an allowed variance as to

the standard weight and fineness in all countries: some allow more, some less. There is also a marked difference in maintaining the exact legal standard. This is partly due to the metallurgical difficulty in obtaining an exact conformity, but it is also due to the greater or less skill and carefulness with which the operations of the mints are conducted. In the United States there is an allowance of two thousandths, which may be either above or below the standards fixed by law—namely, nine hundred thousandths of pure gold in every one thousand parts. The operations in the United States Mint will compare favorably with those of the mint of any other nation. I remember but one instance in which the legal allowance was exceeded, and that was at the Branch Mint in New Orleans, about twenty years ago. The coinage is well maintained within the limitations allowed by law. But mints which are foreign to each other will vary as to their adherence to any standard. Dealers in bullion and exchange will soon notice this variance, and that consequently there is some difference in the amount of fine gold in the coins. In that event they would not be at par with each other, but would be at a discount or premium, as the case might be. This would result from the smallest variance, because, in large sums of money, bankers and dealers in bullion and exchange would notice the increase or diminution in value where many pieces are united in one transaction. Moreover, to maintain at par the coinage of distant and independent nations would require an equal demand for gold at all points, which is impossible.

In the adherence to standards there is more exactitude in the mint of the United States than in those of France. In the mint report for 1867 it is said that recent assays of gold pieces from the mints of Paris and Strasbourg show a fineness varying from .898.5 to .899.8, and averaging .899.2. This has generally been the result for many years, and is not what should be expected. The average ought to be .900, as re-

quired by law. This is important in its bearing upon the question under consideration, for if there is to be an interchange of coins, the respective countries must keep good faith in regard to the fineness of their coins, otherwise the matter will soon come to an end.*

It is a curious fact that the actual coins of the United States do not form the basis of our foreign exchange. The value of the dollar in such transactions is founded upon a fiction and a gross error. It may be interesting, as well as useful to our present discussion, to state how this has arisen.

The pound, though of various values, was originally the unit in the money of account in all the American colonies, and in the States until the dollar was adopted by a resolution of Congress in 1785. It was originally the English pound sterling, but as the several colonies very soon resorted to a paper currency, its value was diminished, bearing a relation to the amount of paper currency issued. This currency was greater in some of the colonies than in others. The largest amount was issued in New York and North Carolina; a less amount was issued in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland; still less in New England and Virginia; and the smallest amount in South Carolina and Georgia. Under the influence of these paper issues the value of the pound of the several colonies, and afterward of the States, was, as compared with the specie dollar, as follows: In New York and North Carolina, 8 shillings were rated at \$1; then, as 96 pence were equal to the dollar, so 240 pence were equal to \$2.50; and this was the current value of the pound in these States. In Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, 7 shillings and 6 pence were rated to the dollar; and by the same proportion the pound of those States was valued at \$2.66.66+. In the New England States and Virginia, 6 shillings were rated to the dollar: the value of the pound of these States was therefore \$3.33.33+. In South Carolina and Georgia, 4 shil-

lings and 8 pence were rated to the dollar: the value of the pound of these States was consequently \$4.28.57.

The above statement is thus briefly presented:

New York and North Carolina	8s.	= \$1...£1 = \$2.50
Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland	7s. 6d.	= \$1...£1 = 2.66⅔
New England and Virginia	6s.	= \$1...£1 = 3.33⅓
South Carolina and Georgia	4s. 8d.	= \$1...£1 = 4.28½ +

These were the valuations of the local paper currencies.†

The Spanish-American dollar was not only the standard by which the local currencies were valued, but was a well-known coin, and generally used for home transactions, which required specie. The British government did not favor the circulation of foreign coins in its colonies. As early as the time of Queen Anne, in order not only to discourage this circulation, but also to promote the coinage of the British mint, the Spanish-American dollar was undervalued. By the statute of 6 Anne, chapter 30, this coin was valued at four shillings six pence to the dollar. From thenceforward this became the accredited value of the dollar. And the value of the pound sterling was thus deduced: as 4 shillings 6 pence, or 54 pence, are equal to \$1, so £1, or 240 pence, is equal to \$4.44.44+, or four dollars and four-ninths of a dollar.

But the Spanish-American dollar as adopted by the Act of Congress of April 2, 1792, establishing the Mint, was of greater value than this. It was of the weight of 416 grains—371½ of fine silver. It rated a little less than 4 shillings 2 pence, or about 49½ pence, to the dollar. The actual value of the coinage, as

† The United States Commissioner, Mr. Ruggles, has a short way of stating the value of the colonial pound. He says: "The twenty silver shillings which the colonies coined, being reduced in weight, were not equal in value to the pound sterling of the parent country!" The pound of the colonies was simply a money of account: there was no such coin. Massachusetts, it is true, issued the "Pine Tree Coinage," composed of shillings, sixpences and threepences, at an abatement of about one-sixth of the value of the English pieces; and Maryland followed the example: these were the only issues of silver coins previous to 1776.

* Mint Report, p. 14.

compared with the pound sterling, was nearly \$4.84; and at that sum it was valued, and continues to be valued, in foreign exchange. The difference between the ideal dollar and the dollar established by the Act of 1792 may be stated to be about nine per cent.; and this difference is now allowed in buying and selling foreign exchange.

Mr. Hamilton, in a report to Congress made in 1791, says: "The pound, though of various value, is the unit of the money of account of all the States. But it is not equally easy to pronounce what is to be considered as the unit in the coins, there being no formal regulation on the point. The resolutions of Congress of 1785 and 1786 having never yet been carried into operation, it can only be inferred from usage or practice. The manner of adjusting foreign exchanges would seem to indicate the dollar as best entitled to that character. In these the old piaster of Spain, or old Seville piece of eight reals, of the value of four shillings six pence sterling, is evidently contemplated. The computed par between Great Britain and Pennsylvania will serve as an example. According to that, one hundred pounds sterling is equal to one hundred and sixty-six pounds and two-thirds of a pound Pennsylvania currency; which corresponds with the proportion between four shillings six pence sterling and seven shillings and six pence, the current value of the dollar in that State by invariable usage." This statement is not very clear as to the mode of ascertaining the proportionate value of the two currencies referred to, but it shows that before the actual coinage under the Act of 1792 the exchanges were adjusted according to the value of the dollar adopted by that Act.

It will thus be seen that the par of exchange is not only a fiction, but a gross error. And it is also shown how little the actual coinage of our country has to do with paper exchanges, and how inoperative the supposed advantages to arise from a change in the coinage would be, so far as relates to foreign exchange.

I cannot but regard it as a grave error in our delegate to the Paris Convention in not presenting the superior advantages of the dollar as a common unit of value. The dollar is the coin of America, North and South; it is well known to a large portion of the world; and being a proper and judicious medium between the pound sterling, which is too large, and the franc, which is too small, it furnishes the most convenient and suitable unit for coinage as well as for money of account. It is sufficiently large to be represented in a gold coin which is a favorite of the people where it circulates; and its hundredth is small enough to represent the least prices at which it is desired or desirable to sell articles by retail. In accounts it indicates the sum of ordinary transactions without the multiplicity of figures which a smaller unit, such as the franc, involves; while it is unnecessary to use a notation extending beyond the hundredth, as would be required where the unit is of large value, as is the case with the pound sterling.

The United States was first in point of time to adopt a decimal system of money and account. This was done by a resolution of Congress in 1785, by which it was enacted that "the money unit of the United States shall be one dollar, and the several pieces of coin shall be in a decimal ratio." A few years later, France adopted her decimal system, and extended it to weights and measures as well as to coins and money of account. We might with advantage follow her example as to weights and measures; although I am not so clear whether the people who speak the English language, which comprises more than any other in Europe and America, ought not to set up a system which would be expressed in well-known English words. But as to our money unit, the dollar and its multiples, I think we should most rigidly adhere to it; and in time it will become the money unit of Christendom, if not of the world, and thus justify the propriety of the name given to it by our Washington Irving—"The Almighty Dollar."

It appears, from the report of Mr. Ruggles, that one of the British commissioners suggested "that the gold dollar of the United States should be made equal to one-fifth of the sovereign." This suggestion afforded an opportunity to present to the commission the superior advantages of the dollar as the common unit, and to show how readily the coinage of Great Britain might be made to conform to it. But the opportunity was not taken: on the contrary, the delegate from the United States answered "that both the British sovereign and the half-eagle of the United States should be reduced to the value of twenty-five francs." The report adds: "The difference of opinion on this point between the delegates from Great Britain and those of the United States and other nations led the congress to adjourn without deciding the question." Without the co-operation of England no unification of coins can be of any practical utility to the United States; and it is to be regretted that our delegate seemed to be so much in favor of the French system that the suggestion of the English commissioner was answered by him in such a way as to cut off any further discussion of any system which did not conform thereto. It seems to have been taken for granted by all the delegates, except those from Great Britain, that the coins of France were to be taken as the standard; whereas our commissioner, even if he did not present the superior claims of our dollar, according to its intrinsic value as now established, ought to have advanced the principle that all the nations interested were called upon to make some concessions if even a nominal unification of coins was to be obtained.

A single standard (namely, gold) was adopted by Great Britain in 1816, and by the United States in 1853. The demonetization of silver in these countries was produced by diminishing the proportional *weight* of the silver coins. In England, the depreciation of silver below gold at the prices which ruled when the standards were adjusted, was about

eleven per cent. In the United States, the depreciation as compared with gold was about seven per cent. France practically followed these examples in 1865, when her silver coinage below the five-franc piece was reduced about the same as the United States. She, however, reduced the *fineness* of these coins from .900 to .835—a most unwise measure. Great Britain and the United States maintained the standard fineness of their coins, and only reduced the weight. These reductions in the silver coins, besides leading to the maintenance of a single standard—namely, gold—were rendered necessary in view of the large production of gold and the consequent appreciation of silver. In the United States, for example, silver coins previous to 1853 were issued at the rate of \$1.16½ per ounce of standard fineness, but silver came to be valued in the markets of the world at about \$1.21 per ounce; consequently the coins were more valuable as bullion than as a circulating medium. Notwithstanding these well-known facts, our delegate in his report announces it to be a great *concession* by the nations represented in the conference that a single standard should be adopted!

It is also said by Mr. Ruggles, in advocating a reduction of the gold coins of the United States, that "no practical inconvenience was experienced from the Act of Congress of 1834, which reduced the weight of the gold dollar more than five per cent." A few words of explanation will show that the Act referred to has no analogy to the reduction as at present proposed. When the Mint law of 1792 was passed, both gold and silver were, *pari passu*, adopted for the money of the United States, and the ratio of fifteen to one was assumed; that is to say, gold was estimated as being worth fifteen times as much as silver. But this proportion was found to be inaccurate. Although it was to some extent fluctuating, yet upon a general average it was ascertained to be nearer sixteen to one. The effect of this error of proportionate value was

to reduce the coinage of gold and restrain its circulation. Being always at a premium, the coins were exported to Europe in the course of trade or used in the arts at home, being more valuable as bullion than as coin. Silver thus became practically the specie currency of the United States.

The Act of 1834—commonly known as Colonel Benton's bill—was passed to correct the error of 1792. By it the proportion of sixteen to one was established. This was an increase of about six per cent. on the former mint value of gold. The effect of the law was favorable to the gold coinage. It was feared at the time, as stated by Messrs. Eckfeldt and Dubois in their *Manual of Coins and Bullion*, "that the habitual state of the market of precious metals would not justify so high a valuation. It is a remarkable fact, however, that our gold and silver coins have ever since that day passed concurrently, without premium either way." This was in 1842: ten years afterward the proportionate value of the two metals was disturbed by the enormous production of gold from California and Australia, which increased the value of silver, and induced the reduction authorized by the Act of March 3, 1853. This Act was beneficial in its character in two respects: 1. It gave us a single standard of value—gold. 2. It provided for a silver currency subordinate to gold. The silver dollar, although not embraced in the Act cited, has ceased to have any circulation: it is only useful for cabinets of curiosities. These facts and views show that there is no parallel between the Act of 1834 and the proposed reduction of the gold dollar, now the established standard of value in the United States.

The recommendation of the Paris Convention finds little favor in Great Britain. A recent report from the commission on international coinage takes ground against the adoption of a gold coin of the value of twenty-five francs as a substitute for the sovereign, and it is recommended that the whole subject, now under discussion in Europe and Amer-

ica, should receive further consideration in a general monetary conference.

We all know how tenaciously Great Britain adheres to her pound sterling. A few years ago the writer had a correspondence with Lord Monteagle, formerly Chancellor of the British Exchequer, on the subject of a decimal coinage, in which he suggested that if the decimalization of the British coinage were effected by adopting, in place of the pound sterling, a new unit of value of one hundred of the present divisions of the pound—say, one hundred farthings, halfpence or pence—all prices and coins under the present system would be exactly measured in the new unit and its parts, which would also be very nearly commensurate with the dollar of the United States. A unit of one hundred halfpence, for example, which might be called a dollar, would be equal to \$1.01.3 of the United States; an approximation to our unit so close that the moneys of the two countries under such a system might be deemed substantially identical. And he also suggested that "the system of British money would be greatly improved if the occasion of its decimalization were availed of to make a change from a binary to a decimal notation in the fineness of their coins. In such case the fineness adopted by the United States and France—namely, .900 fine—would seem to present superior advantages." These suggestions were made the subject of queries afterward presented by Lord Overstone, of the same commission, and were carefully considered, but not favorably received, in view of the fact that the English people did not then, and perhaps do not now, favor any divergence from the pound sterling. They will be slow to adopt any system which will impinge upon that which they have so long used, and to which they are devotedly attached. Nevertheless, the advantages of the decimal system of money and account are fully appreciated in that country; and the time may soon come when the British government and people may be willing to make some concessions in order to

obtain it. And when that time comes, they cannot fail to perceive that the American system of money is superior to the French, not only in the size and value of the unit, and in the more ready expression of the weight of the coins, but because the multiples of the dollar approximate more nearly to the pound sterling than the multiples of the franc. Moreover, they will then be in unison with a kindred people, speaking the same language and deriving their principles of liberty and civil government chiefly from the same common origin.

It is a singular fact, noticed in the United States Mint report for 1868, that the *weight* of the coins in France, although founded upon a decimal system of value, cannot be expressed in decimals. "Her normal coin, the twenty-franc piece, is precisely $6\frac{1}{8}$ grams; a most impracticable and unscientific figure. Nor would the twenty-five-franc piece, the counterpart of the proposed half-eagle and pound sterling, make any better show. It is not fit to be measured either by grams or grains." And yet this is the coin the United States and Great Britain are invited to adopt!

In view of the awkward figures required to express the twenty-five-franc piece, it has quite recently been proposed to slightly increase the weight of the piece to the standard of eighty-one decigrams, or eight grams and one-tenth, which corresponds with one hundred and twenty-five grains. This would, of course, by increasing its value, bring it a little nearer to the half-eagle and pound sterling. But even if this did remove the objection to a standard based upon the franc and its multiples—which in fact it does not—we do not know that France would agree to this change. Her proposition is to take her standards, and to require the other nations interested to conform to them. Moreover, we have no reason to believe that this modification of the original proposition would be satisfactory to Great Britain. It would require an alteration in the weight of the sovereign, and a change in its fineness from eleven-twelfths—say,

916 $\frac{1}{2}$ thousandths—the present standard, to 900 thousandths, the standard of France and the United States. In fact, this new suggestion rather strengthens the position taken by Great Britain, that the nations interested are not prepared to adopt the system proposed, and that a general monetary conference, in which the whole subject may be considered, is desirable, and may lead to some practical and useful results.

I may here repeat the general remark heretofore made, that without the co-operation of Great Britain any project for a unification of the currency will be useless and inoperative; and to accomplish it all the nations interested in it may be required to make some concessions.

Whether these concessions will be made by the three great nations now considering this subject remains to be seen. There is one practical measure, however, of some importance, which can readily be attained—namely, the adoption by Great Britain of the standard fineness now maintained by the United States, France, Italy and Belgium. The value, by *weight*, of the coins of these nations would then be the same if each country maintained with proper exactitude the prescribed standard of fineness; and to accomplish this some general regulation might be adopted, like the annual assay at the mint of the United States, or the trial of the pyx in London.

It is some indication that Great Britain may be willing to concede this much, and perhaps more, in view of the suggestion made by her commissioners on international coinage that the subject ought to receive further consideration in a general monetary conference.

I have not herein specially noticed the measure introduced in Congress by Judge Kelley from the Committee on International Coinage, although my remarks on the other propositions will to some extent apply to it. It contemplates an international coinage on the metrical basis of a unit of weight; and for that purpose it adopts the French gram. This is a suggestion of great

merit. To accomplish it, however, Great Britain must reduce the *fineness* of her coins, and all the nations interested must alter, more or less, the *weight* of their coins. An advocate of this plan, Mr. Eugene Northumb—whose interesting paper from the *Prussian Annals* has quite recently been published—frankly states that "a perfect identity of coinage among all nations is impossible, as the only end that can be reached is, that all should bring their coinage into simple relations with the unit of weight—the gram." But are the nations prepared to adopt this unit of weight? The movement to adopt the French metrical system does not find much favor in Great Britain or in the United States. A well-informed writer in a recent article* says: "The people at large in England and America take no part or interest in the question. Our men of science are divided upon it; and some of them who have paid special attention to the subject (represented, we may say by Sir John Herschel in England, and Professor Joseph Henry in the United States), however they may favor the ultimate adoption of a universal standard, offer serious objections to this one in particular." The same writer presents cogent reasons for preferring grains, ounces and pounds to the French system, and shows how readily those weights could be put into a decimal relation to each other, without altering the weight of the pound.

Without the concurrence of the other nations it would certainly be inexpedient for the United States to put her coinage in unison with the German standard, as is proposed—namely, to strike a coin of the weight of $33\frac{1}{3}$ grams (expressed by a long-extended decimal), to be denominated \$20, to be equal to three union crowns (gold) of Germany. No practical result would be gained by this system further than that which is herein suggested—namely, that if the coins are of equal fineness, then equal weights will be of equal value, without reference to the denomination of the

pieces. For example, if nations would make their coins of like fineness, and adopt, say, the ounce troy with its multiples and decimals, as is done in keeping accounts at the mint of the United States, they would have a common standard of comparison; but without a *common unit of value and account*, this uniformity in fineness, or even a unification of coins, will be but of little value.

I think I have herein shown that the dollar of the United States possesses peculiar claims to be adopted by all nations as the most suitable money unit and money of account.

The proposition of unification based upon the French gram and German standard is certainly worthy of consideration from a monetary conference; but in advance of its being approved by the other nations interested, it seems inexpedient for our country to adopt it.

The foregoing considerations lead to the following conclusions: 1. The advantages of an international coinage are overstated by its advocates. 2. There are practical difficulties in establishing and maintaining a unification of coins of different nations. 3. The propositions heretofore made are liable to serious and manifold objections. 4. The value of the gold dollar ought not to be reduced, nor any system adopted which would impinge upon it as the American unit of coin and money of account. 5. All nations should be invited to adopt the dollar as the most suitable money unit. 6. It is desirable that there should be a uniformity in the fineness of the gold coins of the different nations. 7. Great Britain ought to adopt the standard of the United States, France, Italy and Belgium in this respect—namely, in the gold coins in 1000 parts by weight 900 shall be of pure gold, and thus make equal weights of equal value. 8. A single standard—namely, gold—ought to be adopted by the nations. 9. A general monetary conference, as suggested by the British commissioners, is desirable, and may lead to useful and practical results.

JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN.

* W. E. DUBOIS, Esq., *Bankers' Mag.* for September, 1869.

MUSINGS ON AN OLD MANSION.

I NEVER witness the destruction of an old mansion but my mind is filled with melancholy. As each brick is forced and torn reluctantly from its bed of crystallized mortar—only the more firmly bonded by the lapse of centuries—it seems to resist and defy the ravishing hands of ruthless workmen.

On such occasions my thoughts go back to the far-off Past. I dwell on the many thrilling scenes the old house has witnessed, as one by one they stand out in bold relief before me. I sketch, in imagination, him who toiled and earned, and built and first dwelt here. After years of patient labor, with the well-garnered fruits of frugal industry, he proudly rears his home. The foundations are well planted: each stone is firmly set, and every beam and roof-tree securely fixed in its appointed place. With thoughtful care he has fashioned every convenience and arranged every tasteful adornment. At length a cheerful fire is kindled on the hearthstone, and the board is thenceforth daily spread for a fresh welcome to every returning guest.

Years roll on. Years of unbroken social happiness and sweet domestic bliss are witnessed in this old mansion. Then griefs come mingled with his joys. The first-born sickens. At first it is of but little thought, but soon waste and disease, beyond all healing art, admonish of the bitter end. He lingers for a while, balanced between earth and heaven, and then the last adieu is said. They lay him in his lonely grave, plant ivy on the grassy mound and water it with tears. The softened tone, the tender look, the joyless footfall in all this house, now too well speak its inward woe.

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." From far-off realms a new life wings its way to heal the broken-hearted and cheer this lonely home. The plaintive cry, the laughing prattle, the merry dance

resound again within these walls, and all again is chastened happiness.

As time flows on, Fortune's ever-fickle wheel moves slowly—then stops; anon moves backward. Now welcome friends come less frequently: the board is spread sparingly. Many a rent in roof and casement is unheeded and unrepaired. Still, the little household world, a unit in itself, laughs at Fortune's frowns and glides on smoothly.

Now a wayward son, fresh in Life's hopes and promise, launches his frail bark far out on the troubled waters of swift destruction. These old roof-trees have often heard a father's warning voice, a mother's piteous prayers; but, unheeding, he lies in an untimely grave, amid unhallowed memories.

Then the poor stricken, broken-hearted mother, with Love's deep yearnings stronger than life-ties, longing, flees away to the spirit of her erring child, to thread with him the hidden, pathless mysteries up to the portals of an unknown Future. The friend of the widow and the fatherless has passed away, and now this old threshold is wet with many a heartfelt, gushing teardrop from rich and poor and high and low, all mingled freely together as they bear her forth, ministering reverently at Love's last sad sacrifice.

God help the old man left! This last fell stroke has blanched his hair and furrowed deep his cheek. Bowed, he treads these old halls feebly now, as dreary and alone he hurries onward to that other, better home.

Life, ever hopeful, again is kindly freshened. Amid the joy and mirth echoed back from these old walls his only daughter stands a happy bride. The old man, slow and trembling, joins hand to hand, and then with tottering step sits down to weep. He gives another freely what to him is more than life, and who may check unbidden tears in all that happy company?

A little while—perchance a few years longer—and the old house is again hushed and dark and still. "Pillow my head high, that I may once more see yon setting sun fringe with a golden hue the azure sky." While he looks with gaze piercing beyond the sunlight, the old man's eyes are glazed in death. They carry his weary body down those winding stairs his hand had planned so well, for he too at last is peacefully at rest. A few fit words, well spoken, sum up his life, and then "dust to dust" until the resurrection morn.

Amid these hallowed walls, around this once bright hearthstone, and under this old shattered roof, another and another generation has repeated itself in all Life's joys and saddening mysteries. Still the thricetold tale is ever new. Rudely-broken day-dreams, crushing

disappointments, corroding cares—all these kindly mingled with the fitting, dancing sunlight from age to age—fill to the brim Life's equal measure, and each and all drink to the dregs its wonted bitterness.

Now the builder, his household and his children's children have all long since passed away. Time, decay, neglect have all conspired together and done their work for the old house. The busy marts of Trade trench closely on its grass-grown courtyards, and with all its treasured histories the old mansion has fallen into sacrilegious hands. Well mayest thou cling, brick to brick and stone to stone, resisting sternly, inch by inch, the sundering of the Past; for when thou art gone, alas! none will be left in all the world to tell over thine ancient memories! C. MEREDITH.

GOING AN ERRAND: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"STOP the man, George! Oh please stop him!"

"Why, Fanny, what is the matter?" said I, rather at a loss to comprehend this sudden appeal.

"My bracelet, my emerald bracelet!—it is gone! We must go right back for it."

"Stop a moment, Fanny," I said, "and think where you left it, and I will leave you at Mrs. Merdle's, and take the carriage to get the bracelet, if you don't mind waiting in the dressing-room."

"But I do mind," said my *fiancée*. "I mind very much indeed—waiting all that horrid time, just as if I were a wall-flower! No I don't! I will go in with Agatha Clark, or Susie Bellows and Fred; and then you can come when you will, only don't stop at the club to smoke, but be as quick as you possibly can."

This conversation passed as we were

rolling through the streets of Boston on our way to Mrs. Merdle's Christmas-Eve party. I, George, was one of the party—she, Fanny, whom I, George, proposed to take to be my wedded wife, was the other. I am—or rather was—a young M. D., not precisely dependent on my profession; and she, as the mention of the emerald bracelet ought to imply, was not precisely poor. But for my engagement I should have been "at the front" with not a few others of our Harvard boys. I ought to have been there, and would have gone, but Fanny's papa was "conservative" in politics, and intimated a suspension, if not a canceling, of the engagement must thence follow. I would have gone anywhere with her promise, but I did not like to go without it: that is the plain truth. However, the old gentleman was "coming round," as most old gentlemen in Boston did, and I, meanwhile, was comforting my conscience by going to all

the parties with Fanny, with the usual lovers' privileges of the period. So much by way of introduction.

We, meantime, are at Mrs. Merdle's front door. Fanny remembers "just where she left her bracelet—on the toilet-cushion. I had only to ask Amy Jane for it, and be right back." And so we part at the dressing-room door (first-story front), while in a little gust of affection, as the night is cold, she twists round my neck her own little Roman scarf, which she absurdly supposes is sufficient against all bronchial perils. "Don't forget to bring it back to me," were her last words. She little thought—However, I won't anticipate.

I fancied John Goings answered rather sulkily as I told him to drive me back to No. — Mt. Vernon street—that Miss Fanny had left something, and I had to return for it; but I was so full of that last little touching attention that I did not heed it. I doubt if I gave him any direction when I jumped out of the carriage and rushed into the house: at least, I never remember that I did. Amy Jane came down into the hall at my summons, and went up to seek the missing jewelry. She stayed and stayed—I waited and waited. I stepped into the front parlor, where the gas was turned low, and picked up the *Evening Transcript*, and came out into the hall again. I had read it every line while waiting for Fanny. I tried cross-readings; then the real-estate column, looking for an imaginary bower of bliss wherein to spend my earlier wedded days with Fanny; then I—well, I got impatient. Amy Jane came down for fresh instructions: "Was Miss Fanny sure where she had put it?" I have since thought that Amy Jane had views of her own respecting the evening's wearing of that particular gaud. But again I won't anticipate.

I sent her back peremptorily, and at last she appeared with it. She had found it, it seems, but not where Fanny said—of course not; but all this time she had been looking for the case. I take credit to myself that I said nothing which might be considered unbecoming

to a gentleman—we doctors learn to command ourselves—but I *thought* several things. However, I caught at the case and darted out of the door into the cold frosty night, thinking of my lost waltzes with Fanny, and also of her careless habits, quite in a marital frame of mind. I jumped into the carriage, pulled down the shade, and threw myself back while I began to frame a lecture for Fan's benefit. Somehow, it did not compose as satisfactorily as I could wish: I kept breaking down as I approached the harsh tone, and the more I broke down, the more I softened. Fanny was a bit of a Dora Copperfield: that is, as near as a Boston girl *could* approach that type, which is not so very near, after all.

So I went on thinking and gliding away, till I fancied we were a precious while in getting to Mrs. Merdle's. "What a difference company does make, especially Fanny's company!" I thought; when just then the hollow sound of wheels going over a wooden bridge caught my ear. I pulled up the shade and looked out. There were no houses on that side—only trees—but unless I was turned round, the Common had no right to be on my right hand. I looked out the other side—no houses, only trees sliding away at a great rate. Unless we were driving through the middle of the Common, where never coach drove before, where were we? I let down the window and shouted, "John!" "All right, Mike!" was the reply. I was at first utterly nonplussed; then screamed "John!" once more. This time he heard something strange, for he pulled up, all standing, and bending back said, in a half-frightened whisper, "Isn't it you, Mike?" Well, not to be tedious, he was presently off his box and at the door, hat in hand, in a great terror. It seems he had promised to drive his fellow-servant, Mike, the waiter, out to a ball at the Punchbowl or some such locality, and had mistaken me—evening costume being common property of naturalized as well as native-born citizens of this republic—for Mike, the scarf around my neck being very much

the same as made Master Mike's special elegance. The next questions were, Where were we? and, How long would we be in getting back? This did not keep us long, and I leaned back once more in my seat, half fretting and half amused as I thought of Mike's dismay and vexation, while we made the best of time toward Boston. All at once the horses were pulled up hard, and the carriage stopped once more. I looked out: we were still out of the city, but there, directly across the road, were the lights of a train. It was stationary, and groups of passengers were standing outside. Of course I jumped out, supposing it to be an accident. The most fearful shrieks were ringing from the car directly in front of us. I asked what the matter was, and soon learned that a patient, whom his brother was taking to the Worcester Asylum, had suddenly been seized with a fit of frenzy, and that the conductor had been obliged to stop the train.

Now, I had had some practice in that very matter of insanity, and of course was soon in the thick of the trouble. It took me a while to get him quieted and give him an anodyne, but I succeeded. Then I turned to look after John and the carriage. The train was in motion. I found we had been under way for ten minutes at least, and were making up for lost time. We were long past Watertown, and, being the night-express, would stop only at Worcester. There was consolation in this, however: I found that there was no medical caretaker on the train. The crazy man's brother had foolishly undertaken to manage him alone, a fit of excitement had come on, and the conductor was obliged to stop the cars—for the frightened passengers were at the jumping-off pitch of alarm—just as the train was pulled up across my road into Boston. It was necessary almost that I should remain till we got to Worcester, and then take my patient to the hospital. It was well I did, for twice he broke out again, and it took all my skill to quiet him: the whistle seemed to excite him.

It was past midnight considerably be-

fore I disposed of him. There was no train to Boston before morning, unless I could catch one of the steamboat expresses. I was tired and sleepy, and had been inhaling ether pretty freely in the process of administering it during the paroxysms; and I suppose so it happened that I got into the wrong car and went fast asleep. The conductor had given me a free pass back to Boston, and I just stuck this in my hat-band by way of ticket, and off I went. What I did I must have done in a dream. The new conductor declared I pulled out my pocket-book and paid him the fare to New York; and sure enough, I had the checks all right, but I solemnly declare that I knew nothing about it till I roused up and found the train entering the New Haven depôt.

It is all very well to laugh at me, but if you had been up all night managing a madman, you would have slept too. However, there I was. I got out and into the street, and then went back into the building to state my case at the office. Of course I could not do this while they were selling tickets; so I had to wait till the train was off, and then to fight a pretty severe battle with the ticket-agent, before I could get accommodated back to Boston except by paying fare. Seeing that I came on board their cars simply to oblige them, I felt I was entitled to ride free. However, I made them see it, and the next thing was to get my train. My train was the Shore Line, and due in half an hour. I strolled up to the colleges, feeling seedy and disreputable, being in evening rig, and looking tossed and tumbled as if I had been in the station-house. Then I went back and got something to eat, and then I telegraphed to Fanny's father and to my own partner, and then I went into the station.

Now any one who has ever been in the New Haven depôt need not be told that it is possible to get turned round completely. I had gone out of one door and come back through another without noticing it, and so my north had become south, or my east, west—I don't know which: I don't care much.

I only know I was turned round; and so strong is the impression that to this day I cannot stand on the platform there and keep my mind right without a strong mental effort. Up will look *down*, do what I will. So, when a train rushed into the *dépôt*, I jumped into it, only asking if that was the Boston Shore Line. I never had been on that route, and took it all for granted, especially as I had bought a paper; and papers were very pretty reading in those early days of the war, when two columns of sensation and two more of contradiction were the ordinary average.

I gave the conductor my ticket, but, as luck would have it, it was the New York ticket from Worcester; so he said nothing. I could not look out, for the windows were covered with frost, and I really did not find out my mistake till the baggage-agent came through the train. Then I *was* in for it. No stopping-place this side Twenty-seventh street, and the hour about five P. M. I was tired out, hungry and somewhat indisposed, and knew that I must have rest. So I went off to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and ordered a room and asked for dinner.

"Any baggage?" said the clerk.

"No baggage," said I, as I registered my name.

"Then our rule is payment in advance."

I know that I did look anything but a nice customer, so I felt it was no time to dispute my Lord Autocrat of the office, but was only too happy to hand over my only ten, get my change, and then to go to the barber's and to the gentlemen's furnishing shop and make myself look presentable.

Well, I dined, and then wrote Fan a detailed story of my haps and mishaps, and took account of stock afterward. Not very promising: two one-dollar bills and some loose postal currency, which had then begun to come in. I must have some money the next morning. I knew only one New Yorker well enough to go to upon such an errand. But he was a fellow-student in the Medical School, and all that one could de-

sire for a friend. It was too late that Friday night to look him up: I would see him in the morning. So I went to bed and slept, when I did sleep, profoundly. I was in an inside room, looking into one of those well-like courts which are usually destined for the contemplation of gentlemen without baggage, who stop only one night at our great hotels. Saturday morning was very dark, and when I did wake, dress and breakfast, it was half-past ten o'clock.

The Directory put Fred's residence as No. — Houston street. By the time I got there he was out: "Back at three" was written on his slate, and it was just twelve. So I went on Broadway and lounged into picture-shops and book-stores, and then walked a while, and finally got to Fred's door about five minutes after the time. "Not in—walk in and wait," was the answer.

I walked in and waited. I turned over the leaves of an old medical and scientific journal. Quarter-past three came—half-past. I was growing desperate. Was I not to take Fanny to church with me the next morning? The Fall River boat left at four or five, I could not tell which. Fred at last! He seized me, shoved me back into a chair, had a cigar in my mouth, another in his own and both well lit, before I could get in a word edgeways. Then of course I felt as one feels at asking a pecuniary favor, even of one's own brother. I blurted it out, however.

"Fred," said I, "I want to borrow some money of you."

"All right! How much?" said he; but I saw that as he spoke a confused look stole over his face. He pulled out his pocket-book, gave a hasty look into it and thrust it back. Then he jumped up, went to his table-drawer and took out a cheque-book.

"Here we are!" said he, looking relieved. "Anything under two hundred just as well as not; but I do not see how you can have it before Monday. Banks all shut now, you know?"

"But, Fred, I only want enough to get to Boston to-night, and I must be

off, too, at once—Sound boat leaves at five, I hope."

Well, not to be tedious, Fred and I made a joint count and got just enough to put me through to Boston, by the help of nearly all the small change. Then we started for the boat. We ran part of the way, took the cars for the Battery—Fall River line then left Pier No. 2—and reached there just in time to see the boat go off. Stonington boat had gone at four. We ought to have been in time, but a regiment going to the war was in the way and made us lose ten minutes. There Fred and I stood on the pier looking at each other like two Babes in the Wood, for he entered into the affair, like a good soul as he was, as fully as I did. However, an idea came to him.

"Goshen," said he—my name is George, but he always, like the rest of our fellows, called me Goshen—"Goshen, I have it. I don't know the hotel-keeper or any other man in New York who would cash my check outside the shop where I keep my money, but I do know the man in Philadelphia, and he is just the man. I would take you home with me, only"—and Fred blushed like a peony—"only I'm not going home. I'm going to Elizabeth, New Jersey, to spend Sunday, and—in fact—there's—well, somebody who expects to be waited on to church to-morrow. I'm a perfect Pythias, David and Jonathan, and all that, as you know, but there are limits. I've been waiting six weeks for this chance, and—and—"

"Don't say a word about it," I broke in. "Of course you can't stay in the city, but how am I to get to Philadelphia, and why?"

"Oh, I forgot. The bookkeeper of the 'Continental' happens to have been a patient of mine—in fact, thinks I saved his life: he was at the 'Metropolitan' then—and he will cash anything that has my name on it—in reason, that is. Now you just go on with me, drop me at my place, and spend your Sunday among the Quakers. I'll give you a line to him and my piece of paper for what you like—doubt if he will take any

of it—and then you can return Monday, and get the boat just as soon as if you stopped over Sunday here."

I must mention that I had vowed *not* to go back by the railroad: I had a real superstitious feeling about it. Moreover, I was not aware that a night express left New York at eight: it was a new thing comparatively. So I yielded to Fred's reasoning, and then he proposed we should go and dine. What we were to dine with I did not know, but Fred led me to a funny, out-of-the-way, hole-in-a-corner sort of a chop-house, where he had, it seems, a credit.

"You see," he said, "I am often obliged to snatch a meal where I can, and so my face is pretty well known in a good many such places in the city; and as I often happen to be without my purse, I have cultivated a judicious 'tick' with great care and very comfortable results."

"But, Fred, how about the fare to Philadelphia?"

"Oh, you have enough for that and a margin, and I—well"—Fred blushed again—"Pop—that is, the governor, her parental encumbrance, you know—is a director, and I never pay fare in New Jersey."

So matters were all clear, and we made an enormous dinner on a prime steak and potatoes that tumbled into meal by the mere process of taking their jackets off; and we found ourselves crossing the ferry to Jersey City just in time for the Philadelphia cars. I noticed that the night looked wild, and there was that peculiar inky smell in the air which betokens snow. However, I thought nothing of that, but we rattled on, and I had a very nice time as far as Elizabeth, and a drowsy time after Fred left me; and at last was set down at Walnut street wharf, caught up into a street car and duly deposited at the "Continental."

I noticed that it was snowing a little as I arrived, but thought no more of it. I found my bookkeeper, and he was all attention to Fred's letter, which he had managed to write while we were waiting for our dinner. He cashed Fred's order, and also said that any little bill

which might accrue during my stay would not be presented: in short, gave me the freedom of the house, a royal room, and all etceteras I could possibly wish for.

When I woke the next morning and looked out of my window, upon my word I could not see across the street. The air was thick with blinding snow, and there was only a dim outline of the houses opposite. The wind was blowing a gale, and between drifting and falling the street was almost impassable. I got out at church-time and struggled round to St. Stephen's, where I found ten people, and the rector read service to us, but declined to preach, and announced that there would be no service in the afternoon. Of the ten, five went back to the hotel with me, and the other five could not have lived farther off. Well, it held on so all the afternoon, and I suppose into the night. At any rate, next morning all Chestnut street was busy shoveling. The street cars did not get through till noon, and by that time the banks on either side were higher than one's head. It came out clear and cold. I asked about getting back to New York, and the clerk simply laughed:

"Nothing gets to New York before Tuesday night at the best. There's three trains snowed up hard and fast now, and on East it's worse yet."

He saw I looked worried, and added: "Want to get to Boston very much? I'll tell you what to do. The propellers sail Tuesday and Thursday, and if you want the first sure thing, it's my advice you take them. You'll find them good, safe boats, comfortable as anything can be at this time; and after such a storm you're likely to have a right fine trip."

So I telegraphed to Boston again, and at three o'clock was on board the propeller *Hermes* and steaming down the Delaware. There were not many passengers on board, as may be supposed, and after we got below the city not much to see which could keep one on deck. I went into the saloon, and, finding a chess-board set, began to practice an opening. That brought out

another of the passengers, who proposed to me to play. We were a fair match, and the consequence was, that I did not turn in as early as I might have done: in fact, we were just finishing up the last game rather hurriedly, because, being outside the capes of the Delaware, the roll of the sea was unpleasantly perceptible. I feel sure that I should have mated him and won the long rub, only the pieces were suddenly knocked into a heap by a shock which upset us as well. I rushed out on to the deck, and found the propeller heeling over to starboard and the bow of a steamer looming up above our port rail. Faces were looking down at us, a confused crowd, and the glare of her head-lights showed a fearful gash in our side. Half a dozen ropes were flung to us, and as our crew were scrambling on board, I caught one too, and using all my gymnastic skill, contrived to get on the deck of the stranger. Then the propeller gave a lurch and the vessels swung asunder. We could see that she was slowly settling down, but the steamer's boats were out, and I believe everybody was picked up. I know my chess antagonist was, for we met the next day, and he had the assurance to say that it was a lucky accident for me, as he was just announcing mate in five moves when the collision came. We tried to recollect how the pieces stood and play it out, but we could not agree. I know just how they were, and I have since played it through and won; but he remembered that his queen's rook was at its fourth square, and that quite changed the game.

Well, where were we? On board the U. S. transport steamer *Albatross*, bound to Fortress Monroe with troops. We were supposed to have lost all except what we stood in. There was I in rather a shabby plight. I had bought a rough pea-coat for the voyage, and *that* went down in my state-room. I had on a cloth cap, black dress coat, split up the back, fancy vest cut low, showing much more shirt front than I cared to show, thin dress boots, and black pantaloons rent across both knees in climbing on

board the Albatross. So I was both cold and seedy, but somehow I was recognized for a gentleman, and so was invited to the officers' cabin. Luck again! The surgeon of the regiment was a medical acquaintance, and two of the officers of Company D were Harvard men. I kept falling on my feet, if always down the ladder. The doctor and the lieutenants soon got me into a pair of army-blue continuations and an undress uniform frock, which buttoned tightly up. Of course they insisted on clapping a foraging cap over all, to avoid the incongruity of my civilian-like headgear, and the doctor formally presented me then as his first assistant surgeon, lest anybody should question my right to wear the uniform.

To tell the truth, Hazlitt was rather glad to have me, for there were symptoms of sickness among some of the men, and he was by no means sure what the matter was. So, what with medical work and good company, the time slipped by, and about the hour I was hoping to be landed at Long Wharf, I was marching ashore at Fortress Monroe.

Of course I had to arrange my passage back in the transport, but she was not going back—was to remain and make part of some mysterious expedition somewhere: at any rate, to lie at anchor and coin money for her owners. Then I tried for a passage up the Chesapeake, but found that, except for people on government business, passages cost much money. So I resigned myself to wait for a week, when I was promised to be sent home with a lot of wounded who were returning on furlough. Meantime, I kept on my uniform and stuck to my regiment, getting thereby rations and shelter. Saturday the word came for the regiment to march. There was something to be done toward Yorktown. What it was I never knew, but while I was serenely watching the troops fall in, I was touched on the shoulder by an orderly, who politely said:

"The general says you must take your place with the staff."

"But I don't belong to the army," said I.

"General says you will be arrested for a spy if you don't march."

Visions of being shot or hanged, or imprisoned in the awful dungeons of the fortress, or sent to the Dry Tortugas, came over me. I did not know whether I had not made myself liable to do duty by clothing myself in the livery of Uncle Sam. Besides, I might be of service to my country, and I had no time to think about it. I knew the brigadier who sent the order was not a man to be argued with, and I had seen just enough of military life to perceive the hazards of disobeying the commands of those in authority, without learning the paths in which to slip around them. In short, I went. I cannot say that I did my country much service. I know that I finished effectually my dress boots before we had marched far upon the sacred soil. (Said sacred soil was the occasion of a good deal of profane speech by the time the boys had become acquainted with its sticking qualities.) It was a dreary march, and being very tired at night, I managed to get a place in the farm-house which our colonel selected for his headquarters. He was a colonel of volunteers and new to the service, so he pitched upon one which showed much more appreciation of comfort than military wisdom. About two in the morning all of us who had not the luck to escape by the kitchen door were "gobbled up" by an adventurous party of rebel cavalry, and soon found ourselves on the road to Richmond.

When morning dawned, I got a good look at the leader of our captors. I rather think I did know him. Wasn't he my chum in Holworthy 23 during my Senior year? Were there two firmer friends in all the class of 'fifty——? He tried to look stern, as toward the foe of his country, but he couldn't: he fairly broke down, and gave a regular Harvard shout as he called my name. I think he was relieved when he found I was a non-combatant, but when he learned that my presence with the army

was involuntary he was thoroughly delighted.

"No politics between us, old boy," he said when he heard my story; "but how to get you home again is the thing!"

However, he would not take me into Richmond, but sent me to his father's house on their plantation, and as soon as he had made his report came over and joined us. I found that his father was a Union man, and that Herbert was, like a thousand others, dragged into the business by the States'-right delusion which is the fortieth article of the Virginian's belief. So we managed to get on together without any discussion. Well, Herbert came over from Richmond to Beau Sejour, as the plantation was called, and then we held council. I could not be exchanged, because I was nobody. The Federals would not claim me, and the Confederates, Herbert explained, would not give me up, except for value received—*i. e.*, one surgeon, or other officer of equal rank. He could not get me a pass, for, only that his own military service was allowed to stand against his father's known opinions, the old gentleman would have suffered. He had tried in vain to get a pass for his father and sisters to go North, and any application from him would be useless.

"You will have to go South and get through the blockade—Wilmington will be a good port—then you can make your way to England, and so home to Boston," said both father and son. And then Herbert told me that all military men in Richmond were well satisfied that we intended, as soon as the campaign opened, to attack Richmond in force by way of the James, and that then this part of the peninsula where we were would be abandoned as untenable. "We shall fight nearer our own lines when we do conclude to fight—where, your generals must find out. It happens to be our turn to make the card, don't you see? But, meantime, you want to be getting home, and papa here wants to send abroad what he can save of our silver and family jewels. Now, you and he had best start for

Wilmington to-morrow. I can't leave either of you here," he added. "The plantation may be occupied by the enemy any day. As a military necessity I cannot let them find you here, and as a filial duty I want to get papa abroad."

So we started for Wilmington the next day. We did not pass through Richmond, much to my regret, but Herbert did not think it best. We tapped the railroad at Petersburg, and were enabled by the colonel's gray uniform and our own civilian attire (Herbert rigged me out from his own wardrobe) to pass unchallenged. By the way, it was a touching business.

"I shall never wear these again," he said, as he handed me the clothes. "I have my winding-sheet on," and he tapped the gray breast of his Confederate uniform. "I shall fall in my first battle: I only hope it won't be by the hand of any of our boys."

It was the only allusion he ever made to the fact of our old classmates being against him.

I should never have managed the Wilmington business myself. In the first place, I had no money; and in the next place, I had not the passwords and signs. I only know I kept myself quiet at a villainous hotel while the old gentleman had interviews with divers desperate-looking customers and was rushing about in mysterious ways. However, one evening he came into my room, followed by as mild-mannered and quiet-looking a stranger as you find at a missionary tea-party. He introduced him as Captain Neale of the famous blockade-runner Wild Dayrell, and announced that we were to be on board in half an hour. Somehow, my mind wavered, and I said that I did not know about sailing just yet.

"After my passengers know when the Wild Dayrell sails they find it most convenient to be on board: then if the Yankee gunboats happen to be on the lookout for us, we know who is not to blame for it. I think," he added, addressing my companion, "the doctor will deem it best to go with us."

Something in the captain's eye influ-

enced my mind, and I went. I cannot say how blockade-running is done: *my* share in it consisted in turning into my berth and staying there till I was told to get up. Then I found we were well at sea, and also comfortably into the morning. We had passed out of range of the guns of the blockading squadron, but to the northward and also to the eastward of us was the smoke of a steamer. Captain Neale bade me good-morning very politely, told me that there was a steamer in chase of us, and that we were running for Nassau, but that it was not likely we should have to go there, as he expected to drop his pursuer before nightfall. So he did, but we caught a tremendous gale—at least I called it so—out of the north-east. The low little craft, as sharp as a needle and hardly more beam than a canoe, just ran right through the seas. I suppose Captain Neale stayed on deck: I know I didn't, for the seas were coming on board incessantly. When I did get up again, we were just entering Nassau harbor. Our poor little steamer was battered and banged almost to pieces, and Captain Neale told me frankly that he had had great doubts of keeping afloat twelve hours longer when he made New Providence. He also told me that he would return me my passage-money, for he should have to wait there a month at least for repairs, and perhaps condemn the *Wild Dayrell* and go home in another vessel. It was the first intimation that I had that my passage had been paid. The old gentleman denied having done it so solemnly that I had to believe him; and so the captain handed me over more gold than I had seen since the first year of the war. I liked Neale, and I think he liked me. I did a little medical work for him, but nothing to speak of.

We went on shore. Nassau is not a place where one would care to linger many days, especially when having a jewel case containing an emerald bracelet to deliver immediately to the owner in Mt. Vernon street, Boston. There was a steamer that connected with the Cunard line once a month.

She had just gone: we had passed her as we came into port. That was rather hard lines. Could I wait a month for a passage to New York? Well, no, I could not. There would be a steamer to Jamaica in two days. From there I could get to Havana—at Havana I could take the California steamer home.

It was the best thing left. Once on an American vessel, and I could get passage or use my greenbacks. Here I had my forty sovereigns, but forty sovereigns melt rapidly in a blockade-running port. I got my passage to Jamaica; I believe I was the first passenger on board, I was so afraid of being left in Nassau. We had a charming run to Jamaica. I had always had the utmost facility in getting South: *Sed revocare gradum, hic labor hoc opus est.*

At Jamaica there was no chance of getting to Havana. The English steamer had been taken off. American men-of-war had no temptation to happen into an English colonial port in those days: they never went there unless they had to. I decided to go direct to Aspinwall and take the steamer from there.

I wish I had, now. As the Fates would have it, while I was waiting for the West India mail steamer for the Isthmus, I was offered a passage by a Boston captain, who had a brig lying at Antigua, and who proposed to pay my fare to that island for the pleasure of taking me home with him. My uncle, Mr. Vose (Vose, Hatchard & Co.), was in the West India trade. It was too good an offer to be resisted.

Nice passage to Antigua. Got there about the first of February. My birthday found me on board the *Cyclone*, clipper brig, Nelson master, and fairly aweigh for Boston.

I thought my luck had turned in good earnest. We were making a lovely run—best he ever made, the captain said. Three days out we saw a smoke. It was just at one P. M.—for two bells had just gone—when the smoke was reported. The glass made out that it was a ship on fire. It was bearing off the port bow three points, and we were on the port tack. Of course the captain

eased off his bowlines and braces, and ran down to it with a free sheet. We soon made out that it was a whaler on fire—there were whale-boats still to be seen on the quarter and in the waist—but she was in a light blaze fore and aft by the time we rounded-to to windward of her. There was a cloud of thick black smoke to leeward of her—the smoke of the burning oil. Just then out of the smoke came the spars and hull of a vessel, a long, low, dark-looking steamer, and flying at her peak that confounded "Stars and Bars."

She sailed like a witch, and just dropping a shot ahead of us, ranged up in hailing distance and ordered the captain to come on board. Just as his boat touched the steamer's side, two of her boats darted out from the other and made for us. An officer was on our deck in a few moments, declaring us prize to the Confederate steamer Alabama. In about twenty minutes a signal was made from the steamer, at which we were coolly ordered into the long-boat, which our men were compelled to get out and lower away; and by the time we had begun to move toward the steamer, the smoke was coming out of the Cyclone's fore hatch and up the companion-way, and the man-of-war boats dashed past us, having completed their work.

Captain Semmes, when he heard my story, was, I must confess, very polite. But he could do nothing for me. He proposed to capture and bond a vessel that should take his prisoners home (there were some fifty of us in all), but meanwhile he was running to the southward on the track of homeward-bound whalers. He would land me at any port I desired where he might touch, and, if I would do him the honor, I might mess with the ship's surgeon, purser, etc., but he could not give me a state-room—only a hammock in the "country."

Southward again. The Alabama had made it rather hot for her in the West Indies, and was bound to the Brazil coast. It was on this part of her cruise that Captain Semmes played a trick

which did not get into the papers. Two days after the burning of the Cyclone, just before sundown, we sighted a large man-of-war steamer. We made her out for an American cruiser, and an hour's trial of her sailing showed that she was gaining on us slowly but steadily. As soon as it was dark all of us were sent below, and there was a great hubbub half the night. Next morning, when we came on deck, we found that Semmes had sent down everything on his mainmast, and hoisted out the lower mast. He had altered the rig of his fore and mizzen masts, sending down all his top-hamper and getting up lighter spars in its place; and then had rigged up a second smoke-stack of painted canvas just over the main-mast step. He had painted a great white band round the middle of each of his smoke-stacks, and when we came on deck we saw the British ensign at the peak, and at the fore the flag of the Royal West India Mail Company's steamers. The American cruiser was on our weather beam, slowly slipping past us, but was apparently so entirely deceived that she took no pains to trouble us. By quietly edging off to leeward we were well clear of her by noon, especially as we slowed our engines all we dared. It was a bitter pill to us prisoners, but we could not help laughing at the cleverness of the trick, and we had the satisfaction of seeing two Yankee merchantmen pass unharmed to the northward.

Nothing more happened till we made Pernambuco. Here Semmes put us ashore, excepting two or three who shipped with him. Here I found myself at a standstill. I had serious thoughts in those days of selling Fanny's bracelet, for my funds were at a low ebb. I had, in fact, made up my mind that I must do it the next day, when one of our cruisers looked into the harbor.

I made acquaintance with the first boatload of her officers who came on shore, and told my story. Of course I was a hero at once, as the man who had seen the Alabama. The commander had me off to dine with him, and made

me tell him everything about the Alabama that I could remember; and when I let fall a word or two about my profession, an idea seemed to strike him. He said nothing about it till the next day, and then made me an offer of the berth of surgeon's mate. The ship's surgeon, he said, had got into a very bad way—drank, in fact, so badly that the only way to save him from being court-martialed and dismissed the service would be to get an assistant who could do his work for him. He was a great favorite on board, but things were in such a state that nobody could overlook his fault any longer. He proposed to give me a trial, and then, if I succeeded, he would invalid Mr. —, and, as they were homeward bound, the affair would blow over. Mr. — was a sober man on shore: it was only at sea that he could not help drinking. I found that they were to run down the coast to Rio, there to be relieved, and then to sail for New York. Of course I jumped at the chance; and I don't think there could have been a happier man than I when we were once fairly at sea again. At Rio we found the relief had not arrived, but was expected daily, so I had a good chance to get on shore and see the city. Here it was the last of February and like midsummer. I had got over all impatience to return, as I knew that I should not be in season for any more parties before Lent; and after Ash-Wednesday, Fan was to be seen only at church till Easter and new bonnets came round. So I enjoyed myself as well as I knew how, and had the good-will of everybody on board, except the man whom I had virtually displaced. He did not love me on that account, but for another thing he hated me fearfully. He could get no more liquor. I had the keys and the keeping of all the medical stores, and defeated all the tricks by which he used to get at clandestine brandy. Like other drinkers who are hard up for stimulants, he used to fuddle himself on such preparations as opium, belladonna and chemical decoctions of his own brewing. I had all this under my own hand. Yet

he would go ashore and be with us all day among the drinking-shops and cafés of the city, dine out with other officers, and come off at night sober as a judge. It was only when he set foot on the ship's deck that the craving came over him. I believe he took to it on his first cruise because he had left a wife to whom he was passionately attached, and the habit assailed him in connection with the sea.

Well, he hated me; and though he was pleasant enough in manner, he was plotting to get rid of me. The day after the relieving ship arrived, he proposed to me to go on shore for our last liberty-day. Of course I suspected nothing, and in fact we were all glad to have him on shore as much as possible. I wanted to get his system toned up to bear the home voyage, for the officers told me he would be perfectly wild when we got to sea and he could get no drink. So we went on shore, and he slipped off to call on some friends, he said, promising to meet me at four at a billiard-room where we were wont to rendezvous. Four o'clock came, and I waited and waited in vain. It grew dark, and I went down to the landing to look for our boat. None of them were in, but a shore-boat was lying there. One of the boatmen touched his hat and held out a note toward me. I took it, and by the light of the landing lantern saw it was addressed to me. I opened it, and the fellow nodded, as much as to say, "All right!" It read as follows:

"DEAR DOCTOR: I fell in with our first luff on my way to meet you at SALTERO'S, and he ordered me on board. The ship will sail at daybreak, and you must get on board by a shore-boat. The bearer of this is a trustworthy boatman, and I have paid your fare. Begging your pardon for leaving you so sans cérémonie in the lurch, and trusting to see you soon, when I can explain all the ins and outs of the matter, I am

"Yours truly,

"—, M. D."

I supposed it was all right, nodded to

the darkey, who was anxiously watching me, and was tenderly assisted by him into the boat. We shoved off, and rowed away toward the lights of the shipping. I was peering into the gloom ahead, watching for the frigate's lights and listening to catch the hail of the sentry, so as to give the proper answers, with which I had not had much opportunity to become familiar in my short experience of the service. I had just, I thought, made her out, when there loomed up between us and her the hull of a vessel, and with a quick movement of the boat we were alongside. I had just opened my lips to remonstrate, when an old coffee-sack was flung over my head and I felt myself seized by the arms and legs. The next minute I was carried, as well as I could judge, on board the vessel and down the companion-way, and shoved into a berth in a state-room, and the door locked upon me. I soon got my arms free of the bag, but found myself in total darkness. I tried the door, but was satisfied that I could do nothing with it. The panels were lined with sheet-iron, and the firm way in which it resisted every attempt to shake it satisfied me that it was barred as well as locked. Presently, by the trampling over head and an order or two, I suspected we were getting under way. Then I heard the ripple and wash of the water alongside, and was sure of it. Of course, I meant to keep awake, but didn't; and when the key turned in the door it woke me, and as I rubbed my eyes the light of day streamed in. A very gentlemanly-looking man stood before me.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for my summary proceedings last night. The fact is, I wanted an experienced surgeon. You were pointed out to me as such a man. I know so much of your story as to feel sure that you will not be unsuited to me. I hope to suit you, and perhaps I can put you in the way of getting home quite as expeditiously as you hoped."

"Where am I? what's the matter?" I exclaimed, still bewildered.

"Come on deck," he replied, "and see."

I followed him mechanically. It was a glorious morning—sun just rising and the fresh breeze blowing. I stood on the deck of a beautiful clipper schooner, with everything set that would draw. Astern of us was the "Sugar Loaf," and before us the broad Atlantic.

"You are bound for the Bight of Benin," said my new friend. "This is my schooner, the Anonyma, and your berth on board is, as I said, surgeon. If you never practiced on black patients, you may have a chance on your return voyage. I intend to pay you handsomely, and your conscience need take no detriment. You know what a jolly life our black fellow-creatures lead in Brazil, and you will see, if you like, what a heathenish one they lead in Congo. Now, all you have to do is to keep as many of them from dying on the middle passage as you can. Saving life is your professional duty—the rest of the business I am responsible for. Just let me add one word more: I am the only man on board who can speak or understand a word of English, but my Portuguese is excellently well comprehended, and"—with a wave of his hand toward a group of regular dare-devils of various shades of mahogany, who were lounging on the forecabin—"implicitly obeyed. Now, if you will pardon whatever disagreeable insinuation may lurk in my last words, and come below to breakfast, I will do everything I can to make your stay with me agreeable."

Well, what was I to do? "Grumbling," as the London cockneys say, "wasn't no use—nothink wasn't no use. Wot's the use o' grumbling?" If I was to get away, it would be at some future opportunity, and my chances would be none the better if I gave warning by a premature refusal. So I affected to be sharp, and asked about my wages, and also about a certificate of my kidnapping in case we were captured, until I think even my sharp friend was a little blinded. I went down in his estimation some degrees, but I rose in my own

chance of a successful *ruse*. However, we soon got on other subjects.

The cabin fare was excellent, comprising pretty much every luxury which can be taken to sea in the Tropics: a box of cigars, of such brand as since the war will never be seen again in the United States, stood always open on the transoms of the after cabin. I could have books if I liked, but my best book was my host. I began by drawing on him for information about the African coast-fever, and from that we got upon all imaginable subjects. He was a highly-educated and refined man—had been everywhere and seen pretty much everything. I suspect he had once been in our navy, but he did not choose to tell me, nor I to ask him. He was perfectly polite, kind as could be—just one of those men who are wise enough to give no more trouble than is absolutely needful to carry out their ends, because entirely ready to have those ends at any cost. I think I never enjoyed a week more in my life than my week at sea with him. I ought to have been horribly blue, but as in fact, until something turned up, I could do nothing, it was just as well to borrow of his philosophy and to give him no more trouble, because I meant to pay him off in full if need be. The slave trip, I had quietly vowed in my inmost soul, I would be clear of, *coûte qui coûte*.

Well, we were nearing the African coast when we were becalmed. More than that, there was a ship in sight. The sea was like a mill-pond, yet somehow she seemed to be creeping down toward us as if she had got a bit of a breeze. The captain looked at her through his glass two or three times. She was nearly head on to us, but I got a look at her and made her out to be a whaler as she yawed a little. You see, her waist-boats hung to the cranes, and there was a general slipshod look aloft, like a whaler. There was a light air beginning to stir, coming in catpaws, and seemingly favoring her very much, for she contrived to haul up on us more and more, yet keeping very nearly in our wake. I saw the captain was

getting uneasy and thoughtful, so I just took a book, lit a cigar and got under the shade of the mainsail. The breeze freshened, and I could feel the schooner slipping through the water faster and faster, but still we had not near enough of wind to do our best. (You see I had thoroughly identified myself with the slaver by this time.) All at once I heard a pretty savage Spanish oath from one of the men, and looked up from my book.

The "whaler" was running off abeam of us, under our lee a few hundred yards. A swarm of men were aloft clewing up and furling her light sails, while under her stern one could see the strokes of her propeller and the flash of the white water from its vanes. The red ensign of Great Britain was at her peak, a "coach-whip" pennant waved from the main truck; and a weather port opening, the muzzle of a gun appeared; and presently its flash and the ricochet of a shot under our bows gave us the summons to heave to.

If I had not been interested to a painful extent, I should have enjoyed the interview between the boarding-officer and my piratical friend. But my own resolve was quickly taken. I watched my chance, and as soon as the British cruiser's boat was fairly alongside and the lieutenant on our decks, I was in it and demanding protection. The American flag was hoisted on board the slaver, American papers produced, search defied, and the schooner on the point of getting clear, when Brinthouse (at least, so he named himself to the officer) happened to catch sight of me in the boat. If he had let me go, I would have let him. I intended simply to get on board the cruiser, and then I could tell them only what all knew perfectly well, but could not act upon because of international red tape. But he ordered me up out of the boat. I refused to go. The lieutenant was in a dilemma. Brinthouse appealed to him to return his runaway officer. I seized upon the clue. I whispered to the lieutenant—

"I am an officer of the American

navy, kidnapped on board. Will my presence give you the right of search?"

"By Jove! I don't know—I don't see why not. If only you can prove it, you know."

"You'll find my uniform," I said, "in my state-room below, and in it my acting warrant."

"Very well: I'll risk it. Only let me get at her hold and find the slaving outfit, and the Admiralty Court at St. Helena will bear me out. Anyhow, here goes;" and then with a word the boat's crew were on board; and at a signal from the officer the cruiser ranged up with ports opened, while a second boat was pulling alongside. Prompted by him, I gave the necessary orders, and the Anonyma was fairly taken possession of, a prize crew put on board, and I found myself on board her Majesty's steam sloop *Crimea*, bound for St. Helena. All turned up just as I said: my uniform was found, and I recovered the precious case with the bracelet in it, and Fan's little Roman scarf. Captain Seymour of the *Crimea* was a little in doubt, as we neared the island, what to do. I think the irregularity of the matter haunted him; and finally he compromised matters by taking out all the slaving gear he could find—shackles, rice tierces and so forth—recalling his prize crew, and telling Brinthouse that if he wanted to complain he could come into court and sue for damages. So the night before we made the Rock the Anonyma was missing. Brinthouse had followed us for a day, but he too thought better of it. His voyage was broken up, but he and his vessel were clear. I'm sure I was glad. Captain Seymour said that if I had had a regular commission and been a naval officer, he would have ventured, but it was stretching matters to use an acting, temporary surgeon's mate to legalize a capture.

We all were satisfied—only I was at St. Helena. I could go and see the grave where Napoleon used to be, but I should have infinitely preferred a sight of the old gravestones under the shadow of Park Street Church. I might

wait half a year for the chance of a passage home; besides, I had not made any prize money out of the capture, and had missed the doubloon a head for the Africans I had intended to save from death or the "middle passage." I had no money to speak of. So, not to live longer upon the charity of the British navy, I managed to get a berth on board of an Australian passenger ship, which had touched at the Rock, and which might go in to the East Cape and give me a chance at something bound Bostonward.

I confess I thought of the boy sent to school on a slippery day, who slid back two feet for every one he advanced, and who at last turned round and went backward. I would set my face to the South Pole. But I felt that Fate was much too clever for me when we had been a few weeks on our voyage. We slipped along to the southward so steadily that the captain announced that he should not stop at Cape Town, but be able to keep on direct for Melbourne. I tried to keep a stout heart, and talked bravely of hunting the kangaroo in his native wilds, but I was very blue, especially when it was told at the breakfast-table that we were past the East Cape and fairly in the Indian Ocean. I felt bluer yet one night, though, when, just as I was about to turn in, one of the mates came aft and whispered to the skipper that the ship was on fire. The skipper told me of it the next moment, and begged me to see at once to getting the women and children on deck. He had learned to put a good deal of confidence in me, seeing that I had gained considerable influence over the passengers. I found a number of them ill from obstinately staying below, and as we were in real peril of ship-fever, I had used a large degree of firmness and will, and had happily succeeded in controlling our worst cases. I don't know much about the fire, nor how the men fought it: I only know that we had to pass several days on deck, while it grew hotter and hotter under our feet, and that when we did see a sail and got alongside, we were half starved and

nearly exhausted. When I left the ship in the last boat, with the captain, the flames were pouring up the fore hatch, and in twenty minutes more we saw from the rescuing deck our noble clipper a mass of fire.

The question was, Where next? We were rescued by a whaleman of New Bedford, but there we were, two hundred souls, on a craft which was manned by thirty men and provisions accordingly. The two captains consulted together. We were a third of the way to Melbourne from Cape Town. There was nothing for it but to put back. I took it easily—I took everything easily then—but on our way back to Cape Town I had my thoughts of what to do. There was nothing in port when we reached the Cape, but, by rare good fortune, two days after we landed I got a place as general factotum in a ship chandlery, and was in a way to earn my living and something over while I stayed. Presently another Australian ship came in, and we had busy times. She was to sail in two days, and one evening, as I was on board seeing to the delivery of some stores, it came on to blow hard, and the mate persuaded me not to attempt to land. I knew the captain was on shore, so I was ready enough, especially as it would be very disagreeable, not to say dangerous, getting to the landing. I turned in, tired with a hard day's work. When I woke in the morning the ship was pitching violently, and on getting on deck I found it blowing great guns, with land nowhere in sight. The mate told me that he had been obliged to slip his cables and run out to sea about midnight, and that he might be a week in getting back to Cape Town. However, things seemed all right: at least, I suspected nothing, and some of the passengers being rather ill, I was busy with them, and did not notice anything except that we were heading north. I wondered we did not make the land, and thought the gale must have blown us uncommonly far to the southward (we were running before it three days until it broke); but what first roused my suspicions was at

seeing the familiarity between the mate and a rather pretty woman whose husband had been left on shore with the captain. The second mate had also found a sweetheart among the passengers. At last, one night I put the question fairly to the mate, and after hesitating a little he told me that we were half-way up the Mozambique Channel, and that he was going into Aden or Johanna—should sell the ship and go home. He said matters had gone so far between him and the woman that he did not dare to go back: he was ruined any way, and he meant to look out for himself. I said nothing, seeing the case was hopeless, but simply urged him to land me at the first port which would give me a passage to the United States. But next day I got a chance and sounded the third mate. I found that he was ready to take the ship back to the Cape or to Melbourne, and that he was a pretty fair navigator, but he was afraid of the other two, and would do nothing until they were out of the ship. So matters went on until we got into Aden. The mate went ashore, but whether he failed to sell the ship or his courage gave out, I never knew. He came aboard about dusk, and presently one of the Arab dows in the harbor came alongside: then he called the second mate, and they got up a lot of heavy, iron-bound boxes from the cabin and whipped them on board the dow. Then the two men and the women went on board and the fasts were let go, and we saw them standing out of the harbor. Where they went I never heard.

The next morning I got a boat and went on shore, found the consul for Great Britain and took him on board. We had a consultation with the third mate, called all hands aft, and asked if they would be willing to take the ship back to Cape Town. The third mate picked out two of the best hands for officers. I wrote a statement for him, another letter to my late employer, and got the consul to attest both: then I bade them good-bye, and that was the last I saw of them. Thus far I had been acting for others: now I was to act

for myself. Our consul had just died, and the British consul was acting for both nations. I had some trouble to get him to send me on, but he did consent to forward me as far as Alexandria, where I thought I might find an American vessel. To my surprise, I had no hindrance or breakdown till I reached Cairo. There, at Shepherd's Hotel, I met an old Boston friend. He was going up to the Second Cataract, but could find no one to go with him. It was late, very late in the season, and everybody urged him not to try it, but go he would if only I would go too. He would then start directly for home and take me with him, if I too would go. I knew he was enormously wealthy—in fact, he had everything in superb style about him—and I could repay him as soon as I returned. He would not lend me the money to get home with, though. He saw he had me, and was bound to retain my company. Like a rich man born to a fortune, he was helpless as a child; and feeling tired of being cheated right and left, he was determined to have some one to take care of him. So I consented to go. Southward once more, but not for long. We were but two days up the river when he was attacked with fever, and utterly prostrated. Of course, I turned back for Cairo, and a weary time I had of it nursing him. He would have died but for me, and he was grateful enough when he got better, having that natural dislike which a young man just come into the possession of forty thousand a year might have at leaving a world which seems to have so many attractions. I could not leave him, for he needed constant watching, but I worked him slowly back to Paris, where he had a relapse. This I did not mind: I could get as much medical help as I wanted, and had plenty of friends; only it was tedious to play nurse when I was in such a hurry to be off for home. However, he got better, but the doctors said he must pass what was left of the summer at one of the German watering-places. I am ashamed to tell what he insisted upon my taking for medical services, but I found myself,

for the first time since I left home, with more money in my pocket than I needed. It did not take me long to get to London, nor very long to engage my state-room in the next steamer for Boston. I thought to myself, "What a fool I am not to see a little more of England!" And then I put the thought in another way—"How much nicer to see it on a bridal-trip with Fan!" What with the money I had, and my dividends, which I had not drawn and spent as usual, accumulating all this time, I should have enough for a regular good time. So I went home from the Cunard office to my hotel, and was just finishing a comfortable little dinner when I was told by the waiter that some one wanted to see me.

"Show him up," I said, but was completely puzzled when an entire stranger to me entered. He was a sharp-looking man, neither exactly John Bull nor Yankee, but something of both.

He put a few questions to me, and then added, "It's no use, Larky Bob, to try it on any longer. Will you come with me peaceable, or shall I call up force?"

It took me some time to know what it meant, but at last I came to an understanding. I was arrested for a forgery committed in New York, for the perpetrator of which a requisition had been sent out. It was a case of mistaken identity. Of course I was searched, and Fan's bracelet being found upon me—for I carried it with me always, not daring to trust it to any luggage from which my whimsical fates might part me—that was just the thing to confirm a detective's suspicions. Two witnesses swore positively to my being "Larky Bob," *alias* Richard Endricks, *alias* the "Hudson Smasher;" and my disclaimer, unbacked by any proof producible in court, went for nothing.

I asked what would be done with me.

"Taken to the United States to be tried," was the reply: "then, if you are not the right man, you will have your action for false imprisonment. You will be sent by the next steamer, and if you are what you say, it is just what you want."

I had not paid for my state-room: I was to pay at the office in Liverpool the day before sailing; so, merely seeing that the detective settled my bill at the hotel and secured all my traps (I had an outfit now), I resigned myself to my fate. I had to share my state-room with the detective and sit next to him at the table, but beyond that, after we got on board, I had little trouble, and nobody but the captain knew I was in custody. In the first half of the trip I think my friend was persuaded in his mind that he had got the wrong man after all, but he made a great show of keeping me in custody as we steamed up Boston harbor.

But when we got to the dock at East Boston, I was below in my state-room, closely guarded by the detective and a couple of waiters, whom he had all at once impressed, and who looked disgusted at finding the two quiet and liberal passengers they had so faithfully attended upon were a thief-catcher and his victim. I heard "Arry" observe to "Jeemes," *sotto voce*, that "Now-a-days, nobody knows nob's from cads."

Well, there we sat, when steps were heard in a great hurry outside, and presently a policeman made his appearance. He did not look at me, but turned to Mr. Detective Brown, saying,

"Well, old fellow, you are sold. Last week Endricks was taken in Cincinnati at the old game, and we have him safe in the Tombs. Got him here, have you? You wouldn't say so if you could see him now: he has got a dig over his left eye that will mark him to his end, whenever that happens."

Poor Brown! He looked first at the officer and then at me; then said to one of the waiters, "Send the captain to me at once." When the captain came, he simply introduced me by the name I had given—Dr. George Welling—and added, "I have been on the wrong track: this gentleman is not the forger." Then to me: "I only hope, in consideration of the fact that the government

has paid your passage home, you will let me off from any damages."

I laughed, shook hands with him, ordered the other waiter to get me a hack; and I think I went through the hands of the custom-house officers without even opening my trunks. I told the hackman to drive to Mount Vernon street, No. —, and asked Mike, who grinned when he saw me, but said nothing, for Miss Fanny. She was at Mrs. Merdle's. "Was there a party there?" (It was now nine P. M.) Yes, Mike thought there was. I ordered the carriage to drive thither, and then take my traps to the Parker House. Straight I walked up stairs, not exactly in evening costume, but tolerably presentable. I knocked at the ladies' dressing-room door and asked the maid if Miss Fanny was ready to go down. I heard a little scream, and presently a blonde vision appeared, crying, "George! George!"

I held out the bracelet.

"What a horrid time you have kept me waiting!" she said; and then she sat right down on the stairs and had a good cry, and then jumped up and laughed and exclaimed, "If you haven't kept that Roman scarf round your neck ever since! That is why you never took cold. Well, must I take it off for you?"

Mrs. Merdle's maid blushed up to her temples at what followed, and then I walked down stairs into the parlor as bold as need be. Wasn't there a shout! and when Fan waved the bracelet, I thought the chandeliers would have come down.

Now, if anybody doubts this story, and will call at No. — Concord Square, Boston, Dr. Welling's—people know Dr. Welling pretty widely now—my wife will be happy to show the bracelet and scarf, and I the torn coat and split pantaloons, which attest the whole journey.

I sent them home by express from Fortress Monroe, and my bill was twelve dollars and fifteen cents.

THE CRITIC.*

AND so you're in raptures, my wee, pretty treasure!
 My rogue with the dark, dancing eyes!
 My flower of babyhood! cooing your pleasure,
 And prattling your bonny surprise?
 I knew that papa's precious Landseer would charm you,
 Sweet pet! as it's charming you now.
 Don't fear: though a dog, love, he cannot alarm you:
 He's painted without the *bow-wow*.

Grand people, who think themselves monstrously clever,
 Have stared through their eye-glasses, dear,
 And said of this dog what no living dog ever
 Should tamely and quietly hear.
 Such flatulent jargon! Your own cunning candor
 Is worth all the fine, pompous ways
 Of people whose praise is but amiable slander—
 Whose slander is sugared with praise.

You don't deal in words, darling; yet when you crow so,
 Your chubby pink palms opened wide,
 I wonder what fluent, high-bred virtuoso
 Could equal your truth, if he tried.
 You've something, I fancy, a close observation
 Might teach the proud learning of schools—
 That courage which dares to indulge a sensation
 Unhampered by methods and rules.

Heigh-ho! little critic! this world and its dealings
 Were wiser and better, to-day,
 If men would but say their sincere, honest feelings,
 And honestly feel all they say.
 No doubt papa's friends possess vast erudition,
 And quote from their Ruskins by heart;
 But Baby—perhaps they would scorn the suspicion—
 Excels them in critical art.

* See Frontispiece.

LITERARY LUNATICS.

"**E**DUCATED FOOLS" was the title of a lecture to which I once listened, by a caustic and cultivated speaker (himself a graduate of Hamilton College in New York State), tilting at certain specimens of the genus *Homo* who emerge from collegiate walls dunces despite their degree of A. M. or A. B. In like manner one might tilt at some of those who *do* belong to the literary guild. The theme is a tempting one, viewed in that light, but it is not my present purpose to deal with it in such an aspect.

There are many literary men and women whom it would be charitable to believe tainted, seriously speaking, with insanity. Were it a penal offence to "do murder" upon the English language, it is presumable that the defence of mental insanity would be frequently set up by those brought to the bar of justice, and with, no doubt, encouraging success; just as moral insanity has, of late years, been urged so often in defence of those whom the law holds to be criminal offenders. Many a tortured critic would hail with delight the opening of this avenue of escape from a perplexing question—*i. e.*, Why some people write? To be able, furthermore, to banish such offenders to the safe and salutary domination of an insane asylum, with the serene consciousness that thus an act of genuine kindness was being done to the poor fellow whose scribbles torture us, would be a something that would go far to hasten a literary millennium.

However, as above hinted, my present labor has to do not with any of these people, but with literary lunatics who are indeed mournfully such, and confined as such within asylum walls. I have had some experience in the familiarizing myself with examples of insane patients of a literary turn, both personally by contact, and also by the perusal of large quantities of their man-

uscript; and in an article prepared some years ago for another publication,* I gave examples of the "productions" of several such. In the present article I propose to introduce my readers more closely to the personality of a couple of real literary lunatics, and to give additional examples of their brain-work.

The first of these is a gentleman who was educated to the practice of the law, but who met with an accident while yet a young man which resulted in a life-long insanity. It was some six or eight years ago that I first met "Counselor —." He had then been an inmate of the asylum where I met him for a period of fifteen years, and was much respected by all who knew him, including the physicians of the asylum. His manners were extremely polished and urbane; his voice mellow and remarkably pleasing to the ear; his language choice and cultivated; but there was a tumultuous velocity of utterance and a profuse copiousness of verbiage, which, coupled with a lightning-like change of subject, without coherence, rendered it difficult for a merely sane listener to follow him. He informed me that he had learned three systems of short-hand in his youth, and I am of opinion that this must be his customary mode of penning his thoughts. The pace of the jog-trot pen in the common mode of writing would utterly fail, I should imagine, to serve such a rapid thinker. That he does pen his thoughts I have had abundant evidence. A specimen of his writings is here given:

"We need all the manners of time and judgment, prudence and wisdom, amid the innumerable accidents of society and the inevitable misfortunes of life. Manners are the equity of the professions, the mercy of justice, the mitigation of evil, the correction of deformity, the hope of the desolate, the treatment of every mental, moral and

* *The Round Table*, June 4, 1864.

physical susceptibility and diathesis, the classification of truth, the combination of facts, the protection of innocence, the panoply of rectitude, the banners of glory and virtue, the peace of war, the sweetness of affliction, the consolations of joy, the healing of distress, the object of discipline, the balm of sorrow, the evidence of obedience, the tribute of respect, the proof of love, the heraldries of character, the meekness of power, the voice of the heart, the sunlight of the soul, the moderation of pleasure, the benignity of fame, the encouragement of worth, the patience of grandeur, the fragrance of humility, the prayers of industry, the sympathies of civilization, the justice of talent and enterprise, the symbols of religion, the draperies of law and order, the beauty of time, the eliminations of eternity, the commands of Heaven and the enjoyment of God."

The ordinary reader will glance over the above hastily, and view it as a mere jumble of words, "signifying nothing." The truth is, one needs to view this paragraph as through a microscope. While there is, in some instances, a confusion of figure that leaves no image on the mind's eye, there is also presented an array of strong, concentrated wisdom that will astonish the scholar who looks into the matter closely. It is like a garden so rich with riotous luxuriance that one imagines nothing but weeds in the whole, while underneath the surface-aspect lies a wonder-world of fruit. A slow, practical, *sane* thinker could take the one sentence commencing "Manners," and with it as a guide frame a lengthened and thought-abounding essay, it is so suggestive.

However, I have nothing to prove in this article—no theory to seek to strengthen; and so I will leave this literary lunatic here, having a far more interesting one to introduce. It is a lady: therefore, *chapeau bas!*

Since the lady modestly withholds her name from publication, I should by no means venture to give it in this place. The friend who accompanied me on my first visit to her was the lady's

physician—a gentleman who had expressed his admiration of her literary abilities in the warmest terms, and who naturally stood very high in her esteem and regard. (It is usually so with authors, is it not?) The doctor paused at the door of her room and rapped gently. There was a momentary bustle of preparation within, and then the door was opened by an elderly lady of very domestic appearance, who greeted the doctor with a beaming countenance and a cordial hand-grasp. There was no indication of insanity in her countenance nor in the few words she uttered. The ceremony of introduction having been performed with due gravity, I became seated, and surveyed the literary lunatic and her sanctum at leisure.

She was a stout woman, most matronly of figure, though a maiden lady about sixty years of age. Her face glowed with physical health, its high tint strongly contrasting with her hair, which was as white as snow. She was dressed in a tidy pink gown, and wore upon her head a most astonishing lace cap—a cap *sui generis*, shapeless, translucent, snowy. A pair of highly intellectual spectacles rested on the bridge of her large Roman nose.

Her room was a novelty to look upon. A complete catalogue of its contents would fill a book. On the walls hung motley figures of pink, blue, yellow and gold—baby-gowns, outré fans, pictures, toys, hoops, patterns, band-boxes, and a crowd of unnamable things without conceivable use or purpose. It was unlike anything mundane that I ever beheld, this room—a cross between a theatrical property-room and a fancy bazaar. The most industrious of our American *littérateurs* not unfrequently employ a portion of their time in some other pursuit. This was the case with our present subject: she was an artist in paper, beads, paint, etcetera. When not engaged in literary pursuits, she was manufacturing various curious articles—toys of original designs and execution; dolls with feet and hands bigger than their heads; temples of Fame, with impossible sheep scratching their

backs against the pillars; pictures, shell-work, bead-work, what not. Some of the more ambitious productions of the lady's skill were labeled with original mottoes, written in a beautiful round hand that would have delighted a compositor's eyes by its clearness. Be the lady's literary lacks what they may, thought I, the sin of illegibility cannot be charged upon her manuscript. A temple of Fame bore the following lucid motto:

"Me Comes to Seas,
Of Tableaux and Theores,
Of Hours and Deves,
Morns, Noons, Eves."

Another object—an indefinite something that I understood was meant to represent a tomb—was labeled as follows:

"MAUSOLEUM OF MISS SERENA BLUE-BOTTLE.

"Sea Rene,
Sea Queen,
Coral-loc;
Turpentine;
Carpenter-shop;
Shavish.

Of the milk is of the fruit of the vine,
And of the vine is that of the turpentine."

I entered into conversation with the lady, and found her a most agreeable though eccentric talker. She would fold her soft white hands upon her ample apron, and prattle on in an absent, preoccupied, childish way by no means disagreeable to the listener. But it was not until she learned that her visitor was a professional literary man that the full fluency of her tongue was awakened. *Then* she talked! I do not know a more difficult task than to attempt to recall for record here the precise words of her conversation; but this may well be dispensed with as an indication of her literary character, because I am in possession of various productions of her pen—letters and carefully-prepared articles—all relating to the same theme. These I can give my reader.

The finding a publisher is usually the greatest and most difficult part of an unknown author's labors. Miss ——'s case forms no exception to this melancholy truth. In one of her letters she

approaches this subject thus: "I have been in the constant study of the Bible about thirty years;" and in explanation of her labors remarks: "We have technics belonging to all science. Everything in keeping, and everything in its place, is taught much throughout the Bible. And the fitness of things of religious technics belongs to religion, of course; whereby we know what we are about, and what we mean. Now, this is pretty in everything. When we say Amen, we know it is prayer, and this is proper that we should. Lord God Almighty—we speak religiously—just and holy is Thy name. Now, this is pure religion. Some might object to the repetition of these sacred words; but if we do these away, the same rule would come in play for other things."

With this lucid preface, the lady proceeds to speak of the subject nearest her heart—her book—and says: "I think it well worth the attention of the religious student, and if the book is prettily got up, I think it will sell and pay you for the trouble. You are welcome to see it, if you will print it entire, without omission of any kind, and adding the hymn to every chapter, and take your own pay. I would only ask for a half dozen copies myself. Knowing what the book is, I would, when bound and complete, be willing to give two dollars apiece for my own six copies."

This note, in its childlike simplicity, gives us a curiously distinct exhibition of the emotions which belong to the young authorial heart the world over. Observe the gradually unfolding eagerness, the miserable attempt to appear like one who bestows a benefit in offering a publisher so valuable a work, while holding all the while a consciousness of being a sort of beggar—at least possessing a beggar's starving hunger, only here to be appeased. How dignified and independent the opening tone of the proposition! how subtly would-be seductive its offer of very moderate terms!—six copies only. And then, as the glad prospect of publication assumes a form of tempting reality in the eyes

of the yearning author, there comes the gushing liberality of the offer to *buy* the stipulated six copies!

Having offered a quantity of her manuscript to an editor, who printed a small part of it to please her, rejecting the bulk of it, our literary lunatic bewailed such harsh injustice in moving language. "I cannot endure the darkening of my light," she wrote, "or the sealing of my writing. I sent them to be printed, and not to be put out of the way." (A revelation of the wrongs of how many thousand writers is here!) "A bear bereaved of her whelps. Wallops. Bereaved of her wallops. The bat with her wings cut off. St. Krispin's Day. St. Krispin's toy. Potsdam! S. T. K. T. Wallop!"

It becomes me not to say what hidden meanings may not lie perdu in the strange language of this complaint. It was written before the days of that other mysterious utterance, "S. T. 1860 X.," but the sagacious reader will perceive the striking likeness between the two. One thinks instinctively of the Castalian spring, the mephitic vapors of the cavern Pythium, and the mystic language of the Pythia, in this connection.

For the work itself: the samples I give are taken at random from writings sufficiently voluminous to outrank Webster's dictionary in size, if printed. The author conceives that the common mind is wholly incapable of understanding the Holy Bible. Her labor is to simplify and explain. This she does partly by grave comment and partly by the provision of a lexicon explanatory of the hidden significations of words and phrases. As a specimen of her lexicon, take the following:

"MOUNT MORIAH means a hen-coop.

"SACRIFICE means toasted bread.

"TRANSGRESSION means to kill one of your fellow-creatures with malice.

"HEART means the palate.

"ST. PHILIP means the coffee-house.

"ST. BARTHOLOMEW means a boarding-house for the cat; a skinned frog.

"PETER means the frog; the commissioned butcher; Castilian maid.

"PONTIUS PILATE means the school-

teacher on the Bridge of Sighs, or wash house; Ananias.

"BARABBAS means the same person as Pontius Pilate, who was the same again as Ananias, a woman in basket-style who taught Latin, and made pickles in prison or in the coffin. Barabbas, in old times called Tar-and-a-tas, was a Miss Wormes.

"PRAISE means at all times to be clean; as we have the wood, which once grew in the tree, now in the floor under our feet, at all times present with us, so we say, Praise the Lord, which means to clean the floor, keep the woodwork clean, and be clean in all growing things.

"ZION means chimney, chair and sewing-room, where they wax the thread with ambergris, a sort of soap made of soda and butter made of the milk of the cow and the blood of the horse. NOTE.—Mind and not kill the cow or the horse to make this soap, as it is not necessary to do so."

Of the commentaries, the following is a specimen:

"The Gospel of St. Mark was written by St. Thomas, who is spoken of in the Scripture by the name of Matthew as well as Thomas. Dr. Tuckleby Buckleby wrote the Gospel of St. Luke. He was maid of Lodi, a native of Lombardy, in the Vale of Cashmere. Present places are known only by recollection. Probably Cashmere was a province of France or Ireland, which is—the island of France—one of the Thousand Islands, where capital punishment for felony was consummated by first freezing the culprit, and then decapitating with an iron ruler, called a square or elbow. Pontius Pilate, who is the same as Ananias, was of the Vale of Cashmere, and sold his finger for honey. Praised be God that our double-refined sugar supercedes the necessity for such a shameful and painful mutilation of the human frame in the present day!"

This, the reader will perceive, is extremely profound. Its depth is appalling. One strives in vain to see to the bottom of it. But Miss ——— illustrates the truth—which we have all had occa-

sion to remark—how a man (*or* a woman) may possess a truly great mind in one direction and a very feeble one in another. They are not our profoundest scholars who are our best poets, though many of them think they are. Miss — shares this delusion with them: she fancies that her poetry is surprisingly beautiful. The reader shall see—here is a specimen:

"HYMN TO THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.

" Discretion we do much admire,
Especially if cook we hire;
Years of discretion please explain,
If when of age in years again.

" It is not that the oldest, I,
And for that reason make the pie,
But years discreet, no matter then,
If more than twenty, thirty, 'cen.'

" We've pickle nice to make in store,
You must know how, and must know more,
Require experience with schools;
Plenty employments go by rules.

" Little children are not able;
Moses' elders at the table
Are what we want. We want to pray,
Of years discreet and sober way.

" It will not do; of stubborn mind,
We cannot learn of any kind;
Wiser in wit will sweetly yield,
And subtlety may walk the field."

Ars est celare artem; but how is it when the meaning is concealed, too?

At last accounts this lady was still looking for a publisher with that sad, persistent trustfulness that insanity so often gives to its victims.

WIRT SIKES.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

AS what relates to the Father of his Country seems the inheritance of our nation, the following incidents—for which we are indebted to Dr. Alfred Langdon Elwyn of this city—properly belong to the public. They are told in the unpublished journal of one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence—an authority which places their reality beyond doubt; and they are of interest, as revealing the inmost thoughts in critical periods of some of the principal men of the Revolution.

Shortly after Washington was appointed by Congress commander-in-chief—that is, in the latter part of May or the beginning of June, 1775: the exact date given in the diary is not remembered—after the battle of Lexington, but before the Revolutionary War had fairly begun, some intimate friends gave a dinner to the general at the Gray's Ferry Tavern, near Philadelphia, on the opposite bank of the Schuylkill. The party, of whom the journalist was one, consisted, besides Washington him-

self, of Dr. Franklin, John Adams, John Langdon, Thomas Jefferson and Dr. Benjamin Rush. After dinner, John Adams, filling his glass, rose and said: "I propose the health of the commander-in-chief of the American forces!" Washington's face became a little suffused with emotion and he started back in his chair, but said nothing. The others filled their glasses and stood up, exchanging looks. As by an electric flash, while they glanced into each other's eyes, the feeling came over all that the occasion was too grave for hilarity: the prospect of an uncertain civil war rose darkling before their minds, and, their wine untasted, they sat down in silence!

The other incident shows Washington's character in a new and interesting light. The narrator, at that time surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, was seated in Washington's tent a day or two before the battle of Trenton. The general was engaged in writing, when suddenly tearing off a piece of the

paper on which he had just scribbled something, he crumpled it in his hand, and rising from his seat threw it on the ground, and then paced the floor absorbed in thought. This act was repeated several times, and the doctor's curiosity being aroused, he put his foot on one of the pieces of paper which happened to fall at his feet, and as Washington walked away transferred it to his pocket. On reaching his own quarters he found the words written were, *Victory or Death*. This phrase was given out the next day to the troops as the countersign.

In our Number for August, 1868, we referred to certain private letters, copies of which we had been permitted to examine, but not to print in advance of their publication in England, proving that Sir Philip Francis was the writer of the Junius Letters. These newly-discovered papers, together with other documentary matter, are now about to be published in England by the Hon. Edward Twistleton. The conclusive proof of the identity of Francis and Junius is as follows: Upon the publication of the facsimiles of the famous "feigned hand" of Junius, a Mrs. King (*née* Giles), of Youngsbury in Essex, at once recognized it as the handwriting of an anonymous note which she had received in 1770 at Bath, with a copy of verses enclosed written in a different and unknown hand. From various circumstances she had always believed and stated that this note came from Philip Francis; but as the evidence on that point was not satisfactory, the story attracted no great attention. Upon the publication of the *Life of Sir Philip Francis* about two years ago, however, two lines of the verses in question were found quoted in a letter from Richard Tilghman of Philadelphia (elder brother of the late Chief-Justice Tilghman) to Francis, dated Sept. 29, 1773, in a manner plainly implying that Francis would recognize them. This led to a renewed examination of the original papers, when it was found that the copy of verses was in Tilghman's handwriting!

Now, Tilghman, as appears from the *Life of Francis*, while a law-student in the Temple in 1769 and 1770—the two most important years of the Junius period—was the intimate friend of Francis, who was his near relation, and was with him at Bath at the time the verses were delivered. These facts led to a most careful examination, by the first experts in London, of the original note in which the verses were enveloped, and they unhesitatingly pronounce it to be, beyond all doubt, written in the "feigned hand" of Junius. It follows that Junius was the writer of the note. His friend Tilghman wrote the verses (no doubt copied them for Francis); and when, three years afterward, we find him quoting the verses in a letter to Francis, the conclusion is irresistible that one of the two wrote the note which enveloped them. But the writer of the note was Junius, which Tilghman could not have been, because, among a thousand other reasons, the Junius Letters began before his arrival in England, and continued after his return to America. It follows, therefore, that Francis was the writer; and thus, after the secret has been kept in impenetrable mystery for just a century, a trivial accident has led to its discovery and to the absolute demonstration that Francis was Junius. We may add that we have ourselves compared the facsimiles of the note with those of the feigned hand of Junius, and that of the verses with numerous contemporaneous letters of Tilghman now in the possession of his relations in this city, and we concur in the opinion of the London experts that there cannot be a doubt of the identity in either case.

Pauline Lucca, the beautiful and gifted prima donna of the Royal Opera House at Berlin, is said to have recently had a contest with the queen of Prussia, in which the lovely "Reine de la Rampe" was completely victorious. It is reported that the king has recently seen fit to pay Madame Lucca marked attention, whereupon his wife became jealous, and vowed that she would

never be present at the opera house on any occasion on which the fair Pauline was to sing. Madame Lucca then flatly refused to appear. "If I cannot sing well enough for the queen to listen to me, I will not sing at all," quoth the irate little lady—a state of affairs which the opera-going public of Berlin, who adore their petted songstress, were by no means inclined to bear with patience. Public opinion or marital authority at last forced the queen to yield, and she occasionally makes her appearance in the royal box on the "Lucca" nights for five minutes at a time.

Pauline Lucca is one of the most beautiful women now on the operatic stage in Europe. She is below the middle height, finely formed and exceedingly graceful, with a childlike, dimpled, but most expressive face, large eyes of a dark, lustrous, transparent blue, and a profusion of jet-black hair, the splendid tresses of which fall over her shoulders like a mantle when she appears as Marguerite in the last act of *Faust*, and which she covers with a most coquettish little nightcap when she enacts the part of Zerlina in the bed-chamber scene of *Fra Diavolo*.

... When Gounod's *Faust* was first produced in Germany, the managers refused to have it represented under its original title, deeming it a profanation of Goethe's great poem. It was consequently played under the name of *Margarete*.

... It is rumored in fashionable circles in Europe that the eccentric Queen of Fashion, the Princess Metternich, was recently in danger of being exiled from the Austrian Court as a punishment for one of her Parisian freaks. She is said to have committed the unpardonable sin of appearing in her opera box in Paris in company with Worth, the celebrated man-dressmaker; and gossip is malicious enough to whisper that the entrée to her box was accorded to him as payment for a bill of unusual magnitude, the money for which was not forthcoming.

The writers of the *Saturday Review*

school have taken up the practice of sneering at Christmas. They give a dyspeptic growl at its feasting, a sincere snarl at its bills, a cynical jest at its amusements, and a skeptical fling at its observances. They write, these gentlemen (and it must be confessed they write smartly), in the worst style of Mr. Arthur Pendennis in his most unlovely moods. It is curious to find the model Oxford men of the period thus doing battle upon the side of all that Oxford has most abhorred—Puritanism and Utilitarianism. It is as if one were to see Goring or Rupert, with love-locks flying and all besmirched with ribbons and tawdry laces, with a Bible and billets doux crammed pell-mell into his holsters, charging at the head of the Ironsides, and shouting, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Yet they have just so much show of right upon their side that they can make a skillful assault upon the rather animal character of British enjoyment, and throw successful ridicule upon much traditional usage which the age has perhaps outgrown. Nothing is easier than to poke fun at elderly maidens sitting in expectant unconsciousness under the mistletoe, and talking about the "dear old customs," or at merry young curates in the midst of pretty parishioners making much of the church-dressing.

But because of the exceeding virtue of our friends, must all the world therefore "train" on tea and dry toast (eschewing its usual cakes and ale), to be in condition for winning the great leading-article race? Is it the chief end of man to be ever abroad upon mental walking-matches? Must Parnassus be regarded as the intellectual counterpart to the Jungfrau and Monte Cervin, and we one vast Alpine club for the purpose of climbing it? Some such fiction was pictured upon the title-page of our Webster's spelling-book, we remember; but, as we look back, neither the allegory nor the practical solution which followed appears wonderfully attractive. No, we cannot all live in such a wide-awake state of vivacity and culture. We are Philistines, and proud of the

title, all Burschenschaft to the contrary notwithstanding.

We cannot be brought to forsake, much less to despise, Christmas, therefore; and we ask no better proof of its reality as a happy and genial season than its adoption in this country, where theological prejudice and the intolerance of "progress" have tried so hard to bar the way against it. It comes to us, indeed, wanting in much that makes the charm of its English home, but perhaps the lack of the accessories brings the meaning nearer to our hearts. Its ritual, so to speak, is simpler, but its reality more cherished. For through all fantastic mediævalisms, through all merely literary and poetical associations, there is felt that sense of the good in rejoicing and making others rejoice which must go back for its source to the lowly home of Bethlehem, when angels sang and shepherds were glad because that then were born "Peace upon earth and good-will to men of good-will."

We care less how this feeling shall find expression in the popular heart than to have it rooted firmly there. There may be better ways of enjoyment than eating and drinking, loftier relaxations than the Christmas pantomime, and perhaps, in view of a high political economy, more wisdom shown in the material and cost of our Christmas and New Year's gifts. But there are not (at least not for the million) better things than household affections, and the forgiveness of old injuries, and the forgetting of sordid cares; nor can these well spare their visible tokens to the children of men. God be thanked for every day that shall teach us these things! We cannot quarrel with those traditional features of the time which all know so well, since they have their root deep down in truths and memories which even *Saturday Review*-ers, "the latest seed of time, new men," may do well in not leaving behind.

The green boughs and wreaths which deck the church's chancel and the household dwelling are no Saxon superstition merely, but point afar to that day when Israel tabernacled in the desert,

and after, through the centuries, built its commemorative booths of the living branches, "the fir tree, the pine and the box together," in blind prophecy of that greater "tabernacled in the flesh" which the Nativity was to bring. The Hebrew and the Christian feasts are linked together as type and antitype, and we are wisest when we do not forget how "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." The gifts we give are memories of those which the Chaldean Magi brought as they followed that wondrous Light which, whatever its nature and source, led them unerringly to their goal.

And so let Christmas and the New Year be a joyful season, when we can lay off the burden of our vast superiority and forget to criticise. Beautiful is it to see the pen that impales Philistines bent to the composition of nonsense-verses, and the hand that has torn asunder the couplets of callow bards folding up for deposit in the waistcoat pocket nearest the heart the tender lines of the bonbon. And if the critic has never condescended to this—never played a game of blindman's buff or hunt the slipper—

"Wer nicht lieben, und singen und trinken kann
Ihm sieht der Bursch voll Mitleid an"—

then let him give himself to the study of Washington Irving's tender and thoughtful pages upon Christmas, and after read here and there the Christmas pages of *In Memoriam*. If these do him no good, and he fails to believe in Christmas, let him be at once devoted to severer treatment—*videlicet*, to be shut up in the dreariest of country hotels or barricaded by snow-drifts at the most dismal of our railway stations, thence not to stir till he has read, and can pass a competitive examination upon, the true history of Gabriel Grub, the Man who Hated Christmas, even as that is told in the pages of the immortal *Pickwick*.

In the autumn of 1868, as was pointed out herein at the time, the traditional weather-signs prognosticated a mild winter, and so it turned out. This sea-

son, on the other hand, everything indicates a cold winter. The fur-bearing animals are said to have thicker coats than usual, and trappers report that the beaver and otter are double-lining their houses. The crop of nuts and autumn berries has been exceptionally great, and the cold weather, accompanied by snow, has set in early. It will be worth while to watch and see whether these signs are fulfilled.

. . . Now that Congress has reassembled, there will be plenty of propositions for reducing the interest on the national debt, and probably but few for doing what is more important—gradually funding the greenbacks. The large capitalists and stock-jobbers are anxious to fasten upon the people of the United States a permanent national debt. They are eager to secure such a mine of wealth as an interminable debt of some twenty-five hundred millions would be, and their influence at home and abroad is powerful in favor of this object. Hence all the talk and propositions in regard to "re-funding." Now we aver that no man who understands finance believes that we can re-fund our debt to the advantage of the country at the present time—or ever can, until the currency is at par with gold. We might, by issuing long-time bonds, re-fund at a somewhat lower rate of interest, but not at so low a rate as we are certain to secure when the currency has been restored.

. . . A correspondent sends to the Gossip the following lines appropriate to the season :

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Who saith, "Forgotten years are dead?"

Time never dies:

To heaven departed years have sped,
There to record things done and said,

And even the thoughts that rise
And fall like waves, and seem
As evanescent as a dream.

Vainly we deem the Past is gone:

In all we feel,
In all we wish, or are, or can,
That which *hath been* decides the man.

The Past is very real,
And casts its light or shadow o'er
The years that shall be evermore.

To man immortal what are years?
In pilgrimage

So many miles, as still he nears,
Through love, and joy, and toil, and tears,
His heavenly heritage.

Another milestone standeth here!
Pilgrim! be glad—the last is near.

A new year is indeed coming upon us very soon; and as we stride across the grave of one year and begin to approach the cradle of another, "joyous music and mirth" will much abound. But why the commencement of a year, the opening of a twelvemonth's vicissitudes, should be anything so *very* jocular, will doubtless pass the comprehension of many worthy citizens. The fear with too many will rather be that there shall *not* be anything new in the new year. Sélleck Osborn, an early Philadelphia bard—who wrote for the first magazine ever issued in our city—in a New Year's Address for a paper which was regularly delivered at General Washington's residence, would seem to have entertained a kindred impression; for he asks, impressively enough:

"'A New Year' And pray *what* is new
With her? or him? or me? or you?

Dear reader, let's consider:

"Does the mechanic cease to fret
Over the long-unsettled debt
Due from the rich delinquent?
Can printers yet escape from care,
And hope for punctual payment where
Their labor and their ink went?"

Perhaps the reader cannot readily call to mind a more perfect rhyme than is contained in the closing query above cited; particularly if he considers that printing-ink in those early days was a costly item. Lord Byron, in *Don Juan*, only equals it in a single eruptive distich:

"There's not a sea the traveler e'er pukes in
Throws up such monstrous billows as the Euxine."

MR. EDITOR: As a constant reader of your Magazine, I have not failed to notice with pleasure the evident interest you take in tracing ideas and expressions generally supposed to be modern to their original antique sources. I therefore feel assured of your full sympathy in exposing to the reprehension of the literary world a most bare-faced piece of plagiarism. I speak knowingly, as the following will show: Happening to be in Italy at the time of the formation of the present kingdom, I had the good

fortune to pick up some rare MSS., which had just been released from monastic thralldom by the "secularization" of the religious establishments. Among these relics of a by-gone age was an exquisitely delicate and playful Latin poem, which I transcribe for the benefit of the learned readers of *Lippincott*:

TRES FELINULÆ.

Felinulæ tres, chirothecis amissis,
Tum miailizantes cœpère:
"O mater amanda, res est suspicanda
Chirothecæ quod abiêre."
"Quid! perdidistis unâ cum istis,
Catullulæ malæ? artocreata habere."
Mihi heu! mihi heu! mihi heu!

Felinulæ tres, chirothecis inventis,
Tum adblandientes cœpère:
"O mater amanda, res est condonanda:
Chirothecæ, en, rediêre."
"Quid! invenistis unâ cum istis,
Catullulæ bellæ? artocreata habere."
Oh proh euge! proh euge! proh euge!

Felinulæ tres, chirothecis indutis,
Artocreata statim edêre:
"O mater amanda, res est suspicanda
Chirothecæ quod squaluêre."
"Quid! squaluistis unâ cum istis,
Catullulæ nequam?" Tunc cœperunt lugere.
Mihi heu! mihi heu! mihi heu.

Felinulæ tres, chirothecis abstersis,
Ad siccandum eas suspendêre:
"O mater amanda, res est condonanda:
Chirothecæ lautæ sunt, verê."
"Quid mundavistis unâ cum istis,
Catullulæ, vosmet! Sed mus cœpit olere."
Au 'st! au 'st! au 'st!"

This MS. is from the library of a convent: its antiquity is beyond all cavil, and the purely feminine character of the composition clearly proves it to be the production of some saintly sister of mediæval times. The age and the origin of such a work should render it doubly sacred; but alas! *what* is sacred in the eyes of a hungry plagiarist? Even this *gemma antiqua* has been stolen and reset in English verse. You may imagine my astonishment and disgust at finding in a book which I recently bought for my youngest child an almost literal translation of my precious Latin poem—given, too, as original, and by some apparently conscience-stricken rhymist, who hides his shame behind an anonymous mask. I append this modernized version in full, and I must confess that the translator, though dishonest, is ingenious. His rendition of the Latin exclamation *mihi heu* by the Anglo-feline word "miew" is, I may note, particularly happy.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"Oh, mammy dear, we greatly fear
Our mittens we have lost."
"What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens? Then you shall have no pie."
Miew! miew! miew!

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"Oh, mammy dear, see here, see here!
Our mittens we have found."
"What! found your mittens,
You little kittens? Then you shall have some pie."
Purr! purr! purr!

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie:
"Oh, mammy dear, we greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled."
"What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens?" Then they began to sigh.
Miew! miew! miew!

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry:
"Oh, mammy dear, look here, look here!
Our mittens we have washed."
"What! washed your mittens,
You darling kittens? But I smell a rat close by."
Hush! hush! hush! miew!

On another manuscript in the same collection I was barely able to decipher the following:

Caius cum Caiâ montem peregit,
Ad amphoram aquæ portandum;
Caius, delapsus, calvariam fregit,
Et Caiâ pervolvit—infandum!

Is not this the original of

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling a'ter!

Now this is not the first time that an old and almost unknown poet has been pillaged by modern would-be bards. It has, however, generally happened that some learned man has arisen whose special mission was to discover and expose such literary piracies. I need but remind you of the sorry figure cut by Tom Moore when his "rogueries" were brought to light by the venerable Father Prout (vide *Reliques*, p. 131, *et seq.*), or how the reputation of Burns wilted before the same writer's indication of the Latin original of "John Anderson, my Jo" (*ib.* p. 564). What a panic, too, was spread among the poetlings some thirty years ago when Odoherty published the account of his interview with the erudite Pandemus Polyglott, LL.D. (*Blackwood*, Oct., 1837)! Dishonest scribblers, I say unto you, Beware!

BERESFORD.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Extinct Mammalian Fauna of Dakota and Nebraska; together with a Synopsis of the Mammalian Remains of North America. Illustrated with Thirty Plates. By Joseph Leidy, M. D., LL. D., etc., etc. Preceded with an Introduction on the Geology of Dakota and Nebraska, accompanied by a Colored Map. By F. V. Hayden, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 4to. pp. 472.

The Introduction by Prof. Hayden to this elaborate work gives an account of the remarkable geological formations of the tertiary age within the limits of Dakota and Nebraska. Of these formations, that of White river, Dakota, appears to have originated, during the middle tertiary period, as the deposit of a vast fresh-water lake. Composed mostly of hardened clays, after the drainage of the latter it has been worn and cut by the streams and atmospheric agencies into numerous deep valleys and gorges, so as to form a wonderful and intricate labyrinth. This character, together with the barren condition of the country, led the native Indians to distinguish it as the "Bad Lands," translated by the Canadian voyageurs into "Mauvaises Terres." In its present condition it exhibits some of the most curious scenery in the world. Over an area of about one hundred miles from east to west, and fifty from north to south, the country forms a continued series of dry gorges, with here and there isolated peaks and columns looking like towers, giving to the whole the appearance of the ruins of some ancient city.

On the Niobrara river, Nebraska, are a series of beds, mostly of incoherent materials, marls and sands, which appear to have been deposited during the later tertiary period, and after those of the Mauvaises Terres had been worn into depressions and ravines.

Both the earlier formation of White river and the later one of the Niobrara river contain a multitude of fossil remains of the highest class of animals, and these form the subjects of the main portion of the work by Prof. Leidy.

The fossils, amounting to several tons, collected in various expeditions by the United States Government, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the Academy

of Natural Sciences of this city, and with the aid of several private citizens, were submitted to the investigation of Prof. Leidy, perhaps the best living authority on such subjects, who has determined from them, and described more or less at length, seventy-six species of extinct animals, belonging to the orders of Carnivores, Ruminants, Pachyderms, Solipeds, Rodents and Insectivores.

Among the Carnivores are a fox, three wolves (of which one was larger than any now living), and two species of an allied though now extinct genus, also indicated by fossil remains found in a formation of contemporary age in France. The order embraces three species of hyænodon belonging to the Mauvaises Terres. The genus now extinct also inhabited France during the middle tertiary period. The formidable character of the teeth indicates animals of eminently rapacious habits. The smallest Dakota species was not much larger than a fox, but the largest one was about the size of a mature black bear. Five feline animals likewise were numbered in the order. One, a small panther, and a species of an allied genus, about the size of the largest wolf, belonged to the later tertiary age. Three of an earlier age of the Mauvaises Terres, all rather smaller than our common panther, were provided with formidable sabre-like upper canine teeth. Several specimens of skulls of the latter animals and the contemporary hyænodons exhibit the teeth-marks of terrible conflicts among them.

The animals of the ruminating order are numerous, the fossil remains indicating twenty-seven species, all, excepting a small deer, belonging to extinct genera; and of these not a single one has thus far been discovered elsewhere in any other part of the world. The greater number pertain to two peculiar families, remarkable for the association of the characteristics of the ordinary ruminants and hogs; and indeed Prof. Leidy remarks that their character cannot better be expressed than by calling them ruminating hogs. Like the domestic hog, they were provided with cutting teeth and canines, but the grinding teeth are constructed after the same pattern as those of all living ruminants.

The feet of these animals were also provided with four toes, as in the hog, and none of them possessed horns or antlers. They appear to have existed in immense numbers, and to have lived in great herds, like the existing bison of our West. Their enemies were the numerous wolves, hyænodons, panthers and sabre-toothed tigers above indicated.

The Ruminants also included a number of species and genera belonging to the camel family, of which at the present epoch there are no members in the Western hemisphere, except the llama and its allies of South America. The largest extinct species of the Niobrara was a camel about the size of the existing Arabian camel; another was considerably larger.

The Pachyderms or thick-skinned animals were numerous represented in Dakota and Nebraska. Among them were several allied to the domestic hog: one about the size of this animal, another about the size of the African hippopotamus, and a third not much larger than the domestic cat. Another animal of the order was allied to the tapir, and was about the size of the species now living in tropical America.

An interesting fact is the occurrence of numerous remains of three species of rhinoceros in the Mauvaises Terres and Niobrara deposits. Prof. Leidy incidentally adds a description of the remains of two additional species which formerly lived in Texas and California. Thus five species of these animals are indicated as having in ancient times roamed through our marshes. They ranged from a small hornless species, about the size of our black bear, to the largest, which was about the size of the existing unicorn rhinoceros of India. No animal of the kind now inhabits the Western hemisphere.

A species of mastodon, different from that which roamed over the continent of North America at a later period, together with a large species of elephant, was an associate of the rhinoceros on the Niobrara river. Prof. Leidy indicates no less than four species of mastodon which at different periods inhabited North America. The species which shortly preceded the appearance of man, and whose remains are found so abundantly, appears to have roamed from Eschscholtz Bay in Alaska to the Isthmus of Darien, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

Among the multitude of remains from the

Mauvaises Terres are those of an animal allied to the horse. It was about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and was provided with three hoofs to each foot, though the lateral hoofs were rudimental. Remains of the same genus have been discovered in formations of contemporary age in France.

The Niobrara deposits are remarkable for the profusion of fossil remains of various species and genera of Solipeds or equine animals. Among them are the remains of a horse about the size of ordinary varieties of the domestic animal. Although no horses were living on the American continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans, according to Prof. Leidy prior to the age of man it was emphatically the country of horses. He gives the names of twenty-three species of the equine order which anciently inhabited North America, which is about three times as many as are now found living throughout the world. Most of them were small species, about the size of the ass and zebra—the smallest about the size of a Newfoundland dog, the largest about that of the English dray-horse.

Of Rodents or gnawing animals, and of Insectivores, Prof. Leidy indicates six species, mostly of extinct genera, from the Mauvaises Terres and Niobrara river.

Contrary to the view usually entertained, that the animals of past periods greatly exceeded in size those now in existence, Prof. Leidy informs us that the extinct animals of the regions above named were generally of small size compared with their living allies.

Not the least valuable part of the work of which we have given a brief view is the "Synopsis of Mammalian Remains of North America," comprising upward of 80 pages. Together with the former portion of the work, it forms a nearly complete descriptive catalogue of all the known mammals of ancient times on this continent. It is accompanied with a complete synonymy and references to authorities, from a century and a half since, when Cotton Mather communicated the discovery of remains of the American mastodon to the Royal Society of London as those of giants, down to present dates. The Synopsis gives an account of over two hundred different species of mammals.

In concluding our view of this work we quote a remark from the first-mentioned article of the Synopsis, on man: "Up to the present time, in no part of the world,

have remains been discovered which can be positively referred to an extinct species of *Homo*; and on this continent, to the present time, no remains of Man have been discovered which, with positive assurance, we can say were contemporaneous with any of the undoubted extinct species of other mammals."

The Subjection of Women. By John Stuart Mill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 212.

Whatever Mr. Mill writes is worthy of very careful reading, and any sophisms we may fancy we have discovered are not to be exposed in the narrow compass of a book-notice. Possibly the eagerness with which his work was expected after the dreadful lucubrations of American "Woman Righters" may have something to do with the feeling of disappointment with which it must be confessed we have read it. It was comforting to feel that at last the subject of woman's place in modern society—a subject of undeniable interest and importance—had fallen into competent hands; and even those who had been deafened by the noisy din of Miss Anna Dickinson and Mrs. Dr. Walker into a melancholy indifference touching the matter, were roused to consciousness by the hope that some light would be thrown upon the darkness.

It is a poor compliment to the author of the *Essay on Liberty* to say that the doctrine of woman's political and social equality has been stated with clearness and defended with great ingenuity. No English writer of this day is Mr. Mill's superior in the facility for concise and lucid expression, or his master in the art of making every argument fall with its full weight. At the very outset he captivates the unwary by a concession of great apparent importance, and the frankness with which he assures us that the concession is in reality a trifling one increases rather than lessens one's sense of his magnanimity. Then, too, the manner in which the first proposition in the argument—that we have no *experience* of woman, inasmuch as we have always kept her in subjection—is advanced and sustained, is admirably clever. For nearly a dozen pages one forgets that the proposition proceeds upon the assumption of the thing to be proved. If there is and always has been a sexual difference between men and women, and their

relations have been normal, then we have an experience, but if they are politically and socially our equals—the Q. E. D.—then we indeed have none.

Allowing, however, the full force of the argument, it is not a little surprising that so accomplished a logician should push its conclusions to such extreme lengths. Granting that the ill condition of woman is the direct result of her subjection by man, is it not an exaggeration to say that therefore we can have *no* experience of her—can make no inference of what her original form was? Is there an object under heaven, from man to a mosquito, that has not been wrested from its normal phase—that is not to-day the resultant of a long line of conditions effecting continuous changes, the end whereof we know not yet? Or, to drop the figure of the evolution of species, does not Mr. Mill perfectly know that from what woman is to-day and was yesterday—taken with the condition of her life to-day, yesterday and the day previous—we ought to discover what she was at the last-mentioned time?

The apparentness of the answer makes us feel grieved that he should have so strenuously pressed an argument whose unsoundness could be to none more evident than himself.

A very noticeable feature in the book is the skill with which the reader is excited by the picture of the evils of special legislation against woman into a sympathy with her claim for suffrage. That special legislation against woman is an injustice it needs little argument to show. As Mr. Mill puts it, as well say that only strong-armed men shall be blacksmiths as that women should not fill certain occupations. Reserving the application of the point to the right of women to vote and hold offices—as to which the whole question is whether suffrage is a right—the proposition is self-evident. Indeed, there is no law against a woman being a lawyer or tailor but the law of public opinion; and that will be changed just as soon as there is a competent woman lawyer and tailoress; and we fear not before. But when Mr. Mill asserts that in respect to her rights of property "a wife's position under the common law of England is worse than that of slaves in the laws of many countries" (p. 54), he can escape the charge of over-statement only by reason of the vagueness of the closing phrase. A woman might have her "pecu-

lium"—or rather what meant the same thing—as far back as Henry the Seventh's time. Nor is the statement in any sense a fair description of the legal condition of woman. Until she has become fitted for its management and control, the mere vesting the title in her own name would be an idle farce. The only method of preserving a woman's property for her own use and that of her children is to deny her any control over it. The experiment of giving a married woman her own property, with full power to dispose of it, was actually tried in this State in 1848, and resulted, as jurists had foreseen it must, in cheating the husband's creditors for his personal benefit. Nor is it true that if the income of her estate has been secured to her, and her husband "takes it from her by personal violence as soon as she receives it," she is without redress. Mr. Mill's solicitor in Chancery could have profitably advised with him upon this point. That a woman's personal property and the use for life of her real estate should upon marriage pass to the husband was deemed a fair compensation for the responsibility he assumed of supporting her and their children. These errors are trifling ones in themselves, but they show a certain straining after effect, not to say unfair dealing with the facts of the case, which it is both surprising and painful to find in a book of Mr. Mill's.

The reference to partnerships in business as a type of what should be the true condition of the marriage relation, each member having full and similar powers in all affairs connected with their relation, is rather unfortunate. Every day it is more and more evident that business of great importance cannot be conducted safely and successfully by means of partnerships. Experience has shown the risk to be so great, and the difficulty of controlling by legal methods the affairs of those relations of entire confidence, and of settling the various disputes attendant upon their dissolution to be so nearly insurmountable, that they are being rapidly abandoned for what are technically known as joint-stock companies, where the control being vested in a single man or the majority of a specified number, a larger degree not alone of responsibility, but of accuracy and energy, is obtainable.

The gist of the argument, however, has not been touched by these criticisms. A

very able and dispassionate writer in the *Nation* (No. 212, vol. ix.) has, we think, successfully reduced the argument to a single proposition—namely, that the influence of sex has had no part in establishing the existing relations between men and women. If this be so, Mr. Mill's argument is, in its general scope, quite unanswerable; but if it be not so—if "sex" has produced or helped to produce the present condition of our relations with women—then Mr. Mill's argument, which persistently overlooks any such effect, is radically wrong.

Gems of German Lyrics; consisting of Selections from Rueckert, Lenau, Chamisso, Freiligrath and others. Translated into English Verse by Henry D. Wireman. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 12mo. pp. 371.

When a benighted rhymster, who fancies himself a poet, sits down to pen halting verses guiltless alike of ideas or metre, and finally sends the poor production forth to a critical world, there is no harm done, except to the deluded author himself. His money and his time are his own to squander as he will; and though he undoubtedly loses both by the venture, no one has any right to complain. But the work of a translator is entirely different. If he undertakes to present the productions of eminent foreign poets to a stranger public, who must, in most instances, gain their only knowledge and form their opinions of those productions solely from translations, and if in so doing he only succeeds in travestying what he attempts to reproduce, we maintain that he has done grievous wrong and injury to the hapless authors. Schiller's fame has never received so cruel and damaging a blow as that dealt to it by the translation of his minor poems by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—a translation which much resembles that of Bottom in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, inasmuch as the features of an ass are substituted for the author's own. We hardly think that the little volume before us will have as extensive a sale or exercise so widespread an influence as did the translations of Bulwer; but Mr. Wireman has done his best to persuade the world at large that the poets represented in his book wrote very poor doggerel, and that none of them in fact were worthy of the very name of poet.

The work bears the title of *Gems of German Lyrics*, and we hope the translations

will so far resemble gems in their rarity that we ne'er shall look upon their like again. The author has brought to the execution of his task not one of the essential requisites of a good translator of poetry, which include not only a thorough knowledge of the language in which the originals are penned, but some acquaintance with the laws of prosody, to say nothing of poetic taste and a sense of fitness in the choice of words. But we must not fail to quote some passages, taken almost at random from the pages before us.

The ninth verse of Lenau's poem, "Die Drei" (p. 250), may be translated into literal English as follows: "'Tis mine only to look upon God's world, and yet it is hard for me to die." Mr. Wireman thus renders it:

"I've in God's world the view alone,
And still to die I am not prone!"

In the next poem, "Heimath" by Siebel (p. 253), the translator makes the author speak of the gardens and meadows "solemnly winking"—a most extraordinary action on the part of the gardens and meadows aforesaid, and a very extraordinary translation of the word *winkend*, which, as any dictionary would have informed Mr. Wireman, means signing or beckoning, and only winking when executed by the eye. On page 231 (translation of "Das Gewitter") he speaks of seeing a "cottage wink." Improper and unrefined little building! We wonder if it was ever known to put its fingers to its nose?

On page 149 occur these lines, the last two in the first verse of "The Year" by Droexler Manfred:

"There crept into my eye a tear,
So still and *unbeknown*."

and on page 349 the last verse of Vogl's poem, "The Recognition," is thus translated:

"Though the sun did him bronze so as to disguise,
His mother did him at once recognize."

There is no need to subjoin the original or a literal rendering of it here. No person in his sober senses will ever imagine that Vogl wrote anything at all resembling the above lines. But perhaps the most charming translation in the book is the following rendering of part of the eighth verse of Rueckert's poem, "The Dying Flower" (p. 169). "The flight of butterflies that hovered round me in the dance," sings Rueckert. But the word "butterfly" will not fit in well with our translator's verse; so he goes to ento-

mology and presses a Greek word into his service.

"For the *lepidopter's* flight
Hov'ring round me full of bliss,"

says Mr. Wireman. "Lepidopter" for butterfly "is good," we remark with Polonius. One is irresistibly reminded of the well-known epitaph:

"Here lies the body of Mr. Woodhen,
Who died at the age of threescore and ten.

"N. B. His name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't rhyme."

We would recommend all lovers of German literature, and especially all embryo translators, to purchase this book and carefully peruse it. It will afford them a capital lesson in the art of How *Not* to Do it. One would think that in Mr. Wireman's ears, from the graves of the dead German poets as well as from the homes of the living ones, there would arise the piteous and—we trust in this case—all-powerful appeal, "Let us alone!"

Across America and Asia. By Raphael Pumpelly. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 18mo. pp. 454.

This book contains a good deal of information which is new to the reading world, accompanied by reflections springing from a liberal education and by wide views of human affairs. Perhaps the most interesting topic discussed by the author is the effect of Chinese immigration on the future interests of the United States. Like most if not all educated men, Mr. Pumpelly has no serious fears of the result. He considers that the lowering of the price of labor in America, through Chinese immigration, taken in connection with the almost certain rise of wages in Europe, offers the best solution of the vexed question of free trade, by placing us on a footing equal or superior to that of Europe in the manufacture of those things which now require protection. Chinese immigration, moreover, would rapidly raise our Southern States to a height of prosperity never yet reached by them, and render possible the completion and maintenance of great works necessary to control the overflow of the Mississippi and to drain unproductive and malarious regions. At the same time the author points out that a large Chinese immigration is the strongest argument against immediate and unqualified suffrage. As it is impossible, under existing laws, to

distinguish between immigrants from Ireland and immigrants from China, it becomes Congress to consider whether an extension of the period required for naturalization ought not to be imposed, while the separate States should require an educational qualification before any man, native or naturalized, should be allowed to vote.

The author's description of a ride across Siberia in a sleigh, with the thermometer sometimes seventy degrees below zero, is interesting; and his account of the polished society of Siberia and the rapid improvement of that region, as well as other parts of Russia, under the policy of emancipation, is fresh and valuable. "During my journey," he says, "I incurred a lasting debt to the Siberians for their hospitality. I could not help thinking this was extended to me quite as much in my character of an American as individually. It was pleasant to meet everywhere with an expression of the most cordial feeling toward the United States; and I was often surprised to hear in this distant part of Asia a very just appreciation of the causes and probable results of the war which was then going on at home. Everywhere there existed the strongest sympathy for the North, and a general good feeling had become widely spread in every part of the empire by the accounts of the cordial reception which the Russian fleet had met with in the United States." In surveying the present position of human affairs, and reflecting upon the rapid expansion of Russia, China and the United States, it really looks as if in the future the empire of the world was to be divided mainly between the three Powers named.

Books Received.

The Polar World: A Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe. By Dr. G. Hartwig, author of "The Sea and its Living Wonders," etc., etc. With additional chapters, and one hundred and sixty-three illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 486.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, Relating to all Ages and Nations. For Universal Reference. Edited by Benjamin Vincent, and Revised for the Use of American Readers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 541.

American Institutions. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve. Revised and Edited with Notes by Francis Bowen. Boston: Sever, Francis & Co. 12mo. pp. 559.

Down the Rhine; or, Young America in Germany. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. "Young America Abroad Series." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 341.

Planting the Wilderness; or, The Pioneer Boys. By James D. McCabe, Jr. Illustrated. "The Frontier Series." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 256.

Wild Sports of the World: A Book of Natural History and Adventure. By James Greenwood. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 474.

The Happy Boy: A Tale of Norwegian Peasant Life. By Björnstjerne Björnson. With Portrait. Boston: Sever, Francis & Co. 12mo. pp. 120.

Jack and Florie; or, The Pigeon's Wedding. By Harriet B. McKeever. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 4to. pp. 35.

The Cabin on the Prairie. By Rev. C. H. Pearson. Illustrated. "The Frontier Series." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 299.

Wives and Widows; or, The Broken Life. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 409.

The Sunday Book of Poetry. Selected and arranged by C. F. Alexander. Boston: Sever, Francis & Co. 18mo. pp. 335.

Out of Town; being an Account of the Suburban Residences of Chicago. The Western News Company. 8vo. pp. 64.

The Book of Praise. Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. Boston: Sever, Francis & Co. 18mo. pp. 523.

Letters of Peregrine Pickle. By George P. Upton. Chicago: The Western News Company. 12mo. pp. 340.

Susan Fielding: A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. Illustrated. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 279.

The Physical Life of Woman. By Geo. H. Napheys, M. D. Philadelphia: George Maclean. 16mo. pp. 252.

Put Yourself in His Place. By Charles Reade. Part First. Illustrated. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 208.

The Cloister and the Hearth. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 255.

The Spanish Conquest of New Mexico. By W. W. H. Davis. Doylestown. 8vo. pp. 440.

